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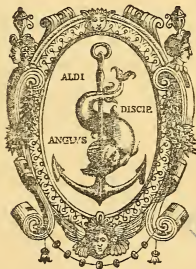
AN EPIC POEM

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANGLO-SAXON INTO  
ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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B E O W U L F

AN ANGLO-SAXON

POEM

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

Uns ist in alten Mæren Wunders víl geseít,  
Von Helden lobebæren, von grôzer Kuonheít,  
Von Frôuden hôchgezîten, von Weínen und von Klagen,  
Von küener Recken Strîten, muget ir nu Wunder hœren sagen.

*Nibelungen Nôt.*



## PREFACE.

**O**F the Drudges who do the lowlier Work in the Tillage of Learning's Vineyard, few perhaps will be met with who have a more thankless Task than the Translator: for not only has he to bear the just Lash of enlightened Criticism from the Scholar, (whereof of course he can have no Right to complain,) but those to whom his Original must, but for his Toil, have remained for ever a sealed Book, and who are utterly incapable either of testing his Accuracy or appreciating his Difficulties, lay Load upon him without Mercy, and make him answerable not only for his own Errors, but for any Obscurities which may exist in his Original, as well as for their own blundering Misconceptions of his or his Author's Meaning.—In short he is called to account not only for his own Faults but likewise for the Ignorance of many of his Readers. It is true the Qualifications necessary for a Translator into the Vernacular are but of a humble Character; a fair Knowledge of his Original's and his Country's Languages, sufficient common Sense to understand his Author, sufficient Taste to choose his

Expressions wisely, and a conscientious Regard to Faithfulness from the Consideration that with the Many he is the Trustee of his Author's Reputation, are all that is required of him. Still a Translator has serious Difficulties to encounter, which they only can appreciate who know them from actual Trial.

With respect to the Work now presented to the Public, shortly after the putting forth of Mr. Kemble's Edition of the Anglo-Saxon Text in 1833 I formed the Design of translating it, and early in 1837 I commenced the Work. Mr. Kemble's second Volume had not then appeared, and I proceeded but slowly, on account of the Difficulty of the Work, and the utter Inadequacy of any then existing Dictionary. I still however wrought my Way onward, under the Notion that even if I should not think my Book, when finished, fit for Publication, yet that the MS. would form an amusing Tale for my little Nephews and Nieces, and so I went through about a Quarter of the Poem, when Illness put an entire stop to my Progress. Afterwards, though the Appearance of Mr. Kemble's additional Volume, containing the Prose Version, Glossary, &c. had rendered the remainder of my Task comparatively easy, other Matters required my Attention, and the MS. lay untouched till 1842, between which Time and the present it has been from Time to Time added to and at length completed, and the whole carefully revised, much being cancelled and retranslated. In my Version I have scrupulously adhered to the Text of Mr. Kemble, adopting in almost every Instance



TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

NICOLAS WISEMAN, D. D.

LORD BISHOP OF MELIPOTAMUS

VICAR APOSTOLIC

THIS WORK IS BY PERMISSION REVERENTIALLY

AND GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED



his Emendations. I have throughout endeavoured to render the Sense and Words of my Author as closely as the English Language and the Restraints of Metre would allow, and for this Purpose I have not shrunken either from sacrificing Elegance to Faithfulness<sup>1</sup> (for no Translator is at Liberty to misrepresent his Author and make an old Saxon Bard speak the Language of a modern Petit Maître) or from uniting English Words to express important Anglo-Saxon Compounds. In some Cases where I have done this I have added the Anglo-Saxon Word in a Note to justify my rendering; for though it is true that such Words as *þilde-deoþ*, (War-beast,) *Opet-mæg* (Son-of-battle,) &c. mean “a Warriour” or “Soldier,” yet in my Opinion these would be very inadequate Renderings of the Anglo-Saxon Expressions, and I therefore preferred to exhibit corresponding English Compounds.

Some may ask why I have not preserved the Anglo-Saxon alliterative Metre. My Reason is that I do not think the Taste of the English People would at present bear it. I wish to get my book read, that my Countrymen may become generally acquainted with the Epic of our Ancestors wherewith hitherto they have been most generally unacquainted, and for this purpose it was necessary to adopt a Metre suited to the Language, whereas the alliterative Metre, heavy even in German, a Language much

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<sup>1</sup> Quia præsens opus non nugacem sermonis luculentiam, sed fidelem vetustatis notitiam pollicetur. Saxo-Grammaticus.

more fitted for it than ours, would in English be so heavy that few would be found to labour through a Poem of even half the length of the *Beówulf's*-lay when presented in so unattractive a Garb. Still, if the literary Bent of this Country should continue for some few Years longer the Course it has of late Years pursued, it will be time to give this Poem to the English People in English alliterative Metre, and I shall be thankful to see it done.

To facilitate Reference I have at the Beginning of each Canto marked the Line of the Original according to Mr. Kemble's Edition.

It remains to give some Account of those who have gone before me in the Illustration of this Poem. The only MS. at present known to exist is that in the Cottonian Library, (*Vitellius. A. xv.*) which however was seriously injured in the Fire of 1731. It is in two Parts differing greatly in the Style both of Hand-writing and Language. This MS. Mr. Conybeare, following Astle's Opinion, considers as belonging to the early part of the 10th Century. It was examined by Wanley, and is mentioned in his Catalogue of Saxon MSS. and from Wanley's Time (1705) appears to have remained unnoticed till Mr. Sharon Turner in the present Century published extensive Extracts from it in his *History of the Anglo-Saxons*. The first complete Edition of the Work however was that of Dr. Thorkekin. This learned Danish Antiquary, while visiting this Country at the latter End of the last Century, took a Transcript of the whole Poem, which together with a Translation and Commentary that had cost

him much Labour and Expense was ready for Publication in 1807, when the inexplicable Policy of the Danish Government gave Rise to a War with England, and in the ever to be regretted Bombardment of Copenhagen that followed, the Antiquarian's House and the literary Property he had been for thirty Years diligently collecting perished in the Flames. The venerable Septuagenarian did not however relinquish his Task. Encouraged by the Exhortations and assisted by the Liberality of the Count de Sanderumgaard, he returned to England, made a new Transcript of the Poem, which with a Latin Version and three copious Indices he published at Copenhagen in 1816 under the Title of "De Danorum Rebus gestis *Secul. iii. et iv. Poëma Danicum Dialecto Anglo-Saxonica, Ex Bibl. Cotton. Musæi Britan. edidit, Versione Lat. et Indicibus auxit Grim. Johnson Thorkelin. Dr. I. V. &c.*" 4to. This doubtless was a spirited and honourable Work, but unhappily not very satisfactorily performed, the Text being so faulty that, without the Assistance of the large Table of Errata to it published by Prof. Conybeare, it is unintelligible, and the Latin Version being certainly worse than useless.

In Professor Conybeare's "Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry," edited by his Brother the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, besides the valuable Corrections to Thorkelin's Text just referred to, an Analysis of the Poem is given, with copious Extracts translated in blank Verse.

In Denmark a complete Translation appeared in 1820, intituled "Bjowulf's Drape. Et Gothisk Helte-Digt fra forrige Aar-Tusinde af Angel-Saxisk paa Danske Riim ved Nik. Fred. Sev. Grundtvig, Præst. Kjøbenhavn." 8vo. This is a spirited and brilliant Version, but by no means a close or even faithful Translation. It is accompanied by a useful Introduction, and some Notes justificative of the Phrases used in translating. But the Version being very free, and the divisions of the Original not being preserved, it is often difficult to say what Part of the one corresponds to a given Passage of the other.

But the best and most important Work is that of Mr. Kemble, intituled, "The Anglo-Saxon Poems of Beowulf, the Traveller's Song, and the Battle of Finnes-burh, edited together with a Glossary of the most difficult Words, and an historical Preface, by John M. Kemble, Esq. M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, William Pickering 1833." fcap. 8vo. This work contains a correct and critically castigated Text of the Poems above mentioned, with the long Vowels accented throughout; and Mr. Kemble followed this up in 1837 with a second Volume, containing a larger Preface, (giving his more matured Judgment on the Poem, which he now considers rather mythological than historical,) a literal Prose Translation of Beowulf, Notes thereon, and a complete Glossary. This accurate and beautiful Edition cannot be too highly valued,<sup>2</sup> for

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<sup>2</sup> It is however painful to see such a Book disfigured too frequently by References made in a sneering and irreverent

it the Thanks of every student of Teutonic Antiquity are largely due to Mr. Kemble, and I sincerely sympathise in Mr. Thorpe's Hope that he "will be induced to complete his already ample Collections, and give to the World that great Desideratum, an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary suited to the present state of Scholarship both here and abroad."

The next Work that I shall mention bears the following Title. "Bëowulf, dasz älteste deutsche, in Angelsächsischer mundart erhaltene, heldengedicht, nach seinem inhalte, und nach seinen historischen und mythologischen beziehungen betrachtet. Ein beitrage zur geschichte alter teutscher geisteszustände von H. Leo." Halle 8vo. 1839. A copious Analysis of the Poem preceded by a mythological a historical, a geographical, and a genealogical Introduction.

Shortly after this appeared the German Translation of Mr. Ettmüller, intitled "Beowulf, Helden-gedicht des achten Jahrhunderts. Zum ersten Male aus dem Angelsächsischen in das Neuhochteutsche stabreimend übersetzt und mit Einleitung und Anmerkungen versehen von Ludwig Ettmüller, Mit einem Kärtchen." 8vo. Zurich, 1840. A clever and generally faithful Version, but disfigured by wholesale alterations of the Text, which, however ingenious, I cannot think justifiable. It is preced-

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Style to the Holy Scriptures; and, as such a Style neither helps to illustrate the Text of the Author, nor to throw Light upon the historical or mythological Questions involved, good Taste at least, if no higher Feeling, would suggest its Alteration in all future Copies of the Work.

ed by an Introduction apparently in most Parts taken from Leo, and is accompanied by Notes.

Since these another Danish Version has appeared, intitled; “Beo-wulf og Scopes Wid-sið, to angelsaxiske Digte, med Oversættelse og oplysende Anmærkninger udgivne af Frederik Schaldemose.” 8vo. Copenhagen 1847. This Work contains the Anglo-Saxon Text of Beó-wulf and the Traveller’s Song, with an alliterative Danish Translation in parallel Columns, and Notes. The Writer pretends not to be aware of the second Volume of Mr. Kemble’s Beówulf, to which however he is evidently indebted for every Word of his Work, except what he has taken from Leo and Ettmuller: for strange to say, the Emendations of the Anglo-Saxon Text which he has adopted, are those of Mr. K. and the Passages which he has found unintelligible are precisely those which baffle Mr. K.’s Efforts at Translation. His Translation however is not a bad one, for as he has pretty faithfully rendered Mr. Kemble’s English, he could not well fail of giving a fair Version of the Original. The Manner in which he treats his really learned Countryman Dr. Grundtvig is indecorous and vulgar, and his Discovery of the Cottonian Library *in Oxford* is at least original.

My thanks are due to Mr. Kemble, the learned Editor of Beówulf, to the Rev. Dr. Bosworth the Anglo-Saxon Lexicographer, and to the Rev. J. W. Donaldson, A.M. of Bury St. Edmunds, who have all kindly answered my Inquiries relative to various Matters connected with the Poem.





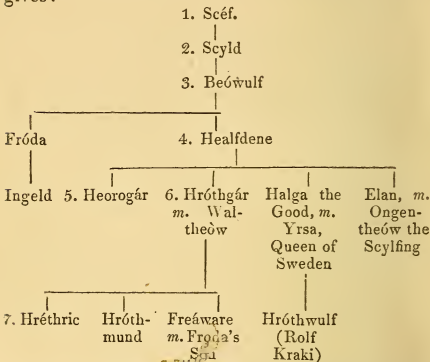
## INTRODUCTION.

**B**EFORE entering on the Poem now laid before him, the Reader will probably expect from me some account of the Heroes, Princes, and Tribes therein mentioned. I fear I can do but little towards satisfying his Curiosity, and that little I shall compress into as small a Compass as I can. Those who seek for further Information will find both large Materials collected and copious Directions for Research in the Works of Mr. Kemble, the Brothers Grimm, Von der Hagen, Müller, Etmüller, Leo, Zeuss, and Finn Magnusen. Doubtless much Light will be thrown on the Subject Matter of the Poem by Mr. Kemble's forthcoming Work on the Mythology of the North, whereof however Teutonic Students are yet in Expectation.

The Characters that are here brought before us seem to be of a mixed Nature, made up of a purely Mythological Personage united with one or more of the Heroes of traditional History: but so confused and contradictory and anachronous are the Accounts, or rather Legends, that any Attempt to separate the Mythological Portion so as to extract a sober History from such Materials must, I think, prove only a futile Speculation and a Waste of Ingenuity. Such a mixed Personage I conceive is Beówulf himself the Hero of our Tale. His Achievements are all of a supernatural Character, such as slaying De-

mons, Nickers, and Dragons, swimming five Days in the Sea, and the like. This alone would lead us to suspect him as a Mythological Being. But more of him presently.

The Poem introduces us to Hróthgár, King of Denmark, a Prince of the Royal Line of the Skjoldungar or Scyldings, whose Genealogy it thus gives :



Scéf, or Sceáf who stands at the Head of this List is said to have been exposed as a Child in an Ark or little Boat, with a Sheaf (A. S. *ŕceáƿ*) of Corn at his Head, and Arms and Treasures, whence his Name, and so to have drifted ashore on the Coast of Slesvíg, where being received as a Prodigy, he was carefully brought up, and finally became Sovereign of the Land.<sup>1</sup> This Exposure is alluded

<sup>1</sup> Ipse Scef cum uno dromone advectus est in insulam Oceani quae dicitur Scani, armis circumdatus, eratque valde recens puer, et ab incolis illius terrae ignotus; attamen ab eis suscipitur, et ut familiarem diligenti animo eum custodi-

to in the introductory Canto, but the Tale of Scéf is told of his Son Scyld. In some genealogical Lists Scéf only and not Scyld appears, in others Scyld only and not Scéf, and again in others both are found. Mr. Kemble's Conjecture that they are identical appears to me well founded, and perhaps both are identical with Wóden himself, as they appear amongst his Ancestors. The Hróthgár and Halga here introduced are the Roe<sup>2</sup> and Helge of the Danish Historians, and in introducing them here this Account differs widely from all other Traditions, which place them not among the Ancestors of Odin, but far down among his Descendants. The List of early Danish Kings usually given is the following.<sup>3</sup>

erunt et post in regem eligunt. Ethelwerdi Chron. Lib. iii. ad fin. inter Savilii Scriptores.

Iste (Sceáf) ut fertur, in quendam insulam Germaniæ Scandzam, de qua Jordanes, historiographus Gothorum loquitur, appulsus navi sine remige puerulus, posito ad caput frumenti manipulo, ideoque Sceáf nuncupatus, ab hominibus regionis illius pro miraculo exceptus, et sedulo nutritus, adulta ætate regnavit in oppido quod tunc Slasvic, nunc vero Haitheby appellatur: est autem regio illa Anglia vetus dicta, unde Angli venerunt in Britanniam inter Saxones et Gothos constituta. Sceaf fuit filius Heremodii, Heremodius Stermonii, Stermonius Hadrae, Hadra Gualae, Guala Bedwegii, Bedwegius Strefii: Hic, ut dicitur, fuit filius Noe in archa natus. Simeon Dunhelm. Introductory Genealogical and Geographical Chapter, inter X. Scriptores, and Gul. Meld. M. S. Bibl. Publ. Cantabrig. I. i. 2, 3, fol. 63, and F. f. 1, 27, 128. Another M. S. Chronicle in the Cambridge University Library (Bibl. Publ. G. g. 4, 25,) cited by Mr. Kemble, giving the royal Line of England from Adam to Scéf, and thence to Hengest and so on to Edward IV. gives the same story.

<sup>2</sup> Roe is the Builder of Roskilde, no doubt the Heorot of the Poem.

<sup>3</sup> Crighton and Wheaton's Scandinavia, vol. 1, p. 112. Petersen's Danmarks Historie i Hedenold, Kap. 2, p. 126.

1. Odin (arrived in the North)	B. C.	70	9. Olaf (litillate)	190
2. Skjold, died		40	10. Dan (mikillate)	270
3. Lev, or Fridlev, I.		23	11. Frode, III. (mikillate)	310
4. Frode, I.	A. C.	35	12. Halfdan, I.	324
5. Fridlev, II.		47	13. Fridlev, III.	348
6. Havard (kin haandramme)		59	14. Frode, IV. (frækne)	407
7. Frode, II.		87	15. Ingild	456
8. Vermund (hin vitre)		140	16. Halfdan, II.	447
			17. Frode, V.	460
			18. Roe and Helge	494

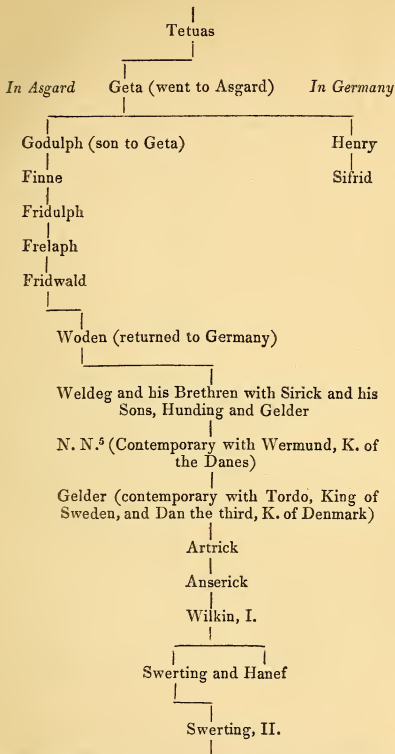
This List places a Distance of 564 Years between Odin's Arrival in the North and the Age of Hróthgár and Halga, whereas the first three Names on the former List are in general found among the Ancestors of Odin. I shall now select three more genealogical Lines of Odin's Pedigree, in two whereof these Names appear. The first I take from Langhorne,<sup>4</sup> though whence he had it I know not: the second is from the Saxon Chronicle ad. An. 854. They are as follows.

#### KINGS OF THE SAXONS.

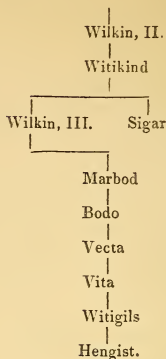
Stresæus  
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Bedwig  
|  
Gualas  
|  
Hadrás  
|  
Ittermon  
|  
Heremod  
|  
Skeph (reigned in Sleswick)  
|  
Skeld  
|  
Bevin  
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<sup>4</sup> Introduction to the Hist. of Engl. Tables at End, 8vo. London 1676.



<sup>5</sup> Called Hundingus by Alb. Krantz. Saxonia, Lib. l. c. 2, 3, 4, and called Son of Sifrid, whose name occurs in the right hand Column.



In this List two Genealogies are palpably confounded; Bodo the last Name but four on the List is a Name of Odin. The Names that precede it are, with little Variation, those which are given as the Ancestors of Odin in a List we shall presently see, and those which succeed it are the Names ordinarily inserted between Odin and Hengest in the Genealogy of the latter Hero. Odin thus twice occurs in this List, a Privilege which must be permitted to his Godship; Indeed he and his Son Bo reappear long after in Saxo,<sup>6</sup> and occupy for a Time the Throne of Denmark, and are then finally expelled by the Christian Hero-King. We must not then in Mythological Matters be frightened at any Chronological Discrepancies. They are Things to be expected.

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<sup>6</sup> Saxo, Lib. iii. near the Beginning, Fol. xxv. Edit. Paris, 1514. The Name *Bodo* seems to point out Odin as identical with *Buddha*, who is fabled to have been incarnate on Earth some hundreds of Times.

The second and third Lists run thus. The latter is taken from Betham's "Genealogical Tables of the Sovereigns of the World," Tab. DXCIII. Whence Betham had it I know not.

Noah	B.C. 90.	Harderic, K. of the Saxons	A.D.	1
Sceáf (born in the Ark) <sup>7</sup>		Anseric . . . . .		8
Bedwig		Wilke . . . . .		30
Hwala		Svarticke, Prince of Saxons . . . . .		76
Hathra		Svarticke . . . . .		80
Itermon		Sigward . . . . .		100
Heremód		Witekind, K. . . . .		
Sceldwa		Wilke, II. P. . . . .		190
Beáw		Marbod, K. . . . .		256
Tætwa		Bodo or Woden, K. . . . .		300
		<i>m.</i> Frea, Fria, or Frigga		
Geát				
Godwulf				
Finn				
Fríthuwulf				
Freáwine				
Fríthuwald				
Wóden.				

Now it would be easy to exhibit very many Tables

<sup>7</sup> The Saxon Chronicler appears to have mixed up the Tale of Scéf's Exposure with the Noachic Flood.

agreeing more or less with those above given, wherein the Name of the Scylding Beówulf appears variously written as Beo, Beu, Beau, Beawa, Beowius, Beowinus, Boerinus, Beowulf, Bedwius, Beaf, Beir, Bevin, Bo. Moreover, in two of the MSS. examined by Mr. Kemble, this Person appears as the Father of the following Sons. Cinrincius, Gothus, Iuthus, Swethedus, Dacus, Wandalus, Gethus, Fesus, Geatte. And in both MSS. is the following marginal Note.

“ Ab istis novem filiis Boerini descenderunt novem gentes Septentrionalem habitantes, qui quondam regnum Britanniae invaserunt et obtinuerunt, viz. Saxones, Angli, Juti, Daci, Norwagenses, Gothi, Wandali, Geati, et Frisi.”

This Beówulf the Scylding is then no less a Person than the Father of the Eponymi of all the great Northern Tribes. Is he not then in all probability identical with the Eddic God, Bældæg, Ballar, or Bo, the Son of Odin? probably even with Bodo or Wóden, i. e. Odin, himself, as again with Bedwíg Odin's Son, with whom the Variation Bedwius of his Name seems to connect him. For these are all most likely one and the same mythical Fiction.

This brings us to the other Beówulf, the Hero of the Poem, wherein he certainly appears as another Person, a Wægmunding, son of Ecgtheów, and Nephew to Hrethel the Geátic King, living full two generations later than his Namesake. Nevertheless I believe, with Mr. Kemble, that he is really the same mythological Personage. Nowhere but in this Poem is he mentioned, and though he is there stated to have holden the Geátic Sceptre half-a-Century, yet in no List of their Kings does his Name occur. The Difference in the Genealogy needs not stand in the Way of this Supposition. The Tables are full of such Discrepancies, witness the different Genealogies of Odin given above, which are all contradicted by the Edda of Snorri and the Heim-



skringla, where Skjöld<sup>8</sup> is called the Son of Odin, who thus becomes not a Descendant but the Ancestor of the Skjöldungar, or Scyldings of our Poem. The very Nature of Beówulf's Achievements, as I observed above, seems to mark him as a superhuman Being, and if therefore we consider him as the Son of Odin, we may see in his Contest with Grendel the Demon and his Fiend-Mother that Contest and Victory of the Divine Principle over the Evil Power, the Notion whereof the Heathen seem universally to have preserved in dark, varied and disfigured Traditions indeed, but originating no Doubt in the same divine and prophetic Source. Nor should the Fact of a God appearing here as only a Hero surprize us. Such is the usual Course where one Religion supersedes another. The Gods of the abandoned System sink down to the Rank of Demi-Gods or supernatural Heroes, and lastly to ordinary Heroes, in which state they are frequently mixed up with a historical Character. And thus Beówulf the God sinks first to the State of Beówulf the Scylding, Father to the Eponyni of the Northerns, and lastly subsides into Beówulf the Wægmunding, Nephew to Hrethel, and Friend of Hróthgár. Other Instances of this Reduction of a heathen God's Rank I shall have to mention in the Course of this Introduction: but that the Reader may comprehend the Tendency of the human Mind to lower the Rank of, instead of entirely discarding, the Gods of a system it has abandoned, I will refer to one Instance where it is evidenced in a Manner too painful and appalling to dwell upon, but too important and apposite here to be passed over in total Silence. Wherever the holy Faith of the Gospel has been sup-

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<sup>8</sup> Snorri's Edda, by G. W. Dasent. Foreword. p. 110. § 11. Heimskringla. Kap. v. Vol. 1. p. 5. Edit. Peringskiöld. p. 12. of the German Translation by Mohnike. Vol. 1. p. 9 of the Danish Version by Grundtvig.

planted either by Arianism or Mohammedanism, (and fearfully often, even when by the more respectable Forms of Protestantism), our divine Saviour is forthwith degraded from His Godhead, and looked upon as a mere Man, or at best as Issa the Prophet.

Beówulf's divine Character derives some Confirmation from his Name, the integral Portion whereof is Beo; the termination "-wulf" being, like other Terminations in Northern Names, often changeable or omissible. "Now the Old Saxons, and most likely other conterminal Tribes called their Harvest-Month, (probably part of August and September) by this very Name of Beo or Bewod: thus 'beuuo,' *segetum*. Hólj. 79. 14. Kilian. 'bouw,' *arvum. messis*. In Bavaria, 'bau,' *seges*; 'bauen,' *seminare*; 'bewod,' *messis*. Hólj. 78. 16. Teutonista. 'bouwt.' *messis*. 'wijnbouwt,' *vindemia*. Beo or Beow is therefore in all Probability a God of Agriculture and Fertility, and gives his Name to a Month as the Goddesses Eostre and Hródhe did to April and March. It strengthens this View of the Case that he is the Grandson of Scéaf, *manipulus frumenti (sheaf of corn)*, with whom he is perhaps identical." Nor does his heroic Character take from the Probability of this Notion, for Wôden and Thôr are not only Gods of Battle and Victory but also Rulers of the Weather and Givers of Fertility and Increase. I had once indeed thought of connecting the Name with the Word Buan. A. S. "Buan," *to dwell*; Gothic, "bauan;" Icel. "bua;" Dan. "boe;" Swed. "bo," *to dwell, a house*; and thus to have made Beówulf a God of Architecture, which his Protection of Hródhgár's great Buildings seems to warrant, but the above Account, which is Mr. Kemble's, is I think more probable.

Beówulf is a Geát or Weder, and that these

Names are synonymous with Angle is powerfully maintained by Mr. Kemble, though Etmüller vehemently asserts the contrary, and would, with Prof. Leo, make the Wægmundings synonymous with the Scylfings, a Tribe of Swedish Gothland. But Beówulf was at seven years old (i. e. before his Marriage with Hrethel's daughter), a near Relation to King Hrethel, the Father of Higelác. Yet it must be owned that while St. Gregory of Tours,<sup>9</sup> and the author of the *Gesta Reg. Franc.*,<sup>10</sup> call Chlochilaicus (Higelác) a Dane, the *Heimskringla*<sup>11</sup>

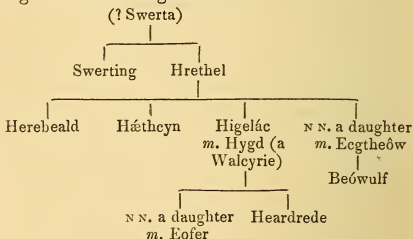
<sup>9</sup> His ita gestis, Dani cum rege suo, nomine Chlochilaico [Colb. *Hrodolaico*. Beccens. Chochilaico], evectu navali per mare Gallias appetunt, Egressique ad terras, pagum unum de regno Theudericus devastant atque captivant; oneratisque navibus tam de captivis quam de reliquis spoliis, reverti ad patriam cupiunt. Sed rex eorum in litus residebat, donec naves altum mare comprehenderent, ipse deinceps secuturus. Quod cum Theudericus nuntiatum fuisset, quod scilicet regio ejus fuerit ab extraneis devastata, Theudebertum filium suum in illas partes cum magno exercitu ac magno armorum apparatu direxit. Qui interfecto rege, hostes navali praelio superatos opprimit, omnemque rapinam terræ restituit.—*Hist. Francorum*. iii. 3. *Inter Opera*. Ed. *Ruinart*. col. 106.

<sup>10</sup> In illo tempore Dani cum rege suo, nomine, Chochilago, cum navali hoste per altum mari Gallias appetunt, Theudericus pagum *Attoarios* et alios devastantes atque captivantes, plenas naves de captivis habentes, alto mare intrantes, rex eorum ad litus maris resedit: Quod cum Theudericus nuntiatum fuisset, Theudebertum filium suum cum magno exercitu in illis partibus dirigens; qui consequens eos, pugnavit cum eis caede maxima, atque ipsis prostratis regem eorum interfecit, praedam tulit et in terram suam restituit. *Gesta reg. Francorum*. cap. 19, cited by Leo.

<sup>11</sup> *Heimskringla*, Kap. 25, tom. i. p. 27, Edit. *Peringskiöld*. *Grundtvig Danish Edit*. Kap. 14, p. 29. *Mohnike's Germ. Trans.* p. 29. But this Huggleikr, who appears regularly in the list of Swedish Kings, is said, in the places cited, to have been killed at Tyrravold by King Hake, who had with him twelve Champions and Starkathar (*Stærk-Odder*)

places the Dominions of its Huggleikr (if he be the same Person) in Sweden. Under the name of Huggleitus, Saxo (Lib. iv.) places him 26th on the List of Danish Kings. The matter may I think be set at Rest by comparing the Saxon Chron.<sup>12</sup> with Ælfred's Bede.<sup>13</sup> In the latter the People of Kent and the Isle of Wight are stated to be descended from the Geáts, in the former from the Jutes, and Anglia is said to be between the Jutes and Saxons. I should therefore place the Geátas north of the Angles in the Peninsula of Denmark, and look on them and the Angles as neighbouring and intimately connected Tribes, and totally distinct from the Scylfings in Sweden.

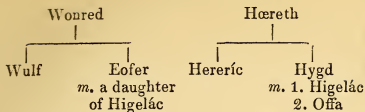
The Geátic royal Family appears to run according to the following scheme:—



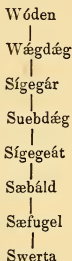
amongst them. This was in 302, whereas the incident in S. Gregory must have been between 511 and 562. Mezeray places it about 517. Abr. Chron. Tom. iii. p. 100. But the Higelác of *Béowulf* is a mythical Character mixed up with an historical one.

<sup>12</sup> Of lórum comon Gantpape. 7 Wíhtpape. (þ 1r geo mægð ðe nú earþað on Wíht.) . . . . Of Angle comon. ge á ríððan rúð þeruz betrix lúrum and seaxum.

<sup>13</sup> Of Geáta fruman rýndon Cantpape and Wíhtpætan. þ 1r geo ðeód þe Wíht ðæt ealouð onearþað. In the Orosius Ælfred mentions the Saxons and Angles, but not the Geátas, whom he probably includes with the latter.



In Florence of Worcester, and in a Table in Langhorne, we find Swerta among the Ancestors of the Deiran Kings. If this is the Father of the Swerting of our Poem, the Line will run down from Odin thus:—



It may however be remarked that the name of Swerting twice occurs in the List of the Ancestors of Hengest in p. xix. And the Ancestors of Hengest would be Geáts. If this is the Line whereto the Family of Higelác is to be affiliated, the Reader must make Swerting and Hrethel the Children either of Wilkin I. or of Swerting II. Alb. Krantz makes Slesvig at that Time in Possession of the Saxons.

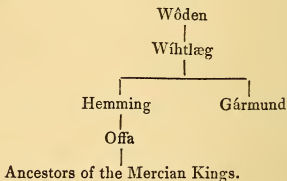
The Wife of Higelác is a strange Character, and bears the Name (Hygd) of one of the Wælcyrian,<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> On the Wælcyrian see J. Grimm *Teutsche Mythologie*, p. 235—243. The third Book of Saxo opens with the Reign of a King Hotherus, who is described as meeting these Beings in a Wood.

who attend upon Wóden, and with this mythical Personage she appears to be intimately mixed up. After the Death of Higelác, she marries<sup>15</sup> Offa, King of the Angles, to do which, the Poet, looking for the Angles in England, tells us “she crossed the fallow Flood by her Father’s Advice.” Who her Father Hæreth was, or who Wonrede the Father of her son-in-law was I do not know. Should we suppose the Poet, who was unquestionably a Christian,<sup>16</sup> to be aware of the Lady’s Rank as a heathen Goddess it may well account for the malignant Character he assigns to her, the Christian Faith having taught us to assign to the heathen Gods their true Character as Devils. (St. Paul. i. ad Cor. x. 20. and elsewhere.)

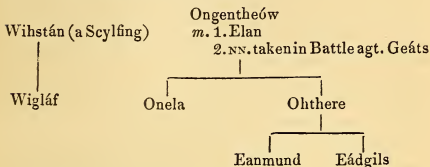
Offa is called the Nephew of Gármund and Son of Hemming (nefa Gármunder & mæg þemminge) so that his Line in Beówulf stands thus:—



<sup>15</sup> On her Marriage, see *Vita Offæ*, 11. printed at the End of Watts’ Mathew of Paris: the Biographer having attributed this incident to Offa of Mercia. She is called by the English Writers *Drida* or *Cynedrida* (O. Norse. Þruðr, or Kuena-þruðr), i. e. Thrythr or Woman-Thrythr. Thrythr, though it signifies *Virgin*, being, like Hygd, the Name of a Walcylie.

<sup>16</sup> The Poet’s Acquaintance with and Belief in the Holy Scripture and the Christian Religion, Dr. Thorkelin, who is determined to make out the Poem to have been written in Denmark in the Third or Fourth Century, stoutly denies,

We now come to the Race of the Scylfings, certainly a Swedish Tribe. Their Princes are Ongentheów, slain in Battle against Higelác by Wulf and Eofer, in Revenge for which his Sons invade the Geátic Territory, and slay Heardrede, and in their Turn are routed and killed by Beówulf and Wihstán a Scylfing Prince in the Geátic service. The Scheme will stand thus :—

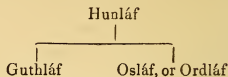


Eádgils may be the Adils of the Ynglinga-Saga and Athislus of Saxo. If so then Ohthere is also the Ottar of the Heimskringla, and possibly Ongentheów may be Aun or  $\text{\O}$ n hin Gamle.<sup>17</sup> But it must be confessed that the Characters do not seem to correspond. This would identify the Scylfings of our Poem with the Ynglingas of Snorri.

and asserts his Author's Theology to be but that of Homer or Cicero. I cannot understand this Assertion. The References to the Scripture and to Christian Doctrine, with evident Assent on the Part of the Poet, appear to me so palpable, that to deny them seems little better than obstinate Wrong-headedness.

<sup>17</sup> In an old Norse and Latin "Catalogus Regum Sueciæ a primordiis regni ad Magnum Erici an. 1333." Fant. Script. rer. Suec. I. p. 2, 3, 5. this name is written *Haquon* and *Aukun*, which is an Approach to the first part of *Ongentheów* or *Angantyr*. Again *Ougentheów* is called in *Beówulf* *gomela*, i. e. *hin Gamle*, the old. But still the Characters are widely different: One being a Warriour, and dying in Battle, the other a superstitious Driveller dying bed-ridden at the Age of 200 years.

A Race of Hunláfings is also mentioned in the Poem. Their Heroes seem to be—



Ettmüller makes Ordláf an additional Brother, but he seems to be the same Person as Osláf, one Form being used by the Author of *Beówulf* the other by the Bard of the Battle of Finnesburh. Ettmüller also makes the Gárulf of the Battle of Finnesburh the Son of Guthláf: on what Authority I know not; certainly the Verse he cites from the B. of Finnesb. does not call him so.

The Frisians and their King Finn next demand our attention. This Personage is considered by Mr. Kemble as another Instance of a Heathen God sinking to an Epic Hero. His Remarks upon the subject are perhaps hardly so satisfactory as could be wished, but as I have nothing more probable to bring forward I shall here present my Readers with the Substance of them. It will be observed that Finn in *Beówulf* and in the Traveller's Song is called Folcwalding and the Son of Folcwald. Now in the Lists of Odin's Progenitors given above (p. xix, xxi) his name occurs, but he was the son of Godwulf, in others of Godwine, though in Nennius,<sup>18</sup> and Henry of Huntingdon,<sup>19</sup> his Father bears the name of Folcwald, as in our Poem, while Asser,<sup>20</sup> and some others make him and his Father into one Person under the Name of Finngodwulf. Whichever of the three names of Finn's Father we take

<sup>18</sup> Gunn's Nennius, p. 61. In Gale's Edit. Folcwald is called Folcpald evidently by mistaking the Old w (p) for a P.

<sup>19</sup> Savile's *Scriptores post Bedam*, p. 178. London 1596.

<sup>20</sup> Asser, p. 4. Oxford 1722.



for right, neither needs exclude the other. Godwulf and Godwine are little more than God, the first being *Lupus divinas*, the second *Deus amicus*, while Folcwalda is *Rector populi*, all names of Deity, and thus Odin in the *Völu-spá* is called *Fólvaldr Goða* (line 246 : Bergmann, vol. iii. p. 53. Finn Magnusen's Edda).

But the Name Finn is uncompounded, which is itself Evidence of a divine rather than a heroic Character : and his Position among Woden's Ancestors leads one to suspect that the Fin of the Traveller's Song, Beówulf, and the Battle of Finnesburh, is really a mythical Personage who has grown out of some of the Legends concerning Wóden. " Now," says Mr. Kemble, " though no Teutonic tongue furnishes a family of words from whose etymological relations the signification (of *Fin*) can with positive certainty be discovered, yet perhaps the following attempt may lead to some approximation towards a meaning. The Latin *Penna* (for *Pinna*), the English *Fin* of a fish stand in close etymological connection. *Fin* presupposes a Teutonic verb of the xii<sup>th</sup> Conjugation, *finnan*, *fan*, *funnon*, *funnen*. The English *fan* and *fin* denote light moveable shapes closely resembling each other, the word *fun* denotes boisterous merriment. The Old High Dutch *fano*, Ang. Sax. *fana*, pannus, probably *waving* cloth ; *fön*, (Schmellers Wörterb.) the soft south wind : Goth. *funs*, ignis : Goth. *funs*, Ang. Sax. *fús*, *paratus*, *active*. Does not the conception of *motion* lie in the verb *finnan* ? If so, he (Fin) is only another form of Wóden, whose name, derived from the præterite *wód* of *wadan*, (to go), denotes in like manner the moving acting godhead : and this view of the meaning of the name appears to me to be confirmed by the fact that even Wóden's name appears to be only a further derivative from an equivalent

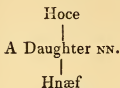
*Wód*, the actual præt. of *Wadan*: at least I find him in the Traveller's Song, l. 60., called *Wôd* not *Wôden*, and in the Edda, *Völu-spá*. 23 (l. 125). Freya is called *Oðs mey*, not *Oðinns*. *Finnr* as the name of a God does not occur in the Old Norse Mythology, but a Berserker *Finnr* is found. *Fornald Sög.* 2. 242, and one of the nine very mythic sons of *Wikingr* bears the same name *Fornald Sög.* 2. 405. In the *Völu-spá* xxi [xiv] (l. 81 : *Bergm.*) a dwarf *Finnr* appears, as a descendant of *Dwalin*, but this name must be derived from the Old Norse, *finna*; Ang. Sax. *findan, invenire (to find)*. It is, however, not unimportant that in the same Poem 12, another Dwarf *Buri*,<sup>21</sup> of *Modsögner's* blood, is mentioned, for the *Fornaldar Sög.* 2. 13. 14. giving a Saxon genealogy compared with the Norse mythic descents mentions *Finn han wer köllum Buri*. But here it is quite clear that no dwarf is meant, for the *Völu-spá* accurately distinguishes between *Buri*, *Modsögner's* descendant, and *Finnr*, *Dwalin's* descendant, whose name is not found in some MSS. But what *Buri* is then meant? Obviously the antient mythic *Buri (pariens, generans)* the father of *Bur* or *Börs (natus, generatus)* whose three sons in turn are *Odin*, *Vile*, and *Ve*. If *Finn* then is as *Buri* a progenitor of *Wôden*, he may very safely be looked upon as a mere form of *Wôden* himself."

Having thus glanced at the original Myth of *Finn*, it remains to notice the real or fabulous *Fin*, Hero and King of *Friesland*. He is represented in the

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<sup>21</sup> Mr. Kemble omits to remark that in the Names of the Dwarfs and in the Manner of writing them there is great Discrepancy among the MSS. The whole Line: "*Billigr, Bruni, Bildr, Buri,*" where this Name occurs is in some Instances absent. Prof. Bergmann, in whose Edit. of the *Völu-spá* it would form Line 68, omits it as spurious. Prof. Finn Magnusen and Dr. Dietrich (*Altnordisches Lesebuch*) inclose it within Brackets as doubtful.

Poem as at War with the Danes. The Danish General is Hnæf called a Scylding, whom the Traveller's Song calls King of the Hocings, and of whom we get the following Genealogy in our Poem :—



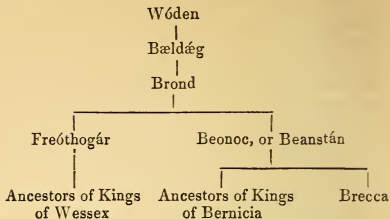
Hnæf is assisted by Hengist, Gúthláf and Osláf (Ordláf of the Batt. Finsb.) and other Heroes. Though himself killed in the Contest, he attacks and conquers Finn, who is deprived of half his Kingdom. Hengist who if, as supposed by Mr. Kemble, not<sup>22</sup> I think with much Probability, the Founder of the Monarchy of Kent, is therefore a Geátic Wicing, remains in Friesland, to occupy the "annexed" Portion of Finn's Kingdom. Hildeburh seems to be Finn's Wife. Hengist the next Year is murdered by Finn, but the Danes under Gúthláf and Osláf avenge the Murther, Finn is routed and slain, and his Wife Hildeburh carried Captive to Denmark.

A Race of Brondings, and their King Brecca, son Beanstán, are also mentioned. We find Brand or Brond, for in the Saxon Chronicle<sup>23</sup> it is written both Ways, in the Genealogy of the Kings of Wessex and Northumberland. The Sons of Brond are Freóthogár and Beonoc. It is possible enough the Beonoc may be the Beanstán of Beówulf: and if so, the Line will stand thus :—

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<sup>22</sup> I am not aware that any Writer states Hengist the first King of Kent to have died in Friesland, whereas Matt. of Westminster (ad an. 489) declares that, being defeated and made Prisoner by Aurelius Ambrosius, he was, at the instance of Eldad, Bishop of Gloucester, beheaded.

<sup>23</sup> Ad ann. 547. 552. 597. 854.



Heatho-rœmis, Brecca's Capital, is probably the Island of Rom (Romesϕ or Romϕ) on the North-West Coast of Slesvig.

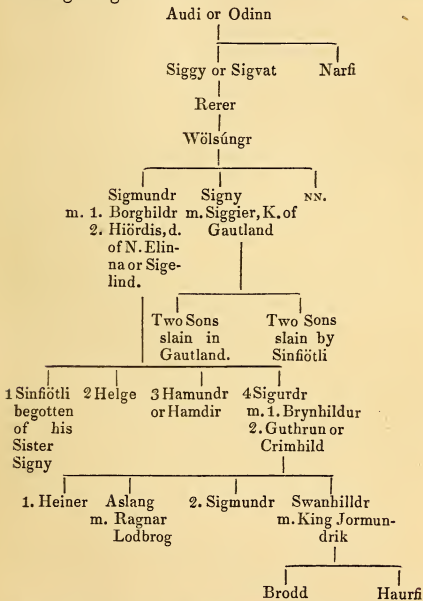
I proceed now to give a short account of the Sigmund and Fitela of Canto XIII. These are the Sigurdr Fafnisbani, and Sinfíotli of the Edda Sæmundar and Volsúnga Saga, and the former of them is the Sigurdr or Sigfródr of the Wilkina Saga, the Sifrid (or Siegfried) of the Nibelunge Nôt and the Seyfrit of the Heldenbuch. The Poet however has confused Sigurdr Fafnisbani and his Father Sigmundr. Sigmundr was a King in Frankland,<sup>24</sup> a Son of Völsungr, who, not recognizing his Sister Signi disguised by the Arts of a Witch,<sup>25</sup> begat of her Sinfíotli, who is accordingly called here his Nephew, and is the Brother not Nephew of Sigurdr. But Sigurdr and Sigmundr are in Beówulf one Person, the Sigmund of the Poet. Sigmundr and Sinfíotli<sup>26</sup> pass on their Adventures together, are changed for a While for their

<sup>24</sup> Edd. Sæm. Sinfíotla Lok. Frankland would at that time be both Banks of the Rhine. Sigmundr's Kingdom is said to be somewhere about the modern Dutchey of Juliers. The Nibelungen-lied calls it Niederland, the Wilkina, S. c. 131. Jarlunga-land.

<sup>25</sup> Völsúnga Saga, c. 11.

<sup>26</sup> Völsúnga Saga, c. 11. 12. 13. 14. &c.

Crimes into Werwolves, and burn Signy with her Husband Siggeir. Sigmundr married Borghildr, by whom he had Issue Helge and Hamundr, and afterward, by Hiödis, Sigurdr. The following Genealogy is taken from the Tables given by Peringskjöld at the End of the Wilkina Saga, from the Nibelungen-lied, from the Edda Sœmundar and Völsunga Saga:—



Borghildr had a Brother named Hroar or Gun-

narr;<sup>27</sup> but Gunnarr and Sinfjötli both falling in Love with the same Lady, the former was slain by the latter. On this Borghildr determined to drive him into Exile, but, Sigmundr insisting on his being quit on paying the Compensation-money, or "were," she poisoned him.

The Wilkina Saga<sup>28</sup> calls the Mother of Sigurdr Sisile (Cœcilia) daughter of Nidung King of Spain, and tells a Tale of his Birth too interesting to be omitted here. The Story is very similar to a most beautiful Legend relative to S. Genevieve, which may be seen in the second Vol. of the Deutsche Sagen of the Brethren Grimm, and was published in English during the Stewart Period in a duodecimo Volume called "Innocence asserted," and which I met with a few Years ago in the Library of J. Eyston, Esq. at Hendred House, Berks. The Saga informs us that during the Absence of Sigmundr, he committed his Queen to the Care of two Noblemen, Artvin and Hermann, who failing to induce her to betray her Husband, on his Return accused her in Malice. Sigmundr ordered them to lead her out into a neighbouring Wood to Execution. On the Way Hermann felt Compunction, and his savage Companion taking Offence at his Protestation of Penitence, they fell to Blows and Artvin was slain. In the mean Time the unhappy Queen was taken with premature Labour, and placed her Infant, Sigurdr, in a glass vessel, which Artvin in the Struggles of Death knocked into the River, at the Sight of which Accident the Queen expired with Grief. The Glass, however, floated

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<sup>27</sup> The Name is called Hroar in the Brethren Grimm's *Lieder de alten Edda*, but Gunnarr in the great Copenhagen Edit. of the *Edda Sæmundar*, by Prof. Finn Magnusen, in 3 vols. 4to. 1787. 1818. 1828.

<sup>28</sup> *Wilk. Sag.* c. 131—149. *Grimm Heldensage.* p. 73.

with the Stream, till coming in Contact with the Bank, it broke asunder, and the Child screamed. Then came a Hind and took the Child in her Mouth, and bare him home to her Lair, where she had two young, together with which she suckled him, so that at the End of a Twelvemonth he was as strong as a Boy of four Years old. There was a Man named Mimer, a marvellously cunning Smith, who took him home and educated him in his Smithey. After a While the Strength of the Boy, displayed in a Quarrel with one of his fellow Handicraft-lads named Eckihard, and by splitting the Anvil with his Blows, and perhaps his Voracity, (for it seems he ate in one Day what was thought enough for nine), caused some Alarm to Mimer, who accordingly asked him to go into the Wood and burn the Charcoal, intending that he should there fall a Sacrifice to his Brother Reginn, who haunted the Wood, and for his Cruelties had been turned into a furious Dragon. Sigurdr assented, took with him a Hatchet, and having cut down a vast number of Trees, arranged them in a Pile for burning, and having lighted them, as it was now Day-time, set himself to his Meal, and ate up all the Meat and drank up all the Wine which Mimer expected would last him nine Days. Presently he saw the Dragon approach, and drawing a flaming Beam from the Fire, strake him on the Head therewith with such Force that he felled him to the Earth, and repeated his Blows till the Dragon was dead, when with his Axe he cut off his Head. In the Evening having filled his Kettle with Water, he cut off with the Hatchet some of the Dragon's Flesh to boil for his Supper. On putting his Finger into the Liquor, and scalding it, he put it into his Mouth, and so bringing a Drop on his Tongue, he immediately understood the Language of Birds, and heard two Birds saying to one another, "If this

Man knew what we know, he would certainly go home and slay Mimer his Foster-father, who has attempted to compass his Death, for this Serpent was Mimer's Brother, and Mimer will avenge his Blood and kill the Youth." Sigurdr then rubbed his Body with the Dragon's Blood, on which his Skin became as impenetrable as Horn, except between the Shoulders where he could not reach to apply it; and having resumed his Clothes, went home carrying the Dragon's Head in his Hand. On his Return Mimer hypocritically bids him welcome, but he answers, "It shall be no Welcome for you, for you shall gnaw this Head like a Dog." "No, no," said Mimer, "you must not do that, I assure you I had rather make you Compensation for having done Ill to you. I'll give you the Helmet and a Shield and Byrnie, those Weapons I made for Hertnid King of Holmgardi, and they are the best of all Weapons. And a Horse will I give you named Grani, which is in the Stud of Brynhildr, and a Sword called Gramr, which is the best of all Swords." Sigurdr having accepted the Conditions, and put on the Armour, Mimer gave him the Sword, which swinging with his utmost Strength, he strake and killed Mimer. He then proceeds to the Borg or Castle of Brynhildr, bursts open the Gates and slays seven Thralls and seven Knights, who oppose him. Brynhildr, who was sitting in her Boudoir (*situr i skemmu sinni*), hearing of the Matter, went down and joyfully welcomed her Visitor, informed him of his Rank and Birth whereof he had hitherto been ignorant, and inquired the Object of his Visit. On learning that he had come for the Horse Grani, she gave him free Permission to take him, and sent some of her Attendants to catch him. They were unable to do so, but Grani delivered himself spontaneously to Sigurdr, who put a Bridle on him, mounted on



his Back, and having thanked Brynhildr for her Hospitality, departed. Thus far the Wilkina Saga.

The Edda, the Völsúnga Saga, and the Nibelungen Lied tell the Tale somewhat differently. According to the last Sigelint is the Name of Sifrit's (Sigurdr's) Mother, according to the first two, Hiördýs: and the Story of Sisile seems to have been unknown to the Authors of them all. In the Edda and Völsúnga Saga Reginn or Reigin is the Name of the Smith, not of the Dragon, who is called Fafnir. Indeed the Author of the Völsúnga Saga, as Prof. Finn Magnusen observes, appears to have taken his Account from the Edda. Here the Tale is, however, thus told. Hreithmar a Person of the Race of the Dwarfs or Dæmons had three Sons, Reigin, Fafnir, and Otur. The last had the Faculty of transforming himself into an Otter, and in this Form was killed by Loki who in company with Odin and Hæner met and chased him. The same Evening the Æsir (Gods) walked out in human Form, and having accepted the Hospitality of Hreithmar, were by him with the Assistance of Reigin, who was marvellously cunning, cruel, and skilful in magic, made Prisoners. They ransomed themselves by filling the Otter's Skin with Gold. Reigin and Fafnir wished for a Share of this Treasure, and Hreithmar refusing was murthèred in his sleep by Fafnir, who appropriated the whole Treasure to himself, and left none for either Reigin or his two Sisters.<sup>29</sup> Reginn asked for his Share of the Gold, but Fafnir refused, and being possessed of an Ægis-helmet which strake Terrour into every living Thing, he

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<sup>29</sup> This Tale is found in the Edda. Quitha Sigurdar Fafnisbana, part I. Compare Völsúnga Sag. c. 23. and Skalda l. c. p. 135—7.

constantly lay at Gnítaheithi, watching his Treasure, in the Form of a terrible Dragon.

Sigurdr having consulted his Uncle Grípir, who was a Seer, about his Fate, went to the Stable of Hjalprekr, (Germ. Hilferich, Fr. Chilperic), and thence chose for himself the Horse Gráni, large of stature, and bred from Odin's Charger Sleipner.<sup>30</sup> Reginn then joined him and became his Adviser and Companion. He told him the Tale we have just narrated, forged for him the Sword Gramr, and urged him to take Vengeance upon Fafnir. Sigurdr then sets out accompanied by Reginn in some Ships furnished by Hjalprekr, and after a Storm and singular Dialogue with a Nicker, vanquishes and slays Lyngvi Hundings-son and his three Brethren. He then returns home to Hjalprekr, but being again incited by Reginn to the Slaughter of Fafnir, he and Reginn proceed to Gnítaheithi, and find the Path whereby Fafnir was wont to glide to the Water. Here Sigurdr dug a Pit and got into it. As Fafnir passed forth he blew out a Jet of Venom, which however passed over Sigurdr's Head, and as he glided over the Pit Sigurdr pierced him through the Heart with his Sword, and sprang out of the Pit. A curious Dialogue ensues. Fafnir assures Sigurdr that the Treasure will prove his Ruin, and that Reginn will as readily betray him as he had himself.<sup>31</sup>

Sigmundr then took Fafnir's Heart and roasted it on a Wire, and when he thought it was done enough, and the Blood bubbled from the Heart, then he took it with his Fingers and tried whether it were fully roasted. It burnt him, and he put his Finger in his Mouth: but as soon as Fafnir's Heart's Blood had touched his Tongue he under-

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<sup>30</sup> Völs. Sag. c. 22.

<sup>31</sup> Compare Völs. Sag. c. 27.

stood the Speech of Birds, and heard the Eagles talking on the Branches. They recommend him to eat Fafnir's Heart, assure him that unless he kills Reginn the latter will certainly by Treachery avenge his Brother, and bid him take undivided Possession of the Treasure. He accordingly takes off Reginn's Head, eats the Heart of Fafnir, and drinks both his Blood and that of Reginn.<sup>32</sup> The Eagles continue their Conversation, and indicate to him the Spot incircled by Fire where the Walcyrie Sigrdrifr or Brynhildr lay, under her Helm, cast asleep by Odin, who had fastened her Veil with a Thorn. "Hero, thou shalt see the Maid under the Helm, who rode (the Horse) Ving-skornir out of the Battle; a King's Son may not break Sigrdrifr's Slumber ere the Decree of the Nornir." Sigurd then enters Fafnir's Dwelling, loads Grani with the Treasure, mounts and rides the Hindarfiall, the Place pointed out, where he finds the Virgin sleeping in complete Armour. He removes the Helmet, but the Byrnie was so fast to the Body that he cut it through with his Sword Gramr and awoke her. She taught him Runes and many wonderful Things, and gave him valuable Advice.

We now come to where the Icelandic Accounts fall in with the Nibelungen Lied. Sigmundr or Sifrit, goes into the Land of King Gjuka, and marries his Daughter Godrun or Kriemhilde, and effects the Marriage of Brynhildr with Kriemhilde's Brother Gunnarr or Gunthere King of Burgundy, by Arts which I need not stop to explain.<sup>33</sup> According to the Nibelungen Lied however the two Ladies quarrel for Precedence, and Hagene von Troneje, one of Gunthere's chief Knights, considering his Queen insulted, undertook to avenge her, and that

<sup>32</sup> Compare Völs. Sag. c. 28.

<sup>33</sup> Nibel. Adv. vii. Sigurdar Quitha Fafn. iii. in Edda.

upon the innocent Sifrit, though the latter had "beaten his Wife black and blue" for her Impertinence to the Queen of Burgundy. A great hunting Party is proposed, and Sifrit attends, but laying aside his Arms and stooping down to drink at a Well, Hagene thrust a Spear into the vulnerable Part of his Back, and so murdered him.<sup>34</sup> His Wife Kriemhilde afterwards married Etzel (Attila) and the barbarous and treacherous Revenge she took for her Husband's Death occupies all the latter Part of the Nibelungen Lied.

The Edda and Volsunga Saga tell the Tale somewhat differently from this. Brynhildr, though married to Gunnarr is in Love with Sigurdr, and greatly distressed at his rejecting her for Gudrun, thinks at last of Revenge. By continued Importunities she at length prevails on Gunnarr to consent to the Murder of Sigurdr in his Bed. Gunnarr proposes to Högni (Hagene) to murder Sigurdr and appropriate the Treasure. Högni refuses, and the Deed is assigned to a Youth called Guttormr to perpetrate.

Dælt var at eggia	Facile erat instigare
Obilgiarnan.	Animo ferocem.
Stóþ till hiarta	Penetravit ad cor usque
Hiör Sigurþi.	Ensis Sigurdo.
Rép til hefnda	Tentavit vindictam
Her-giarn i sal,	Bellicosus in cubiculo,
Oc eptir varp	Atque in discedentem misit
Obilgiörnom.	(Telum) animo ferocem.
Fló til Gottorms	Volavit in corpus Guttormi
Grams ramliga	Regis valide
Kyn-birt jarn	Mire politum ferrum
Or konúngs hendi.	E regis manu. <sup>35</sup>

Gudrun awakes, for she is floating in her Hus-

<sup>34</sup> Nib. Adv. xvi.

<sup>35</sup> Sigurdar Quitha Fafn. xx. Völs. Sag. c. 39.

band's Gore, (flaut í dreyra) Sigurdr attributes the Murther to the Despair of Brynhildr, consoles his Wife, and expires.

Brynhildr then adorned herself magnificently, distributed Treasure to her Attendants, arrayed in a golden Byrnie and reclining on a Bolster, stabbed herself, gave directions as to the burning of her Body with that of Sigmundr and expired. Their Remains were burned on the same Pyre.

I here conclude this Sketch of the Legend of perhaps the most renowned of all Heroes of Antiquity. Lachmann has shown the Probability of his having been once a heathen God, by the subsequent Changes of Religion brought down at length to the Hero Sifrit of the Nibelungen Lied. And though his Name has almost perished from Memory in this Country, yet the Deed which obtained him the Surname of Fafnisbani, has not. In Christian Nurseries the slaying of the Dragon<sup>36</sup> has been transferred to St. George of England, who, when suffering Martyrdom for the Gospel in Nicæa, probably little thought of ever having his Brows decorated with the Crown of an old Teutonic heathen God. With the Sifrit of the Nibelungen, Edda, and Volsúnga Saga, there is I think probably some really historical Personage mixed, but I have been quite unable to identify him: but now that much

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<sup>36</sup> It frequently occurs that the slaying of a Dragon is attributed to a Character who may without Fear be considered as historical, as for instance, Ragnar Lodbrok, of whose historical Existence there would seem to be but little Doubt, however we may discredit his marvellous Achievements. In several Cases of this kind I am not sure that we may not find an historical Explanation for the Feat by transferring the Scene thereof from the Land to the Sea, and supposing the Slaughter of the Dragon to be merely the Destruction or Capture of one of those larger Vessels called by our Northern Ancestors "Dragons."

Attention throughout Europe is turned to the Chronicles of the Middle Ages it is possible that others may be more fortunate.

With regard to the Geographical Notions of my Author, I have endeavoured to embody them in a Map. In this it is probable I may have made sundry Errors, which I trust the Reader will pardon, in Consideration of the Difficulty of identifying Places at this Distance of Time. The principal Authorities consulted have been Mr. Kemble, Ettmüller's Works, Leo, Thorpe's Notes to the Traveller's Song in his Codex Exoniensis, Zeuss, and the Orosius of King Ælfred.

I shall probably be expected by my Readers, before closing this Introduction, to say a few Words on the Age of the Poem. Dr. Thorkelin places it very early, about the third or fourth Century, denies the Authour's being a Christian, and considers it as manufactured in Denmark. This Notion, I think, may be summarily discarded. Dr. Wheaton says it "is probably a Translation or Rifacciamento of some older Lay originally written in the antient Language of Denmark."<sup>37</sup> That it is founded on National Legends there can be no Doubt, but why on that Account it should be considered as a Rifacciamento or Translation of an older Work, I am at a Loss to discover. That the Authour was a Christian is evident, and therefore the work must be subsequent to the Arrival of the Missionaries of the Holy See at the latter End of the Sixth Century, (for the Language is pure Anglo-Saxon, and was certainly written in England or by an Anglo-Saxon of this Country), and the Traditions are of heathen Date. But the same Traditions, or at least many of them, were known to, and are given as History by the Christian Writers of the Anglo-

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<sup>37</sup> Northmen, p. 130.

Saxon Chronicle, as well as by the Christian Latin Writers. The *Beówulf's-Lay*, then, appears to me to have as good a Claim to be considered an original Work in its Present State as the *Æneid* of Virgil or indeed any Epic Poem in Existence. I conceive then that the Author was a Christian of this Country, and from the little Bits of Preaching that one meets with every here and there, and his References to the Sacred Volumes, I think it probable that he may have been an Ecclesiastic. And for that the chief Hero of the Poem is Geátic, and the People and Royal family of Kent were Geátic, it is hardly to be thought improbable that he may have been attached to the Court of the Kentish Kings. And if so, I should be inclined to look for him among the good Monks of S. Augustine's Canterbury. Leo and Ettmüller call our Poem an "Heroic-Poem of the Eighth Century." The historical Higelác whose Death is chronicled between the Years 515 and 520 and who was succeeded by his son Heardred, and afterwards by Beówulf, who reigned fifty Years, a Period which the Poet would hardly have introduced, if, in his Time, the Death of Higelác were a recent Event, seem to mark the Work as certainly not earlier than the beginning of the seventh Century. And if as Leo, I think very improbably, supposes, the Legend of St. Genévieve is the Root of the Story of Sigmund in the Poem, then must it be much later, as Sigmund was gone to fight under the Banners of Charles Martel against the Saracens, when he left his Wife Genévieve (Sisile) in the Care of Golo (Artvin or Hermann). If this is so, it would bring it down to the Time of Charlemagne. The Language of the Poem, again, does not appear to me to differ so much from that of King Ælfred, or of Ceadmon, as to warrant our placing a very long Interval between the Productions : but it appears to forbid our

considering it as belonging to the later Danish Dynasty of Cnut.

All things then considered, I am inclined to believe, 1. That the Poem was originally written in this Country, perhaps in the Kingdom of Kent; 2. That its Author was without Doubt a Christian, and probably an Ecclesiastic of some Kind; 3. That it was founded on legendary Tales brought hither by the Géatic Conquerors of Kent, or else by some of the Angle Races who colonized other Parts of the Island; 4. That it belongs to the seventh, or eighth, or, at latest, to the early Part of the ninth Century.

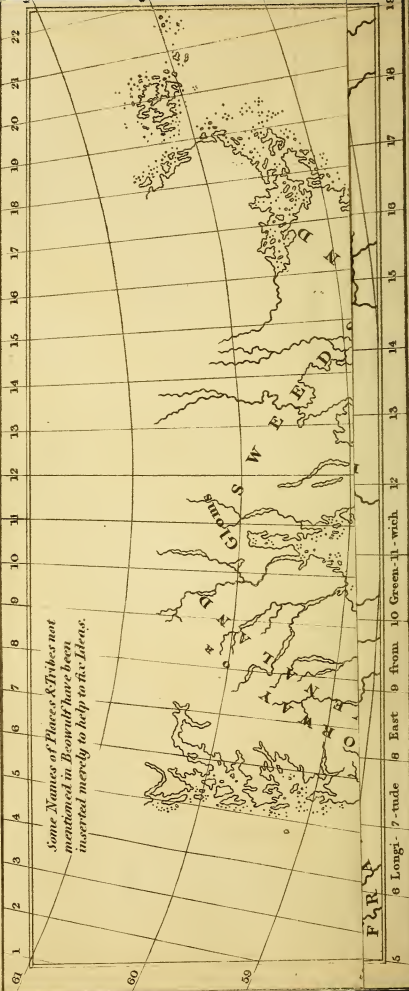
I now conclude this Introduction, wherein I have endeavoured, as far as within reasonable Limits I might, to render the Perusal of the Poem easy and pleasant to the Reader, and if by awakening these Echos of the long lost Melody of Times gone by, I shall have induced any one to give a Moment's serious Thought to the mighty Changes wrought by Time in its ever-rolling-onward Career, as contrasted with the changeless Perfection of Eternity, then have I done something towards elevating at least one Mind in the Scale of Being, and my Time and Labour have been well spent.

HAMMERSMITH,  
*Feast of St. Matthias, Apostle,*  
1847.





An ATTEMPT to delineate the GEOGRAPHICAL Notions of the Author of BEOWULF.





# Beowulf.

## INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

**L**O! We have learn'd in lofty Lays [1]  
The Gár-Danes<sup>1</sup> Deeds in antient Days  
And Ages past away,  
The Glories of the Theod-Kings,  
And how the valiant Æthelings  
Bare them in Battle's Day.  
Oft Scyld, the son of Scéf, from Bands  
Of foemen, drawn from numerous Lands,  
The Mead-thrones tare away;  
For Dread he cast oñ all around  
Sith he was first an Out-cast found,<sup>2</sup>  
Thus he abode in easy State,  
And 'neath the Welkin waxéd great,  
And in his Glories thrive,  
Till circling Nations far and wide  
Over the Path the Whale doth ride<sup>3</sup>  
Obeyed and Tribute gave.  
This was a Monarch good:—and he  
Was after bless'd with Progeny,  
Young in his Palaces, by Heaven  
A Comfort to the People given:  
He knew the Ill they had sustain'd  
While chieftainless they long remain'd.  
Therefore to him the Lord, whose Sway

Some Names of Places & Tribes not mentioned in Beowulf have been inserted merely to help to fix Ideas.





Life and Death themselves obey,  
 Who Glory gives and takes away,  
     Vouchsafed a high Command;  
 Illustrious was Beówulf's Name,  
 And widely spread the Scylding's Fame  
     Through all the scatter'd Land.  
 Thus should a Warriour Chieftain bold  
 Enhance by prudent Gifts of Gold  
     His Father's Dignity,  
 That when age-stricken is his Hand,  
 And War shall come upon his Land  
 A voluntary warrior Band  
     May round him marshall'd be.  
 He whom his People will sustain,  
 In every Land shall Honour gain,  
     By Deeds of Chivalry.  
 But Scyld, at fated Time, departs  
     Ripe, to the Lord's eternal Rest,  
 His Comrades dear with aching Hearts,—  
     According to his last Behest  
 While yet he own'd the Power of Speech,—  
 Bare forth his Corpse upon the Beach.  
 A ring-prow'd Ship there ready stood  
 Prepared to tempt the foaming Flood,—  
 The Car the noble love to ride  
 It shone like Ice upon the Tide.  
 Within the goodly Vessel's Hold  
     Their Monarch dear they cast.  
 Distributer of Rings of Gold,<sup>4</sup>  
     The mighty by the Mast.  
 And there were Gems and Treasure fair  
 From distant Climes collected there.  
 And never did I hear Man say  
     Of comelier Ship, bedight  
 With Weeds of War for Battle's Fray,  
 With deadly Bills and Byrnies grey,  
     And Weapons of the Fight,  
 Rich Treasure in abundant Heap

Upon his Bosom lay,  
 Into Possession of the Deep  
 With him to pass away.  
 They would not send their Chief away  
 With less Magnificence than they,  
 Who sent him forth of yore,  
 To wander o'er the Ocean wild  
 A lonely and deserted Child.  
 They high above his Head unroll'd  
 A fluttering Banner's Wings of Gold,  
 And bear him let the Waters cold,  
 To Ocean gave him o'er.  
 His gallant Band of cheer were low,  
 And sore dispirited,  
 For, sooth to say, no Mortal, though  
 He wise may be, can ever know,  
 Nor answer how or whereunto  
 The pretious Cargo sped.<sup>5</sup>

## CANTO I.

**T**HEN o'er the Scylding Cities gain'd [105]  
 Beówulf Rule, and long he reign'd,—  
 (His Sire, that antient Chief of Worth  
 Had pass'd elsewhere from off the Earth,—)  
 Till from him haughty Healf-dene rose,  
 And while he life retain'd  
 Aged and dreadful to his foes,  
 Full joyously he reign'd.  
 At length unto him numbered o'er  
 Awoke on Earth<sup>1</sup> his Children four,  
 Leaders of Hosts, Heoro-gár,  
 Hróth-gár and Halga good in war,  
 And Ladye Elan, o'er the Tide  
 Who pass'd, I heard,<sup>2</sup> the Scylfing's<sup>3</sup> Bride.  
 Then was vouchsafed to Hróth-gár's Sway  
 Success full high in Battle-fray

And martial Honours brave,  
 So that his Kinsmen to his Sway  
     A free Obedience gave,  
 And thus their noble Youth into  
 A mighty kindred Nation grew.—  
 It came into his princely Mind  
 To raise a Palace fair-design'd  
     A Banquet-hall of State,  
 Such as the Children of Mankind  
     Might ever celebrate,  
 And there dispense to all his Band,  
 Both young and old, his Bounty grand,  
 Whatever the All-mighty's Hand  
     Had unto him assign'd,  
 Except the Right of Odel-land  
     And Lives of human Kind.<sup>4</sup>  
 Then, as I heard,<sup>5</sup> both far and wide  
 This mighty Work was notified  
 Throughout the Earth the Tribes among,  
 The adorning of this Castle strong.  
 In time it came to pass<sup>6</sup> at last  
 That this of Palaces most vast  
     Was to Completion brought,  
 And the great Monarch whose Behest  
 Both far and wide high Power possess'd  
     Yclept it Heorot.<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor fail'd he of his Word, but gave  
 The costly Rings and Treasures brave,  
 At Banquet as he sate :  
 Lofty and vaulted rose his Towers,  
 But loathly Flame's malignant Powers  
     His Palace did await.  
 Nor was it longsome Season ere  
 The Hero bade the Oaths to swear ;  
 But afterwards through deadly Hate  
 His Power was destined to abate.<sup>8</sup>  
 For dread the Enemy and fell,  
 A Fiend that did in Darkness dwell,



And ill he brook'd in that fair Hall  
 The daily Voice of Festival :  
 There was the Harp's melodious Swell  
 To Song of Bard, well learn'd to tell  
 Man's first Original and Birth ;—  
 Who said the' Almighty made the Earth  
 The bright-fac'd wave-incircled Plain,<sup>9</sup>—  
 How, triumphing in Victory's Reign,  
 He set the Sun and Moon so bright,  
 The Dwellers on the Earth to light,—  
 How He adorn'd the barren Ground  
 With quick'ning Verdure all around,—  
 And made all living Nature rife  
 With the dark Energy of Life.  
 Thus gallantly the Comrades fared,  
     Till one both stark and fell,  
 Dark Deeds to perpetrate prepared,—  
     A ghastly Foe from Hell :  
 And Grendel hight that demon gaunt ;  
 The Marches were his lonely Haunt,  
 The Moor and Fen and Fastness' Height  
 He held subjected to his Might.  
 The Dwellings of the Demon-kin<sup>10</sup>  
     Full long had he been doom'd to guard,  
 Sith first of old condemn'd for Sin  
     By the Creatour's just Award.  
 Th' eternal Lord on Race of Cain<sup>11</sup>  
 Avenged the Death of Abel slain,  
 For little was he pleased to see  
 That Deed of salvage Enmity,  
 But for his Crime th' Creator's Ban  
 Out-drove him from the Haunts of Man.  
 Therefrom arose the Monster Crew,  
 Eótiens, Elves, Orks,<sup>12</sup> and Gyants too ;  
 And long 'gainst GOD a War they made,  
 He therefore Vengeance due repaid.

## CANTO II.

[229]

**F**ORTH went the Fiend, when Night o'ercast,  
 To visit Hróth-gár's Palace fair,  
 And notice how, the Banquet past,  
     The Hring-Dane Youth maintain'd them there,  
 There in the Hall the Chiefs around,  
 The Banquet o'er, asleep he found;  
 Nor Woe nor Care their Hearts oppress'd,  
 Nor evil Passions in the Breast  
     They knew not aught of Pains.  
 The Monster, grim and greedy<sup>1</sup> too,  
 Soon ready, fell and furious, slew  
     While sleeping, thirty Thanes.  
 Then homeward, glorying in his Prey,  
 Dragging the slaughter'd Forms away,  
     His dismal Dwelling gains.  
 Then in the Morn, when Day began  
 Was Grendel's Deed revealed to man,<sup>2</sup>  
 And after Feast rose Wailing high,  
 For bitter was the morning Cry,  
 The Prince erst good, the mighty King,  
 Sat woe-begone and sorrowing,  
 The Thane was grieved when saw the Host  
 The Steps of the malignant Ghost.  
 That Struggle was, alas! too strong,<sup>3</sup>  
 Too loathsome and withall too long.  
 Nor was there longer quietude,  
     But when one Night was past,  
 His Course of Murder he renewed,  
 For Naught he reck'd of Crime or Feud  
     In that he was too fast.<sup>4</sup>  
 And then was easy to be found<sup>5</sup>  
 A Bed among the Bowers round  
 Far more commodiously to sleep  
 Than there where bidden Watch to keep.

Full truly said, by Token plain,  
 The hated Foe of Palace-thane,  
 Who scaped the Fiend would afterward  
 Keep wider Distance closer Guard.  
 Thus did he rule, and constant Fight  
 Maintain'd against the Cause of Right,  
 Alone 'gainst all, till the most great  
 Of Palaces stood desolate.

The Time was long, twelve Winters' Space  
 The lov'd of all the Scylding Race  
 Indured his Rage, each woful Case,

    And mighty Wretchedness,  
 That 'mongst the Sons of Men 'twas known,  
 And in sad Songs of Sorrow shewn,  
 How Grendel, while he still renew'd  
 Crime, vengeful Hate, and deadly Feud,  
 For Years 'gainst Hróthgár War pursued  
     With ever fresh Success.

Nor would the Life-pest<sup>6</sup> ever take  
 A golden Fee, and Treaty make

    With Wight of Danish Land,  
 But the Death-spirit dark and strong,  
 Foul Monster persecuting long,  
 Insnares and sore oppress'd the Young  
     And Noble of the Land.

He held in everlasting Night  
 The misty Moors;—no living Wight  
 Can e'er describe the penal Place  
 Assign'd to Hell's dark wizard Race.<sup>7</sup>

Such Crimes this Foe of Man had done,  
 Such cruel Deeds this Wanderer Lone,  
 He dwelt throughout the darksome Night  
     In Heorot's fair Hall

Yet not, for the Creator's Might,  
 Could he the Gift-throne's Treasure bright  
 Approach nor could he bring to Light

    His Counsels dark at all.  
 Right piteous this.—The Scylding great,

Heart-broken and disconsolate,  
 The mighty one in Council sate,  
     They urged their anxious Rede,  
 How it were best 'gainst crafty Hate  
     For Heroes to proceed.  
 At Times indeed they would ordain  
 The solemn Service of the Fane,  
     And to the Spirit-slayer,<sup>8</sup>  
 Help in the public Woe to gain,  
     Would raise their earnest Prayer.  
 Such was the heathen's Hope and Course,  
     Who Hell in Mind ador'd,  
 Nor wist of Judge who gives the Meed  
 Of every good and evil Deed,  
     They knew not God the Lord,  
 Nor how the heavens' Protector high,  
 The Glory-king, to magnify.  
 Woe be to him whose Malice dire  
 Would thrust into th' Imbrace of Fire  
 The Soul, where Nought can Hope inspire  
     Of Comfort in its Woe ;  
 But bless'd who after Death's dread Day  
 To seek the Lord departs away  
 And in the Father-bosom<sup>9</sup> may  
     Heaven's Peace eternal know.

## CANTO III.

**T**HUS then did Healf-dene's valiant Heir [376]  
 Seeth<sup>1</sup> with continued Grief oppress'd,  
 Nor could the prudent Hero's Care  
     Avoid the devastating Pest,  
 For that the Struggle was too strong,  
 Too loathly and withal too long,  
 The People that so sore bested  
 With Malice grim and Vengeance dread,  
     Of nightly Woes most drear :

Till, from his Home, did Higelác's  
 Thane,<sup>2</sup> 'mongst the Geáts renown'd, th' Attacks  
 Of Grendel's Fury hear.

Mightiest of all Mankind was he,  
 Noble, and full of Dignity,  
 In this Life's Daylight<sup>3</sup> fair,  
 Forth-with a Traveller of the sea<sup>4</sup>

He bade his Men prepare :  
 Athwart the Path of Swans profound  
 He said he would proceed,  
 And seek the War-king, Prince renown'd  
 Sith he of Men had need.

The prudent, though they loved him, deem'd  
 Somewhat unwise the Journey seem'd,  
 Sharpen'd their Minds with previous Thought  
 And anxiously an Omen sought.

The good Chief from the Geátic Land  
 Had chosen out a valiant Band,

Whom he could find most keen,  
 And to his Ocean-wood he went  
 Escorted by an Armament

Of gallant Youths fifteen.  
 Time pass'd, the Ship was on the Wave,  
 The Boat beneath the Mountain's Brow,  
 And ready were the Warriours brave  
 And stepp'd upon the Prow.

Anon they sent the Waters there  
 Sea whirling o'er the Sand,<sup>5</sup>  
 The Men their ready War-sears fair  
 Into the Vessel's Bosom bear  
 Shove off the Bound-wood, and repair  
 On perilous Campaign to fare

A willing warrior Band.  
 Then foamy-neck'd across the Tides,  
 Driv'n by the Wind, the Vessel glides,  
 As Water-fowl doth ride,

And for an Hour, the second Day,  
 The wreathéd Prow had sail'd away,

When Land the Wanderers spied :  
 They saw the Sea-cliffs glisten bright,  
 And the steep Mountain's dizzy height,  
     And ocean Nesses wide,  
 And now the Sea is safely past  
 Their Toil is at an End at last.  
 Without delay the Weder<sup>6</sup> Band  
 Debark'd, and stepp'd upon the Land,  
     And tied their Vessel sure,  
 Drew forth their Sarks, their War-weeds<sup>7</sup> brave,  
 And God they thank'd that o'er the Wave  
     Their Course had been secure,  
 Soon from the Wall the Scylding Ward,  
 Whose duty was the Cliffs to guard,  
 Beheld them from the Vessel draw  
 Bright Shields, and Instruments of War,  
 His Curiosity brake<sup>8</sup> through  
 In ponderings of his Mind to view  
     What Men they e'en might be,  
 Therefore on horseback rode he to  
     The Margin of the Sea.  
 The Thane of Hróth-gár brandish'd in  
 Strong Hands, his mighty Javelin  
     And thus in Words he spake :  
 " Who are ye, that, in Armour dight,  
 And guarded well with Byrnies bright,  
 Your foaming Keel have hither led  
 Athwart the Holm, and traverséd  
     The Passage of the Lake ?<sup>9</sup>  
 I, as the Border-warden, keep  
 My Watch upon the Ocean deep,  
     Lest with a pirate Band  
 Some of the Foemen to our State  
 Should harry, rob, and depredate,  
     Upon the Danish Land.  
 Yet ne'er did shielded Warriours here  
 More openly before appear,  
 The Pass-word of our warlike Crew

Unknown, and Rites to Kindred due.  
 Throughout the Earth I ne'er did see  
 'Mongst Earls, a Chief in Panoply  
     Of nobler Form to view  
 Than one of you appears, and he  
 In Arms must not unfrequently,  
 Unless his Countenance's grace  
 Belie him, and his matchless Face,<sup>10</sup>  
     High Deeds of Worship do.  
 Now I, ere o'er the Danish Land  
     From hence you farther go,  
 Like leasing Spies in traitor Band,  
     Your Origin must know.  
 Now Dwellers of a far Countrey,  
 Ye, Wanderers o'er the mighty Sea,  
     My simple Thought ye know,  
 And Speed were wisest,<sup>11</sup> whence may be  
     Your Coming here to shew.

## CANTO IV.

**T**HE Band's chief Captain in Reply [513]  
 Unlock'd his Speech's Treasury,<sup>1</sup>  
 "Home-thanés of Higelác are we,  
 Of Geátic Race and Pedigree,  
 My Sire, whom Nations well did know  
 As noble Prince, hight Ecg-theów,  
 And many Winters o'er him fled  
 Ere on his Way from Earth he sped,  
 Through Earth the wise among Mankind  
 Can well his Memory call to Mind.  
 And we, with faithful Hearts, thy Lord,  
 Healfdene's great Son, the People's Guard,  
 To visit hither come,—do thou  
 To us propitious Counsel show.  
 We to the mighty Danish King  
 An Errand of high Import bring,

Nor, if right Hope I entertain,  
 A Secret shall it long remain.  
 For, sooth, we have heard tell, (and thou  
 Canst say if true the Tale I trow,)

    Some Fiend, I wot not who,  
 The secret Foe of Valour bright,  
 Doth, in the Darkness of the Night,  
 In form of Terrour stark appear,<sup>2</sup>  
 And uncouth Malice, Death, and Dere,  
 Upon the Scyldings do.

Now I, with Counsel great and bold,<sup>3</sup>  
 To Hróth-gár would my Rede unfold,  
 How, wise and good, his demon Foe  
 He may avail to overthrow,  
 If e'er he scape, and of his pain  
 The busy<sup>4</sup> Retribution gain,  
 And thus his whelming Woe shall fain

    Relax its boiling powers,  
 Or else the noble Chief must reign,  
 A troublous Time, in harrowing Pain,  
 While on High-stead there shall remain  
 The best of Royal Towers."

To him the Warder quick replied,  
 A Man of Heart unterrified,

    As on his Horse he sate :  
 " Full well the shielded Man of might,  
 He who has learned to think aright,<sup>5</sup>  
 Twixt Words and Deeds by Judgement's Light  
 Had need discriminate.

Now that I hear and understand  
 Your Cohort is a faithful Band,  
 To Scylding Prince allied,  
 Proceed, unhinder'd, forth to bear  
 Your Arms and Weeds-of-battle fair,  
 And I will be your guide.

My Comrades too I will command  
 To guard your Vessel on the Sand,  
 Your new-pitch'd Bark, from foemen Band



Whoe'er they be, secure.  
 Till th' wreath-neck'd Wood,<sup>6</sup> athwart the Main,  
 Loved men, shall bear you back again  
     Unto the Weder Shore.  
 Such Heroes be it giv'n unto  
 The Deeds of Battle's-rush to do,  
     Unscathed by Wound or Sore."  
 When motionless at Anchor stood  
 The hollow-bosom'd Vessel good,  
 Secure beneath the Cable's hold,  
 Proceeded forth the Warriours bold.  
 Defences on their Cheeks they wore  
 Wrought with the Image of the Boar,  
 In twisted Gold, and Sheen, made hard  
 In Fire, the Life's Defence to guard.<sup>7</sup>  
 With salvage Mind, and grim, in Haste  
 The Men together downward pac'd,  
 Till they the Mansion strange behold,  
 Well furnished, and adorn'd with Gold,  
 Of Palaces 'neath Heaven's Ray,  
     The Dwellers of the Earth before,  
 Most famous, where the Monarch lay,  
     Whose Light shone many Countries o'er.  
 The Beast-of-war<sup>8</sup> the proud one's court  
     To them did plainly show,  
 So that they might unto the Fort  
     Immediately go.  
 One of the Warriours turn'd his Steed,  
 And said: "'Tis time I should recede:  
 You may th' All-mighty Father keep  
     Safe in your dangerous Course,  
 Neath His protection:—to the Deep  
 I must away, my Guard to keep  
     'Gainst any hostile Force."

## CANTO V.

**T**HE Street with shining Stone bespread [637]  
 The men their Course together led.  
 Hand-lock'd and hard<sup>1</sup> shone Byrnie's bright,  
 Sang<sup>2</sup> iron Rings in Hawberk grey,  
 As, in their Dress-of-terroure<sup>3</sup> dight,  
 On to the Hall they made their Way.  
 Their Bucklers broad with Margin strong  
 The weary Seamen rang'd along  
 The Wall in Order bright,  
 And bowed them on the Benches round,  
 While their ringed Hawberks hoarsely sound,<sup>4</sup>  
 The Heroes' Weeds-of-fight.  
 Their Lances piled together stood,  
 The seamen's Arms, of ashen Wood  
 Grey tipp'd above, the iron Threat<sup>5</sup>  
 Was bright upon the Weapons set.  
 Soon ask'd the Sons-of-battle then  
 A Hero proud, of th' valiant Men:<sup>6</sup>  
 " Whence bring ye solid Shields away,  
 And Helmets grim, and Hawberks grey,  
 And Sheaf of spears? I pray explain,—  
 I Hróth-gár's Herald am and Thane:—  
 And Strangers have I never seen  
 So many of so noble Mien.  
 For glory 't is, I undertake,  
 Not Exile, but for Valour's sake,  
 Ye Hróth-gár's Dwelling seek."  
 The Weder Chieftain proud and brave,  
 Hard 'neath his Helm,<sup>7</sup> this Answer gave  
 And thus his Word did speak.<sup>8</sup>  
 " My Name 's Beó-wulf: Board-thanes we  
 Unto the Geatic Monarch be.  
 And I would e'en my message bring  
 Unto thy Lord, the mighty King,  
 Healf-dene's illustrious Son, if he

Permit, and think it meet  
 To be allow'd to us, that we  
 So good a Prince may greet."  
 Then spake the Vandal Chief Wulf-gár,  
 For War and Wisdom fam'd afar :

" I therefore to the gracious Dane,  
     Giver of Rings, the Scylding King,  
 The mighty Chieftain, will right fain  
 As thou desirest me,<sup>9</sup> explain

Thy journey and forthwith will bring  
 What Answer the good Prince through me  
 Shall deem it fit to send to thee."

Then forth he sped where bald and old

    The royal Hróth-gár sate  
 Surrounded by his Barons bold  
 In venerable State.

Then forward stepp'd the Warriour good  
 Until he at the Shoulder stood  
 Of Denmark's Monarch ;—well knew he  
 The Customs of Nobility.

Wulf-gár address'd his Sovereign dear :

" The People of the Geáts are here,  
 From far o'er Ocean's Road<sup>10</sup> they came  
 Their Chief the Sons-of-battle name  
 Beó-wulf :—Suppliants are they,

My Sovereign, that with thee they may

    In Words hold Converse high,  
 And thou, O! Hróth-gár, say not nay,  
 But frame a kind Reply.

For they, in warlike Harness dight,

    Full worthy do appear  
 Of Earl's possessions, and the Knight  
 At least must be a Prince of Might,  
 Who leads his Warriours here.

## CANTO VI.

[937]

**H**ROTH-GÁR the Scylding Chief began,  
 “ Well as a Child I knew the Man,  
 Ecg-theów his sire, to whom the brave  
 Hrethel his only Daughter gave :  
 And here hath come his Off-spring bold,  
     A faithful Friend hath sought ;  
 For Geátic Mariners hath told,  
     Who hither Presents brought,  
 His single Arm, renown'd in Fight,<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth wield full thirty Warriours' Might.  
 And him for Honour's high Intent  
 The holy God hath hither sent,  
 To Western Danes :—I therefore hope  
 With Grendel's Terrours well to cope,  
 With Treasures fair the good Chief I  
 Shall guerdon for his Gallantry,  
 Haste bid them enter, see they be  
 Received together joyously,  
 And also tell the friendly Band  
 They're welcome to the Danish land.”  
 [Wulfar returning]<sup>2</sup> thus brought Word,  
 “ My royal and victorious Lord  
 The East-Dane Chief hath bid'n me tell  
 He knows your Race and Lineage well,  
 And o'er the Ocean's whelming Wave<sup>3</sup>  
 As Men of Counsels high and brave<sup>4</sup>  
     He bids you welcome here.  
 Then, Comrades, ye may forward now  
 In Mail bedight, and Helm on Brow,  
     Before him to appear ;  
 But leave your Shields and Lances too,  
 And eke your Arrows deadly true,  
 The ending of your Interview  
     To bide in Safety here.”

Uprose the mighty Chieftain good  
 And many a Thane around him stood  
     A gallant Band array'd,  
 While some remain'd behind, and there  
 The warlike Armour held in care  
     E'en as the Hero bade.

Then on in Haste the Warriours sped,  
 Which Way the gallant Wulf-gár led,  
 'Neath Heorot's extensive Arch,  
 Till on the Dais was his March,  
 Mighty 'neath polish'd Aventayle,  
 And on him gleam'd his Sark of Mail,  
 The cunning Work of Iron net  
 By Craft of Smith together set,  
 As thus yspoke the Geátic Thane :  
 " To Hróth-gár hail ! the royal Dane,  
 Of Higelác, that Monarch high,  
 The Kinsman and the Thane am I,  
 And in my earlier Youth have wrought  
 Full many Deeds with Glory fraught,  
 And I have learn'd in Father-land  
 The Ravage wrought by Grendel's Hand.  
 For Trav'lers say this Noble hall  
 The stateliest of Dwellings all,  
 Soon as the evening Light has been  
 Concealed beneath the Heaven serene,  
 Is left to Emptiness consigned  
 A useless Thing to all Mankind,  
 My Countrymen then call'd on me,  
 Men prudent and of high Degree,  
     To thee, O King ! to go ;  
 For they have often known my Might,  
 Seen me returning from the Fight  
     Bestain'd with Blood of Foe :  
 For five of them I bound full tight,  
     And quell'd the Eoten Clan,  
 And on the Waves of Ocean bright  
 I slew the Nickers of the Night,—

A narrow-risk<sup>5</sup> I ran.  
 The Weders Feud I did requite,—  
 They sought their Ill,—with dire Despite  
     I ground them in the Fray;  
 And now against foul Grendel's Might,  
 Against that Monster vile, the Fight  
     Alone I would essay.  
 High Prince of Scyldings, Lord of Danes,  
     One Boon have I to crave of thee,  
 Free Lord of men, Defence of Thanes,  
     Deny not my Request to me,  
     Now I so far have got,  
 Alone with these my Earls, that I,  
 Amid this Hero-company,  
     May lustrate Heorot.  
 I hear the Monster doth not feel  
 On his wan Hide the Dint of Steel,  
 I therefore, (so may my good Lord  
 Be gentle-minded me toward,)  
 Forego the Warriour's Sword to draw,  
 And broad Shield yellow Orb of War,  
 To grasp the Fiend in deadly Strife  
 And Foe to Foe contend for Life.<sup>6</sup>  
 And thus in dire Suspense must he  
 Await the Lord's supreme Decree,  
     Whichever Death shall take:  
 If he prevail and I should fall,  
 Of Geátic Blood within the Hall  
     A Feast I ween he'll make,  
 As oft the Monster did withall  
     When th' Hrethmen's Power he brake.  
 Thou needest not my Helm to hide,  
 But he will have me blood-be-died.  
 Bear forth my Corpse, if I should fall  
 And grant a Warriour's Burial,  
 And let the lonely Traveller  
     Unmourning eat and see,  
 And the Fen-barrow register,<sup>7</sup>—

Ye need not make more lasting Stir  
 For Like-wake unto me.  
 But send I pray you safely back,  
 If War take me, to Higelác<sup>8</sup>  
 The Battle-shroud that guards my Breast,  
 Of all Habergeons the best,  
 'Twas Hrædla's Legacy,  
 And Weland's<sup>9</sup> Work that iron Vest.  
 What Fate decrees must be."

## CANTO VII.

[906]

**H**ROTH-GAR replied, the Scylding Prince ;  
 " My noble Friend, for our Defence  
 And Aid thou seek'st our Land.  
 The mightiest of Feuds of old  
 Was ended by thy Father bold,  
 Amongst the Wylfing Band  
 When Heatho-láf, whom Javelin Race<sup>1</sup>  
 Might ne'er for Battle-terrors face,  
 Fell 'neath his slaughtering Hand.  
 Then Envoy to the Scylding Court  
 The South-Danes o'er the Waves he sought,  
 When o'er the Danish Heritage  
 And Heroes' Treasure-town,<sup>2</sup>  
 (A mighty Sway in early Age,)  
 I first assum'd the Crown.  
 My elder Brother had pass'd away,  
 Great Healf-dene's Son Heoro-gár  
 No more enjoy'd the Light of Day :  
 Better than I was he by far,  
 For I with Gold appeas'd the War,  
 And sent unto the Wylfings, o'er  
 The Back of mighty Sea,<sup>3</sup>  
 My antient Treasures.—Then he swore  
 The Oaths of Peace to me.  
 But woe is me, within my Mind,

To tell to any of Mankind  
 What sore Reproach and sudden Hurt  
 Grendel in Heorot hath wrought  
     By his Designs of Ire,  
 My Castle's Guard, my War-array,  
 Has wan'd, as swept by Fate away,  
     In Grendel's Horrors dire.  
 (Yet God the raging Reprobate  
 From all his Crimes could separate,<sup>4</sup>)  
 The Sons-of-war, elate with Beer,<sup>5</sup>  
     Oft o'er the Ale-cup Vows have made,  
 In Hall, with Terrours of the Sear,  
     To bide the Wrath of Grendel's Raid.  
 Then when Day dawn'd at Morning-tide  
 The Banquet-room was blood-be-died,  
 And the whole Mead-hall, Bench and Floor,  
 Reeking with Blood and sword-shed Gore.<sup>6</sup>  
 And my dear faithful Youths were left  
 More few by those whom Death had reft.  
 Now sit thee down, and eat, my Friend,  
     Among my Warriours true,  
 And as thy Mind shall Counsel lend  
     With joyous Freedom do."  
 Then for the valiant Band of Geáts  
 Were quickly clear'd the banquet Seats,  
 And bold and friendly, gay and free  
 They sat them down for Revelry.  
 The Thane whose Office was to bear  
 The twisted Horn performed his Care,  
 Sweet Mead he pour'd that sparkled fair,  
     The while the Poet sung :  
 Serene in Heorot's fair Hall  
 Arose the Heroes Festival,  
 And not a little Pomp withall,  
     The Geáts and Danes among.



## CANTO VIII.

**B**UT haughty Hunferth, Ecg-láf's Son [906]  
 Who sat at royal Hróth-gár's Feet,  
 To bind up Words of Strife<sup>1</sup> begun,  
 And to address the noble Geat.  
 The proud Sea-farer's Enterprize  
 Was a vast Grievance in his Eyes :  
 For ill could bear that jealous Man  
 That any other gallant Thane  
 On Earth, beneath the Heavens' Span,  
 Worship beyond his own should gain.  
 " Art thou Beó-wulf," then he cry'd,  
 " With Brecca on the Ocean wide  
 That didst in Swimming erst contend,  
 Where ye explored the Fords for Pride,  
 And risk'd your Lives upon the Tide  
 All for vain Glory's empty End?  
 And no Man, whether Foe or Friend,  
 Your sorry Match can reprehend.  
 O'er Seas ye rowed, your Arms o'erspread  
 The Waves, and Sea-paths<sup>2</sup> measuréd,  
 The Spray ye with your Hands did urge,  
 And glided o'er the Ocean's Surge.  
 The Waves with Winter's Fury boil'd  
 While on the watery Realm ye toil'd,  
 Thus seven Nights were told,  
 Till thee at last he overcame,  
 The stronger in the noble Game.  
 Then him at Morn the billowy Streams  
 In Triumph bare to Heatho-ræmes,  
 From whence he sought his Fatherland,  
 And his own Brondings' faithful Band,  
 Where o'er the Folk he held Command,  
 A City, Rings, and Gold.  
 His Promise well and faithfully

Did Beanstán's Son perform to thee,  
 And ill I ween, though prov'd thy Might  
 In Onslaught dire and deadly Fight,  
 Twill go with thee, if thou this Night  
     Dar'st wait for Grendel bold."

Beó-wulf spake; " My Friend, I feel  
 Good Ale hath made thy Brain to reel,  
 So long thou dost of Brecca's tell,  
 So long upon his Journey dwell;—  
 I tell thee sooth, no other Wight  
     Can be compar'd with me,  
 For Labours on the Waves, and Might  
     Upon the stormy Sea.

But he and I in early Youth,  
 Had each to other plighted Troth  
 Our Lives to risk on Ocean's Flood,  
 And thus we made our Promise good,  
 Our naked Swords in hand had we,  
 What time we rowed upon the Sea,  
 Against the Whale<sup>3</sup> Defence to bide.  
 Away from me he could not glide  
 More swiftly o'er the Ocean's Flow,  
 And far from him I would not go :  
     Five Nights we thus were cast,  
 Till chilling Storms and darkling Night,  
 And Floods, and Wind from northern Site,  
 Stirr'd up the boiling Torrent's Might,  
     And sunder'd us at last,

Fiercely the Sea's mad Billows rav'd,  
 The dark Sea-monster's Pride was chaf'd,  
 Then, hard and hand-lock'd,<sup>4</sup> did my mail  
 For Help against my Foes avail,  
 My interwoven battle Vest  
 Lay wrought in Gold upon my Breast.  
 The many-colour'd Foe did me  
 Drag to the Bottom of the Sea  
 Fast in his grim Embrace comprest,  
 But there 'twas granted me the Pest

To reach with Edge of Brand ;--  
 The Mighty monster of the Main  
 Fell, in the Rush-of-battle slain,  
 By my victorious Hand.

## CANTO IX.

“**F**ULL oft on me my hated Foes  
 With threatful Violence arose,  
 With my dear Sword,<sup>1</sup> I did oppose,  
 As fitting was to do,  
 When near the Bottom of the Sea  
 They all together set on me,  
 The Workers of Iniquity  
 No Satisfaction drew ;  
 For they at Morn, with Daggers bor'd,  
 And put to sleep beneath the Sword,  
 On the Waves'-leavings<sup>2</sup> lay ;  
 That never since that cursed Horde  
 Have hinder'd on the boiling Ford  
 The Ocean Traveller's Way.  
 At length, when eastward broke the Light,  
 God's beauteous Beacon gleaming bright<sup>3</sup>  
 More calm the Ocean lay,  
 I saw the rocky Nesses plain,  
 The windy Walls that gird the Main.<sup>4</sup>  
 While yet his Courage lasteth good  
 Fate<sup>5</sup> oft preserves a Warriour true,  
 Thus with my Sword in Onslaught rude  
 It fortun'd I nine Nickers slew.  
 Ne'er 'neath the Arch of Heaven wide  
 Heard I of harder Battle sped,  
 Nor e'er upon the Ocean's Tide  
 Of Champion more sore bested,  
 I yet endured, and bare away  
 My Life, though weary of the Fray :  
 Then me the Sea to Finland bore,

[1112]

Flood, boiling Fords, on sandy Shore,  
Such Deeds of Arms I ne'er have heard  
Of thine, or Terrours of the Sword,<sup>6</sup>

Nor e'er did Brecca's Might,

Nor any one among you all

So dearly Worship win withall

By bloody Sword in Fight,

I speak not this in boastful Tone,

Though thou thy brethren, yea thine own

Most near of Kin didst slay,

For which in Hell's eternal Lair

Damnation's Curses thou shalt bear,

Be thy Wit what it may,<sup>7</sup>

And here I tell thee, Ecg-láf's Son,

The foul Wretch Grendel ne'er had done

Thy Lord the Scathe and Dere,

That now in Heorot is seen,

Had but thy craven Spirit been

What thou wouldst make appear.

But he has learned to hold in slight

Your people's Feud, and fearful Might,

The Scyldings' victor Bands,

To force th' unwilling Pledge, and dare

To war at Will, nor Dane to spare,

To put to sleep in Death, and slay,<sup>8</sup>

Nor ever weens heroic Fray

To meet at Gár-Dane Hands.

But I, a Geát, with him shall hold

A Fight unlook'd for, stern, and bold,

And when next Day in Morning's Light,

The sun the Heaven's Guardian bright,

O'er Sons of men below,

Comes shining forth with southern Ray,

Then justly proud let him who may

Unto the Mead-bowl go."

Hoary and bold, the treasure-Chief,

With Joy anticipates Relief,

The bright Prince of the Danes,

The People's Shepherd with Delight  
 Lists, while the valiant Geátic Knight  
     His high Resolve explains.  
 The Heroes' Laugh rose loud and clear  
 With winsome Words and fair to hear  
     And Mirth and Joy resound.  
 While Wal-theów, great Hróth-gár's Queen  
 Went forth adorn'd in golden Sheen,  
 And greeted, mindful of their Kin,  
     The Chiefs the Hall around.  
 But first the Lady free and fair  
 Unto the East-Dane Monarch bare  
     The Goblet she had crown'd,  
 And bade him joyously to fare  
     With the brave Warriours round.  
 The conquering King in joyous Haste  
     Received th' o'erflowing Gold,  
 And round the Helmings' Lady pac'd  
     Unto both young and old,  
 In every Part as on she sped  
 Rich Vessels she distributed,  
 Until the Time arrived when she,  
 A Queen, with Mind of Dignity,  
 Bedecked with Rings and Jewels fair  
 The Mead-cup to Beó-wulf bare,  
 The noble Geát she greeted fair,  
 And God she thank'd with Wisdom rare,  
 Her wish He had vouchsaf'd, a Chief  
 Whom she could trust to for Relief.  
 The flowing Cup from Waltheów  
     The formidable Geát  
 Receiveth, ever ready Foe  
     In Battle's Rage to meet.  
 Beó-wulf Son of Ecg-theów, spake :  
 " E'en this did I my Object make,  
     To do your People's call,  
 When first I started o'er the Main—

And enter'd with my hero Train  
 My Ocean-boat withall,  
 Or, fast ygraspt in hostile Strain,  
 In murth'rous Struggle fall;  
 My Worship, as an Earl, I'll raise,  
 Or bide the Ending of my Days  
 Within the banquet Hall."

Well lik'd the Dame the boastful Word,  
 As down she sat beside her Lord,<sup>9</sup>  
 Free-born, and deck'd with golden Sheen,  
 A mighty Nation's honour'd Queen.  
 Then fresh, as erst, within the Hall,  
 Proud Words and gay were echoed round,  
 It was the People's Festival,

A Nation's high triumphant Sound;<sup>10</sup>  
 Till Healf-dene's Son at length arose  
 To seek his Evening Repose;  
 He knew in Hall what rancorous Hate  
 His hapless Vassals did await,  
 When Sun-light was withdrawn,  
 And night, in Darksomeness arrayed,  
 Came forth the Form of whelming Shade<sup>11</sup>  
 Beneath the Welkin wan.

Arose each Warriour from his Seat,  
 And each did other kindly greet;  
 Hróthgár Beówulf did address,  
 He wish'd him Fortune and Success,  
 His Wine-hall to his Keeping gave,  
 And thus address'd the Warriour brave.

"To other Mortal ne'er did I  
 Commit my Mead-hall's Custody,  
 Sith first the Sword I learned to wield,  
 And Strength acquired to lift the Shield,  
 Now therefore have and hold possess'd  
 This House, of Palaces the best;  
 Be mindful of thy martial Fame,  
 Shew forth the Valour of thy Name,  
 'Gainst Foes keep wakeful Guard;

For, canst thou do the glorious Deed,  
 Thy largest Wish shall not exceed  
 Thy Honours and Reward."<sup>12</sup>

## CANTO X.

**F**ORTH from the Hall, with Hero-train, [1317]  
 Departed then the royal Dane,  
 The Scylding Chief, to seek Repose,  
 The War-king to his gentle Spouse.  
 Now had the King of Glory bright  
 Appointed against Grendel's Might,  
 (So men relate the Tale aright)  
     A Palace-warden great ;  
 He to the Chieftain of the Danes  
 His Duty wrought, and 'mongst his Thanes  
     The Eóten did await.  
 The Geat Prince trusted readily  
 His proud Strength and his Courage high,  
     Which the Creator gave,<sup>1</sup>  
 And from his sinewey Form off-drew  
 His iron Mail, his Helmet too  
 He doff'd, and gave his Sabre true,  
 The costliest of Blades,<sup>2</sup> into  
     The Keeping of his Slave.  
 His Instruments of Fight he told  
     Him under Charge to take,  
 Beówulf then, the Warriour bold,  
     The Geátic Chieftain spake,  
 And e'er he stepp'd on Bed to rest  
 His Daring high in Words express'd  
 " It is not that myself I feel  
     Weaker in Strength for Deeds of Fray<sup>3</sup>  
 Than he, that I forego with Steel  
     Grendel to put to sleep and slay.  
 This might I do, (for God to know<sup>4</sup>  
     His fiendish Soul hath never sought)

Though rude and roughly he might do  
And my good Shield in Pieces hew

With Pride by Works of Malice wrought,  
Yet shall we 'tend to War this Night,  
If he unarm'd will dare the Fight,  
And God, the wise and holy Lord,  
Shall Glory as he will award."

The War-beast laid him down to rest,  
His Cheek the downy Cushion press'd,  
And round him many a Seaman gay —  
Reclin'd upon the Benches lay.

None thought his Country more to see,  
The People, and the City free;

Where he had erst been bred:  
For, as they heard, so many a Dane  
A Death of Slaughter had o'erta'en  
Within that Wine-hall dread.

But Heaven's eternal Lord decreed  
The Woof of Victory,<sup>5</sup> good speed  
Unto the Geáts, and Help in Need,  
That all should through the Might of one  
O'ercome their Demon Foe;

In His own Strength—and thus 'tis shown  
The Lord All-mighty rules alone  
The Race of Men below.

But the bold Ghost, shade-stalking Sprite,<sup>6</sup>  
Came in the Wanness of the Night;  
The Warriours on the Couches slept,  
The pinnacled Hall that should have kept,  
Save one,—for the Creator's Will,

(Twas known to men,) forbade  
The Sin-scathe foul their Blood to spill  
Beneath the Evening Shade.

The wakeful Chief, on Couch reclin'd,  
In rage and fell Despite  
Against the Foe, with wrathful Mind,  
Awaits the coming Fight.



## CANTO XI.

**C**AME Grendel from his marshy Lair, [1413]  
 When misty Shadows fall,<sup>1</sup>  
 God's Wrath upon his Brow he bare,  
 And thought some Mortal to ensnare  
 Within the lofty Hall.  
 He 'neath the Welkin went till he  
 The Banquet-palace wide,  
 The Treasure-hall of Men, could see,  
 With Vessels beautified.  
 Not for the first Time now his Road  
 He bent to Hróth-gár's fair Abode,  
 Nor in his Life in Castle-ward  
 Before or since found starker Guard.  
 Before the mourning House he halts,  
 The iron-bound Gates he quick assaults  
 Confin'd with strong fire-harden'd Bands,  
 He seiz'd the Portals in his Hands,  
 In rage the Hall's mouth<sup>2</sup> open tore,  
 And stalks along the marble Floor.  
 In Wrath he mov'd and Flame-like bright,  
 Stood in his eyes a horrid<sup>3</sup> Light,  
 For many a Chief he there descries,  
 A kindred Band in peaceful wise  
 Of Warriours sleeping round him lies  
 Together in the Hall.  
 Then laugh'd the Monster, as ere Day  
 He thought each Hero there to slay,  
 And on him Hope did fall  
 Of full Repast :—but never more,  
 After that awful Night was o'er,  
 Of Human-kind to taste the Gore  
 Was for his Fate decreed.  
 The valiant Thane of Higelác  
 Saw how in sudden-made Attack

The Man-scathe would proceed ;  
 Recks no Delay the Demon curst,  
 But quick one slumbering Thane at first  
     He seizes on his Seat,  
 Rends, bites asunder Joints,<sup>4</sup> drains  
 The Life's Blood from the throbbing Veins,  
     And doth in Cursed-morsels<sup>5</sup> draw  
     Adown his darksome hollow Maw,  
 And soon from off the dead Remains  
     Devours the Hands and Feet.  
 Then forth where, stretched in calm Repose,  
     The Chieftain of the Geátic Band  
 Full wakeful lay, the Monster goes,  
     And laid on him his baleful Hand.  
 The Chief stretched out his Arm, in Thought  
 Of Vengeance, and the Demon caught  
 With sudden Grasp, on Elbow set,  
     And soon the Monster found,  
 That 'mongst the Sons of Men as yet  
 So dread a Grasp he ne'er had met  
     The World's wide Regions round.  
 His craven Soul with Terroures caught,  
     (Though 'Scape mote not be found,)  
 Would fain in Flight have Safety sought,  
 And hidd'n him in his lurking Place  
 Midst Tumults of the Demon Race,<sup>6</sup>  
 For never in his Life as yet  
 So stern Reception had he met  
 But Higelác's courageous Knight  
     His Recollection cast  
 On his Night's Boast, and stood upright,  
     And held the Demon fast.  
 Till sudden from his Fingers burst  
 And outward fled the Eóten curst.  
 Forth stepp'd the Earl, for that foul Fiend  
     At large had meant to flee,  
 And would his marshy Lair have gain'd :  
     His Fingers' Strength knew he

'Neath the fierce Warriour's Grasp of Might,  
 And felt himself o'ermatch'd in Fight  
 When the foul Wretch came back within  
     Fair Heorot's Domains,  
 The Mead-hall thundered with the Din,  
     And for the valiant Danes,  
 Their Ale was overturn'd, and rang  
 The Palace with the salvage Clang,  
 For both were strong, and both in Rage;  
 And while the Beasts-of-war<sup>7</sup> engage,  
 So fierce the Tumult in the Hall  
 Great Marvel 'twas it did not fall,  
     The Castle to the Ground,  
 But deftly had the Builder's Hands  
 Secured it fast with iron Bands<sup>8</sup>  
     Inward and outward bound.  
 But, as I heard, where fierce they fought,  
 The Gold-chaced Benches bent athwart,  
 Though Scylding Artificers thought  
     That none of human Race could e'er,  
 Though Murther-stain'd and Fury-fraught,  
     Break down or loosen them from there,  
 Save the resistless Flame's Embrace<sup>9</sup>  
 Should e'en devour them in their Place.  
 Novel and strange a Sound doth swell,<sup>10</sup>  
 Base Terrour on the North-Danes fell,  
     Who from the Walls heard plain  
 The godless Recreant shriek, and sing  
 His song of Rout untriumphing,<sup>11</sup>  
 His Lay<sup>12</sup> of sore discomfiting,  
     And howl for Wound and Pain.  
 He who of all Mankind possess'd  
 Most Strength in this Life's Day<sup>13</sup> compressed  
     The Fiend in Death's<sup>14</sup> stern Strain.

## CANTO XII.

[1575]

**T**HE Earl's Protector thought not meet  
 The Murtherer should alive retreat,  
 His caitiff Life to no one he  
 Suppos'd could ever useful be.<sup>1</sup>  
 Then quick Beówulf's Liegeman true  
 Great Weland's antient Relic drew  
 For of his Lord, that princely Wight,  
 The Life he sought, (as there they might,)<sup>2</sup>  
     From Danger to protect.  
 Bold Sons of Battle little thought,  
 While thus laboriously they wrought,  
 His Life on all sides as they sought,  
 And hew'd, no Steel of costly Sort,  
 Nor Sword that e'er on Earth was wrought,<sup>3</sup>  
 Against the loathsome Sin-scathe brought  
     On him would take Effect.  
 But the proud Warriour would forego  
     Victorious Brand and Sword,  
 The hateful Spirit of the Foe,  
 In this Life's Days,<sup>4</sup> by Death of Woe,  
 Was doom'd into the Power to go  
     Of the dread Demon Horde.  
 The Foe of God, whose fell Despite  
     'Gainst Man had oft wrought sinful Deed,  
 Then found that 'gainst the Hero's Might  
     His harden'd Hide was little speed.  
 But Higelác's bold kindred Thane  
 Doth him within his Grasp detain,—  
 In Life was each to other Foe,—  
 The foul Wretch waits the mortal Blow,  
 His Shoulder wrench'd a Fissure shows,  
 The Sinews crack, the Joints unclose,  
     Success attends the Geát :  
 Grendel must flee the Scene of Strife

To his fen Fastness, sick of Life,  
 And seek his sad Retreat.  
 He feels that now his earthly Race  
 Is drawing to its End apace.  
 The Battle o'er, the Danes perceived  
 Their Object gain'd, their Will, achieved,  
 The Chieftain come from distant Land,  
 Prudent of Mind and bold of Hand,  
 Had purified great Hróth-gár's Hall,  
 And made it free from Evil's Thrall.  
 In the Achievements of the Night,  
 And in the Glory of his Might  
 He joys right gallantly,  
 For to the Eastern Danes his Plight  
 Full well perform'd had he.  
 The Woe they erst had rued forlorn  
 Throughout their Land he had appeas'd,  
 And from the Wrath they must have borne  
 For long to come he them had eas'd.  
 And this to all was clearly shown,  
 When the victorious Chief laid down  
 The Hand, and Arm, and Shoulder rent  
 From the huge Fiend whom he had shent,  
 The Grasp [they all had feared,<sup>5</sup>]  
 And 'neath the Arch's Soffitment  
 On high the Trophy reared,

## CANTO XIII.

**N**OW, as I heard,<sup>1</sup> at Morning Tide, [1667]  
 Full many to the Gift Hall hied,  
 And Leaders, far and near,  
 In Wonder went around the Place  
 The Footsteps of the Foe to trace;  
 Nor yet did any there  
 Think hardly of his Life's Divorce,<sup>2</sup>  
 Surveying his inglorious Course,

How, weary and in Flight, away  
     His Life-steps<sup>3</sup> faint he bare,  
 O'ercome in Deeds of hostile Fray,  
     To the dark Nickers' lair.  
 The Wave was bubbling hot with Blood,  
 And Poison mantled in the Flood  
 With Dye of Death discoloured o'er,  
 And boiling up with hostile Gore,<sup>4</sup>  
 When in his silent Fen the Fiend,  
     Of every Joy bereaved,  
 His Life, his heathen Soul resign'd,  
     And Hell<sup>5</sup> him there received.  
 Old Comrades thence depart again,  
     And many a one proceeds  
 On Horseback in the pleasant Plain,  
     High Warriours on their Steeds ;  
 And, as about the Lake they ride,  
 Beowulf's Fame they magnified ;  
 " From Sea to Sea, from South to North,  
 Beneath the Sun, o'er all the Earth,  
 They knew no Warriour bearing Shield  
 A Kingdom's Fate more fit to wield "   
 And blameless held with one Accord  
 Hróth-gár their dear and happy Lord,—  
     A Monarch good was he.—  
 Sometimes the Chiefs their Coursers strong  
 Would run in Race the Plains along,  
     Where fit the Ground might be.  
 Sometimes the Monarch's Bard discreet,  
 His Mind with lofty Themes replete,  
 Who antient Tales unnumber'd knew  
 And modern joinéd thereunto,  
 Began in Song to harmonize  
 Beowulf's Deeds of high Emprize  
 And in due Order to relate  
     Successively the Story true,  
 Then change his Theme and all narrate  
     That he of Sigmund's<sup>6</sup> Valour knew,

The Wælsing's Battles to record,  
 Feud, Crimes, and Wanderings too,  
 Which Fitela, who with him warr'd  
 Alone of all Men knew,  
 Uncle and Nephew ever true  
 Each Contest's Dangers share  
 And passing many Eótens<sup>7</sup> slew  
 With Swords ygleaming fair,  
 Full glorious Sigmund's Name hath grown  
 Sith he in Death hath slept,  
 For he, a Prince's Son, alone,  
 Valiant, beneath the hoary Stone,<sup>8</sup>  
 Hath the gigantic Dragon slone,  
 The Treasure Hoarde that kept.  
 Alone the Dread of Deeds he dar'd,  
 Not Fitela the Danger shar'd :  
 To him was giv'n with Weapon true  
 To pierce the scaly Dragon through  
 That midst the Boiling of the Blood<sup>9</sup>  
 The lordly Iron<sup>10</sup> reeking stood,  
 The Dragon sank and died,  
 The wretched Chieftain by his Sword,  
 Injoyment gain'd of that Ring-hoard  
 E'en as his Will might guide.  
 His Boat the Wælsing Prince did store,  
 And Treasure to his Vessel bore,<sup>11</sup>  
 The Serpent melted at his Feet,  
 Consum'd by its internal Heat.  
 Throughout the World in every Place  
 Renown'd of Wanderers is his Name,  
 The Refuge of the warriour Race,  
 Through valiant Deeds ;—such first his  
 Fame.—  
 But after, when the War and Might  
 Of Here-mód became more light  
 Unto his Foes he was betray'd,  
 And Prisoner 'mongst the Eótens made,  
 Sent forth an Out-cast lorn,

Long toss'd on Sorrow's Billows vast,  
 Upon his People he at last  
 And on his Æthelings was cast,

A deadly Care and Scorn.<sup>12</sup>

Thus many a prudent Man griev'd o'er<sup>13</sup>

The Chief's Exploit in Days of yore,

Who deem'd him a secure Defence

Against Misfortune's Influence,

And thought the Prince's Off-spring bold

His Father's Heritage should hold,—

That to the People he

To Treasure, and to fencéd Town,

The Realm of Men of War's-Renown,

The Heritage of Scylding Crown

A firm Defence should be.

By all the Friends to Humankind

There was a more illustrious Fame

To Hige-lác's good Thane assign'd ;

For Crime had sullied Sigmund's name.<sup>14</sup>

Sometimes upon their Horses fleet

The Heroes rac'd the fallow Street,

And many a Chief of sturdy Soul,

When Morning's Rays o'erspread the Pole,

Went forth the lofty Hall to see,

The Wonder of Arts' Ministry.

The King who own'd the Treasure Tower,

Stept glorious from his nuptial Bower,<sup>15</sup>

Surrounded by his martial Power

For Splendour far renown'd ;

And Waltheów, the lovely Queen,

Upon the Mead-hall Stairs is seen,

Her Maidens following round.



## CANTO XIV.

[1843]

**M**OUNTED the Prince the lofty Stairs,  
And to his Hall ascended,

Where high 'neath gilded Roof appears

Foul Grendel's Hand suspended.

"Thanks for this Sight;" great Hróthgár cries

"Forthwith to the All-mighty rise:

Full dread the Scathe and Ravage sore

That I from Grendel's Malice bore,

(May God, the King of Glory high,

Wonders on Wonders multiply,)

And little did I deem,

While dreary thus my Palace stood,

Opress'd by War, and stain'd with Blood,

That in my Life-time ever would

The Day of Vengeance beam.

My Chiefs, o'erwhelm'd with Grief and Pain,

Small Hope erewhile could entertain,

Though noble-spirited,

The Nations' Land-work to maintain

'Gainst Fiends and Phantoms dread.

Now, through God's might,<sup>1</sup> one Chief hath wrought

What overpass'd our deepest Thought.

Throughout the Regions of the Earth,

Whatever be the Matron's name,

Who gave this noble Hero birth,

(If yet alive to know his Fame,)

Well may she say that Heaven hath smil'd

On her in granting such a Child.

And, best of Men, my Heart on thee,

As mine own Son, shall fix'd be;

Preserve the Peace thou'st won for me;

Thy earthly Wishes' end

Shall ne'er be left a goad to thee,<sup>2</sup>

Far as my Pow'rs extend:

For Deeds of far less lofty Name  
 My royal Bounty often claim.  
 Unfading Honours and Renown  
     Thy conquering Sword hath gain'd.—  
 May God thy Life with Blessings crown  
     As He as yet hath deign'd.”  
 Then spake Beówulf, Ecgtheów's Son ;  
 “ The Work of Valour we have done  
 With Joy, and dar'd with stalworth Might  
 The uncouth Monster's dangerous Fight,  
 And would thou couldst the Fiend have seen  
 Fainting amid thy Treasures sheen ;  
 I thought the Monster to have bound  
 With Fetters on the Battle-ground  
     His Death-bed where he lay,  
 Thus had he lain beneath my Arm,  
 In caitiff Fear and stark Alarm,  
     Had he not slipp'd away,  
 But since it was not Heaven's Will,  
 My Object I could not fulfill,  
     I could not keep the Prey.  
 I did not rashly on him fall,  
     The Life-destroyer, carelessly,  
 For far too strong was he withal,  
     The Fiend in his Activity.  
 Yet hath he here behind him left  
 His Arm and Shoulder from him reft,  
     As bond of Life and Flight ;  
 But nought of Comfort can he gain  
     Thus in his present Plight,  
 Nor yet the longer shall remain  
 For this on Earth, the loathsome Bane,  
 O'erwhelm'd with Sin's infernal Stain,  
 Whose Wound in Bonds of deadly Pain  
     Grasps him already tight,<sup>3</sup>  
 Awaiting, stain'd with Crimes and Ills  
 The Doom the pure Creator wills.”  
 A silent Man was Ecgláf's Son,

His boastfull Speeches all were done,  
 Now, through the Hero's might,  
 That on the Roof the Nobles saw  
 The Monster's Hand and sturdy Claw,  
 Each Nail like Steel, erect and long,  
 The Heathen's Hand-spur<sup>4</sup> sharp and strong  
 The Terrour of the Bold.  
 Each said the Demon's bloody Hand  
 Not e'en the hardest mortal Brand  
 Would 'vail to touch or to withstand  
 Or Weapon good of old.

## CANTO XV.

**T**HEN soon, as royal Hróthgár bade, [1975]  
 The festal Hall was ready made,  
 Wrought Man and Maiden to prepare  
 The Hall of Guests the Wine-house fair,  
 The richly pictur'd Web-work falls  
 In gold Devices o'er the Walls,  
 A wondrous Work to every Man,  
 Who will its varied Beauties scan.  
 But that fair Hall, though iron bound,  
 Sore injur'd by the Fray they found,  
 The Hinges were in Pieces torn,  
 The Roof alone was sound.  
 As the foul sin-stain'd Wretch had gone,  
 Hopeless of Life, in Flight forlorn ;  
 No easy Task whoe'er he be  
 Who tries from such a Hall to flee.  
 But each one of the Sons of Sin,<sup>1</sup>  
 With Soul be-tenanted,  
 Who lives the Earth's wide Bounds within,  
 Perforce compell'd shall enter in  
 To seek the ready Stead,  
 Where his huge Body lies reclin'd,  
 The feasting o'er, to Sleep resign'd,

Upon his dying Bed.  
 'Tis Time and Season Healfdene's Son  
 Should to his Hall repair,  
 The King himself his Will makes known  
 To join the Banquet there.  
 More numerous Tribes were never found,  
 I heard, their Chieftain gather'd round,  
 And glorious on the Benches lie,  
 With plenteous Feast elate,  
 Hróthgár and Hróthwulf,<sup>2</sup> and they ply  
 Full many a Mead-cup joyously,  
 As Kinsman good, of Daring high,  
 In that high Hall of State.  
 All throng'd with Friends was Heorot  
 And 'mongst the Scyldings there was not  
 A Deed of treacherous Hate.  
 But now the Prince's liberal Hand  
 Presents Beówulf Healfdene's Brand,  
 A golden Banner fair to see,  
 The Guerdon of his Victory,  
 On twisted Shaft so gaily streaming,  
 A Helmet and a Byrnie gleaming.  
 That pretious Weapon saw the Danes  
 Before the Warriour borne,  
 While he with Joy receives and drains  
 In Hall the flowing Horn.  
 Nor needs the aged Chieftain bold  
 His royal Bounty small to hold  
 Before his Warriour Band  
 For ne'er in friendlier wise, I'm told,  
 At Feast, four Gifts adorn'd with Gold  
 Gave generous Monarch's Hand.  
 The Helm, the Head's Defence, inlet,  
 Contain'd, in wiry Chasing set,  
 About the Crest, an Amulet,  
 That ne'er old hard-scour'd<sup>3</sup> Sword may wound  
 The Brow that Spell is cast around,<sup>4</sup>  
 When 'gainst the Raging of his Foes,

With Shield bedight, the Warriour goes.  
 Next bade the Earls' Defence prepare  
 Eight noble Steeds, adornéd fair  
 On Cheek, within th' Inclosure there  
     Before the Hall to bring.

On one a Saddle rich was dight,  
 Gleaming with Gold and Treasures bright,  
 Whene'er he entered in the Fight

    The War Seat of the King.—  
 In War the wide-renown'd one's Might<sup>5</sup>,  
 When fell the dead Men in the Fight,  
     Was never slumbering.

The Chieftain of the Ingwins' Band  
 Then gave into Beówulf's Hand  
 The Horse and Armory's<sup>6</sup> Command,  
 And hop'd that long the Chieftain bold  
 The honourable Post might hold.

Thus manly did the Monarch true,  
 The Treasure-guard of Heroes, do,  
 With Horses thus and Treasures due  
     War's Onslaught guerdon well:  
 And thus shall none e'er censure those,  
 Who, as unerring Justice shews,  
     The Truth will ever tell.

## CANTO XVI.

**O**N ev'ry Youth that o'er the Main [2093]  
 Had wander'd with the Geátic Thane,  
 While yet th' enlivening Mead-bowl flow'd,  
 High Gifts the Lord of Earls bestow'd;  
 And bade with Gold to compensate<sup>1</sup>  
     The Warriour's deadly Bane,  
 That in his Sin and savage Hate  
     The Monster Fiend had slain;  
 As many more the Reprobate,  
 But for the wise Decrees of Fate<sup>2</sup>

And Courage of the valiant Geat,  
 To Slaughter was full fain.  
 The great Creator of the Earth  
 Rul'd and still ruleth all Mankind,  
 And His high Gift of boundless Worth  
 The Wisdom of a thoughtful Mind.  
 Much both of Love and Loathing strong  
 He bears, on Earth who struggles long.  
 Now Healfdene's warrior Chiefs among  
 Arose the gladsome Voice of Song.  
 The Harp pour'd forth its Measure gay,  
 And oft repeated was the Lay,  
 And Hróthgár's Poet would relate  
 The Wreck of Finn's unhappy State,  
 And how on Friesland's Battle plain  
 The Scylding Hero Hnæf was slain;  
 When Hildeburh, unhappy Fair,  
 Could ill applaud the Eóstens'<sup>3</sup> Troth,  
 For she hath seen her Brethren dear  
 And Children, wounded with the spear,  
 One after other fall in Youth:—  
 That was a Dame of Fate full drear.  
 Hoce's Daughter proud did not in vain<sup>4</sup>  
 Lament at Morn her Kinsman slain,  
 When she beheld his deadly Foe  
 Where most he joyed on Earth below.  
 The Thanes that Finn's Command obey'd  
 The Fate of War full few had made,  
 That ne'er on Battle Plain he might  
 With Hengest's Legions dare the Fight,  
 Nor yet the Remnant of his Band  
 Defend against the Warriour's Hand.  
 To him they Terms of Peace assign,  
 A Palace for him to resign,  
 A Hall and lofty Throne,  
 That o'er the Frisian Chief's Domains  
 With Eóstens' Sons conjoin'd, the Danes  
 Should half the Power own.

That Folcwald's Son, when high in State  
 At Treasure-gifts he daily sate,  
 Should honour Hengest's Danes with Rings,  
 And solid Gold and pretious Things,  
 As largely as to Frisian kin  
 He gave his Banquet-hall within  
 Thus was the Treaty ratified,  
 And Oaths were ta'en on either Side,  
 Finn unto Hengest swore to guide  
 The remnant of his Realm and State,  
 E'en as his Witan should decide

In Wisdom all deliberate :

That none by Word or Deed should break  
 The Peace, nor of the Quarrel speak.  
 Though chieftainless and forc'd to bow  
 Beneath their Prince's Slaughterer now,  
 If Frisian e'er in Language rude  
 Should make Allusion to the Feud,  
 Th' uncourteous Words should be redress't  
 And with the Sword be set at rest.  
 The Oath is sworn, and Gold is poured  
 From out the warlike Scyldings' Hoard ;  
 The Chief is laid upon his Bier,  
 And near him on the Pile appear,  
 And Boar in harden'd iron stark ;  
 The golden Swine,<sup>6</sup> the blood-stain'd Sark  
 And Æthelings a number great  
 By wounds awarded unto Fate

Some fell the Corpse upon  
 Then Hildeburh, that princely Dame,  
 Bade them commit unto the Flame

The Body of her Son ;<sup>7</sup>

To set it on the Death-pyre there  
 And on the Shoulder sadly bear.  
 The Lady mourn'd her noble Child  
 In Songs of Lamentation wild.  
 The Warriour mounted<sup>8</sup> on the Pyre,  
 Then quick arose the Sheet of Fire,

And thro' the Welkin wound,  
 Death's blazing Beacon, dread and dire,  
 Crackling before the Mound:—  
 The Helmets melted round,  
 And the Wounds' Portals<sup>9</sup> burst afresh,  
 The loathsome Sword-bites of the Flesh,  
 To give the Blood its Way:  
 That all who fell in War's dread Game  
 The greediest of Spirits, Flame,<sup>10</sup>  
 Devour'd without delay.  
 The Flower of either Nation's Name  
 Thus sadly pass'd away.

## CANTO XVII.

**T**HEN rest of many a cherish't Friend [2243]  
 Again the Warriours homeward wend,  
 And Friesland seek, their natal Halls,  
 Their City's high embattled Walls.  
 Hengest with Finn in Friendship true  
 Abode the deadly Winter thro',  
 And to his Land Attention gave,  
 Altho' he might have dared the Wave.  
 In boiling Fury rose the Main  
 And battled with the Wind,  
 When Winter in an icy Chain  
 Its Billows fierce did bind,  
 Until the circling Year once more  
 Rose o'er the Land in Light;  
 So yet doth He who ruleth o'er  
 The Weather glory-bright.  
 When Winter now was past away  
 And Earth had don'd her Mantle gay,  
 Forth on his Way the Wand'rer speeds,  
 His Spirit set on vengefull Deeds,  
 No Dangers of the Sea he heeds,  
 But War he seeks and fell Despite



For Memory of the Eóten Might.  
 Nor did he thus avoid the Blow  
 That lays all earthly Creatures low,  
 The dark Hunláfing's lawless Hand  
 Thrust thro' his Heart the warlike Brand :<sup>1</sup>  
 That thus the Eótens keenly knew  
 What Warriours Finn around him drew,  
 And bale of the remorseless Sword,  
 Which down upon his Dwelling pour'd.  
 Gúthláf and Osláf o'er the Sea  
 In Sorrow mourn'd the Treachery,  
     And part avenged their Woes.  
 Nor could the crafty Chief withal  
 His Breast controul to see his Hall  
     Beleagur'd by his Foes.  
 The Prince amongst his Troops were slain,  
 His wretched Queen was captive ta'en.  
 The Prince's Household, and whate'er  
 Of Gold and Gems were founden there  
 They quickly to their Vessels bare,  
     And o'er the Ocean's bed,  
 Together with the lordly Fair,  
     Unto the Danes they led.  
 So ceas'd the Gleemen's tuneful Sound  
 And Mirth arose the Benches round,  
 And Wine was round the Table sent  
 In Cups of marvellous Ornament.  
 Then forth proceeded Waltheów,  
 A golden Crown upon her Brow,  
 Where, true as yet and free from Hate,  
 The two fair Cousins peaceful sate :  
 There Hunferth also had his Seat  
 At aged Hróthgár's royal Feet,  
 And each one deem'd his Courage high,  
 Albeit in the Days gone by  
 In War's dread Game he false had been  
 To those who were his nearest Kin.  
 Thus spake the Queen : " Receive," said she,

“ This cup, my Lord, and happy be,  
 Gold-prince of Men,<sup>2</sup> do thou address,  
 Our Geátic Friend with Gentleness,  
 As fits thee well to do.

Be joyous now, and far and near  
 With Gifts their friendly Spirit cheer,  
 And Amity renew.

'Tis said this Hero will be styled  
 Henceforth as Thine adopted Child,  
 Now Heorot, the Heroes' hall,  
 Once more is free from Stain,

Injoy then now the Festival  
 While yet thou may'st,—thy People all  
 And this thy fair domain,  
 Leave to thy Kin when Heav'n shall call  
 Thee hence to wend again.

I know my winsome Hróthwulf will  
 With honourable Zeal fulfill  
 Tow'rd the young Scions of our Race,  
 Shouldst thou first die, the Guardian's Place.

I ween that to our Offspring he  
 Will bear him passing tenderly,  
 If he will on his memory press  
 What Favour we have shewn,  
 What in the Day of his Distress<sup>3</sup>  
 To raise his Fame and Happiness  
 Our friendly Care hath done.”

She said, and turn'd where 'mongst the Throng  
 Of Heroes' Children, fair and young,  
 Sat the Crown Princes twain,  
 Hróthric and Hróthmund, and beside  
 The royal Brethren in his Pride  
 The gallant Geátic Thane.

## CANTO XVIII.

**O**FT to the Warriour proud was borne [2384]  
 With friendly Words the flowing Horn,  
 Where Gold in strange Devices sheen  
 Gleaming in twisted Art was seen ;  
 Rings and a Robe he now receives  
 All ruby red upon the Sleeves,  
 The noblest Collar too that I  
 Have ever known beneath the Sky,  
 To Herebyrht sith Háma bare  
 Away the Brósings' Collar<sup>1</sup> fair,  
     The Gems and Treasure Chest,  
 Then in Hermanaric's Meshes wound,  
 The fatal Counsel took and found  
     Death's everlasting rest.  
 That Ring had Swerting's Nephew good,  
 When 'neath the Banners last he stood,  
     The Treasure to defend,  
 Amidst the Din of Death and Blood,  
     And there he met his End.  
 For Pride he had unjustly fought  
 And feud against the Frisians sought.  
 The pretious Freight the Victor bore  
 The Waves' broad Chalice<sup>2</sup> swiftly o'er ;  
 The Chief beneath his Buckler sunk,  
 The lance his royal Blood had drunk,  
 And with his Life for aye resign'd  
 The Ring and Mail he left behind :  
 While Warriours of less lofty Grade  
 The Treasures of the slain invade,  
 And Geátic Heroes tenanted  
 The darksome Dwellings of the Dead.  
 Hark thro' the Hall what Accent breaks,  
 Again the royal Lady speaks  
 " Receive this Ring, Beówulf dear,

And long enjoy this Vestment fair,  
     And flourish gallantly ;  
 Increase thy Might with skilfull Mind,  
 And to these gentle Youths full kind  
     Let all thy Counsel be.  
 And I thy Deeds of high Emprize  
 Will recompense in lofty-wise,  
 For loud thy noble Exploits call  
     On every generous Name,  
 Both far and near, and great and small,  
 Far as the Ocean Tide withall  
 Surrounds its earthly windy Wall,<sup>3</sup>  
     To own thy Praise and Fame.  
 Live thou a happy Chief, and I  
 Grant thee a copious Treasury :  
 A worthy Son to me be found,  
     Valiant in Arms, and gay in Hall,  
 For every Youth thou see'st around  
     Is faithful to his Brethren all.  
 Sound in his Duty, every Thanē  
 Is courteous, gentle, and humane,  
     The People all are true ;  
 E'en with the lively Mead Cup flowing,  
 The Warriours, tho' with Spirits glowing,<sup>4</sup>  
     As I command them do."

She said and to her Seat she went.—  
 The Feast was passing excellent,  
 The generous Wine-cup flow'd uncheck'd ;  
 None of that antient Creature reck'd  
 Grim Fate,<sup>5</sup> how it was on its Way,  
 When, at the closing of the Day,  
 His Couch great Hróthgár should have sought,  
 Against full many of his Court.  
 Within a Troop of gallant Thanes  
 To ward the festal Hall remains,  
 The tables clear'd, they strewed the Ground  
 With Beds and Bolsters all around,  
 And readily, with Labour spent,

In peaceful Rest the Menial bent.  
 Close at their Heads in Order stood  
 Their warlike Shields of polish'd Wood,  
 And o'er the valiant Æthelings  
 Gleam'd their bright Helms, their Hawberk Rings,  
 And Spears of weary Weight withall:—  
 Such was the Custom of the Hall.  
 Whether at Home or on Campaign,  
 Ready for War they aye remain,  
 Whene'er their Lord their Aid may need.—  
 A faithful People they indeed.

## CANTO XIX.

**T**HEY sank to sleep.—One Hero there [2502]  
 For that Night's Rest full sorely paid;  
 As oft befell, when Grendel made;  
 His Visits to that Palace fair:  
 Evil that Monster wrought, till Death  
 Depriv'd him of his loathsome Breath,  
 That all Mankind might recognize  
 Th' Avenger of Impieties.  
 But Grendel's Mother, Wretch impure,  
 Broods o'er her Son's Discomfiture,  
 A female Demon doomed to dwell  
 In Terrours midst the Water's swell,  
 Sith first the lawless Hand of Cain<sup>1</sup>  
 Became his only Brother's Bane,  
 Then forth with Murder stain'd he sped,  
 Of favour'd Man the Pleasures fled,  
 To seek the dreary Wold,  
 And there he gave unhallow'd Birth  
 To Creatures grim that haunt the Earth,  
 Goblins and Demons old.  
 Of these was Grendel foul begot,  
 The hateful Wolf<sup>2</sup> of Heorot  
 Whom yet a bold and wakeful Wight

Dar'd to embrace in deadly Fight ;  
 For well he knew his Courage high  
     Th' All-mighty did bestow,  
 And in His Favour ever nigh  
 For Comfort would and Aid rely,  
     And thus subdued the Foe,  
 Who thence in Shame and Misery  
     To Death's dark Realm did go.  
 The mother Fiend, a Soul had she  
 Blood-greedy like the Gallows-tree,<sup>3</sup>  
 And she for deadly Vengeance' Sake  
 Will now the Battle undertake.  
 Then quick to Hróthgár's princely Hall  
     She bent her baleful Way ;  
 The Hring-Dane Youth in Slumbers all  
     Around the Benches lay.  
 Quick woke the Earls the sudden Din  
 When Grendel's Mother enter'd in.  
 Less Terrour paralyz'd the Crew  
 At the foul female Monster's View,  
 As Woman's Battle-rage less fraught  
 With Fear than Man's is ever thought,  
 When hammer'd Sword all stain'd with Gore  
 Hews with its doughty Edge the Boar  
 That nods the Warriour's Helmet o'er.  
 Throughout the Hall each hastes to wield  
 His Sword, and lifts his ample Shield,  
 Nor stays with Helm his Brow to brace,  
 Nor Byrnie o'er his Breast to place,  
     When first arose th' Alarm :  
 The hateful Fiend, discover'd, would  
 In Flight have made her Safety good,  
     And left the Palace calm,  
 But ere her fenny Lair she sought,  
 One valiant Noble she had caught,  
 (By the good Chief to all prefer'd  
 Twixt the two Seas his Realm that gird,  
 Sworn Comrade of the royal Dane,)

And in his Sleep remorseless slain.  
 The valiant Geát was then away,  
 He in another Chamber lay,  
     After his Guerdon high.  
 The well known Hand the Fiend hath got:—  
 Then thro' the Vaults of Heorot  
     Arose a doleful Cry;  
 Deep Sorrow was renew'd, for, troth,  
 Full dismal the Exchange, which both,  
 On either Side, however loth,  
     With Comrades' Lives must buy.  
 The prudent King dejected stood,  
 A hoary Warriour sad in Mood,  
 When list'ning how the princely Thane,  
 His dearest Comrade, had been slain  
 Soon the victorious Geát they call,  
 Who, with his following, to the Hall  
     At early Dawn repairs,  
 Where th' aged Chieftain sought to know  
 If, after this sad Tale of Woe,  
 The LORD would grant him here below  
     Relief from Sighs and Cares.  
 As o'er the Floor the Warriour hied,  
 His faithful Followers by his Side,  
 The Hall resounded to his Stride,  
 Then the wise Chief the Ingwines' Lord,  
 The Geát addrest with gentle Word,  
     And of his Summons sought  
 What urgent Cause could be inferr'd,—  
     What Fortune Night had brought?

## CANTO XX.

[2642]

**T**HEN quick the Scylding Chief replies:—  
 “ Talk not of happy Destinies,  
 For Sorrow's heart-corroding Pains  
 Again are fall'n upon the Danes:

Æschere is ta'en from off the Earth,  
 The Brother by an elder Birth  
 Of Yrmenláf, who ever knew  
 My Secrets and my Counsels drew,  
 My constant Comrade true and good  
 Whene'er we in the Battle stood,  
 When Warriours rush'd, together dashing,  
 The Boars above their Helmets clashing,—  
 O ! would that ev'ry Hero were  
 As chivalrous as bold Æschere.  
 And him within my own Domain  
 The cunning Murther-fiend<sup>1</sup> has slain :  
 I wot not if he yet be fled  
 Begluttet with the Blood he 's shed ;  
 Her<sup>2</sup> Talons have aveng'd the Feud,  
 That thou last Night in Grendel's Blood  
 Didst quench the Scathe and murderous Wrong  
 He wrought my Warriours all too long.  
 His forfeit Life he justly paid ;  
     But now another Wretch of Sin  
 Assault upon my Hall has made,  
     And would avenge her cursed Kin.  
 Sad is the Feud may 'Thanes declare  
 While they their Breasts with Anguish tear  
 In Sorrow for this Warriour fair,  
     Now lowly lies the Hand,  
 That oft accomplished whate'er  
     Your Pleasure might demand.  
 This Couple gaunt have oft been known,  
 'Tis said, to stalk the Marches lone ;  
 One Wretch (as far as Eye could scan)  
     A female Figure bore,  
 While the Similitude of Man  
     The other Monster wore,  
 But larger than the human Race  
 This Denizen of th' Exiles' Place,  
 And him of old Men Grendel nam'd ;—  
 No Father's Care they ever claim'd,



And whether any Off-spring they  
 Have e'er begotten none can say.  
 They dwell upon the lonely Moor,  
 The windy Nesses of the Shore,  
 The Wolf's dark Lair, the fenny Tract,  
 Near where a Mountain Cataract  
 Its Course from Cloudy Headlands wends,  
 Then sullen 'neath the Earth descends.  
 It is not far,—a Mile from here,  
 Where stands the Monster's sluggish Meer,  
 The rinded Groves close Circle make,  
 And overhang the dismal Lake;  
 And there upon the Water sheen  
 A wondrous Flame at Night is seen.  
 No Man the World's wide Regions round  
 Doth know that dark mysterious Ground;  
 For when the Hart with Antlers high  
 Before the Hounds is forced to fly  
 And seeks the Wood's Obscurity,  
     All weary with the Chase,  
 He sooner will resign his Blood  
 Than Safety seek in such a Flood:—  
     It is no gentle Place,<sup>3</sup>  
 And thence at times the blended Wave  
 Will wan against the Welkin rave,  
     When Storms go blustering o'er,  
 And loathsome Tempests bickering rise  
 Till Tears bedew the mournful Skies,<sup>4</sup>  
     And Heaven's high Thunders roar.  
 But now again our Hopes are stay'd  
 On thee for Counsel and for Aid:—  
 As yet to thee has not been shown  
 The sinful Monster's Dwelling lone,  
 Still, if thou darest, seek his Fold,  
     And I will thee repay,  
 As heretofore, with Treasures old,  
 With Riches and with twisted Gold,  
     If e'er thou com'st away.

## CANTO XXI.

**T**HUS Ecg-theow's bold Son replies, [2765]  
 " Restrain thy Grief, my Chieftain wise ;  
 'Tis better to avenge a Friend  
 Than weep for his untimely End,  
 Each waits the End of Life's brief Span,—  
 Then, while he may, let every Man  
 Win Worship—thus in Death to rest,  
 As ever for a Warriour best.  
 Rise, Guardian of the Realm, and see  
 The Path where Grendel's Mate doth flee.  
 I pledge my Gage he shall not take  
 His Flight into the dreary Lake,  
 Or Mountain Wood, or earthy Cave,  
 Or Caverns of the Ocean Wave,  
     Wherever he may flee ;  
 But thou this Day thy Sorrows brave  
     As I expect of thee."  
 The aged Monarch at the Word  
 Sprang up and thank'd Heaven's mighty Lord,  
 A Horse with curl'd and flowing Mane  
 Caparison'd with Bit and Rein  
 The sage Chief mounts, and with him bright,  
 Each with his pondrous Shield bedight,  
     A Troop of Heroes wend :  
 Wide are their Foot-prints seen, as o'er  
 The spreading Wold and murky Moor  
     Their Steps the Warriours bend.  
 And of their kindred Thane Æschere,  
     Who Hróthgár's Castle strong  
 Had erst most nobly holden, bare  
     The lifeless Form along.  
 Athwart the stony Nesses grey  
     The princely Youths repair,  
 Their strange and solitary Way

By headlong Precipices lay,  
     By many a Nicker's Lair.  
 The Chief proceeds before the Train,  
 With few wise Men to view the Plain,  
 Till soon he found the Mountain Bough  
 O'erhang the dark Rock's hoary Brow,  
     A gloomy joyless Wood,  
 While dreary and disturb'd below  
     Mysterious Water stood.  
 The Sight, it was a Sight of Pain  
 And Grief to every valiant Dane,  
     And wearisome to bear  
 To Thanes who loved the Scylding's Throne,  
 For there to every Earl well known  
 They saw upon the Sea-cliff lone  
     The Helmet of Æschere.  
 Hot raged beneath the poisonous Flood,  
 All boiling with invenom'd Blood,  
 While sad at times the Trumpet rang,  
 With dreary Note, and heavy Clang.  
 The Youth, around the Lake reclin'd,  
     Cast o'er its Waves their Eye,  
 Where Monsters of the Serpent Kind  
 Their Ways with huge Sea-dragons wind  
     In Wonder they descry,  
 While on the circling Cliffs they find  
     The savage Nickers lie;  
 (Which oft a Journey sad portend  
 To those who dare attempt to wend  
 At Morn across the Ocean dread,  
 With Sail before the Breezes spread.)  
 In Wrath the Warriours onward sped  
 To where the Horn's loud Echo led;  
 But first the Chieftain with his Bow  
 Had laid one savage Monster low,  
 For, wetted in his Life's best Blood,  
 The barbed Missile quivering stood,  
 That slow he moves along the Main,

Nor e'er shall battle there again,  
     For Death has clos'd his Eyes :  
 Of all his Power to injure shorn,  
 Close press'd, his Flesh with Bear-sprits torn,  
 Cruelly hook'd, hard press'd and worn,  
 Upon the Nesses' Margin drawn,  
     The wondrous Monster lies.  
 Beówulf now, his Armour dight  
 Reckless of Life, prepares for Fight :  
 His iron Vest of ample Size,  
 In Colours wrought of fair Device,  
 That well knew how from hostile Sword  
 The Flesh that beds the Bones<sup>1</sup> to ward,  
 That War's dire Clutch nor Grasp of Wrath  
 The Wearer's Life might ever scathe,  
     Beneath the Waves must wend ;—  
 The Mail-hood the white Helm that strains,  
 With Treasure rich, and wrought with Chains,  
 Must go beneath the watery Plains,  
     Where the dark Billows blend.  
 'Twas marvellous Work of Days of Yore,  
 Set with the Image of the Boar,  
 That neither Brand nor warlike Knife  
 Might bite<sup>2</sup> to hurt the Hero's Life,  
 Nor was the Aid of small Extent  
 Which Hróthgár's Orator had lent ;  
 A hilted Blade of ancient Fame,  
 And Hrunting was that Treasure's Name,  
 Harden'd with Blood, the Steel-edge keen  
 With poison'd Twigs had stainéd been :—  
 It ne'er deceiv'd, that goodly Brand,  
 The Chief who wielded it in Hand,  
 And dared to seek in bold Emprize  
 The Station of his Enemies ;  
 And this was not its first Essay  
 At Deeds of Arms and Battle's Play.  
 But Ecgláf's crafty Son forgat  
 What Boasts, when drunk'n in Hall he sat,

He made, and gave his trusty Brand  
 Into a nobler Warriour's Hand.  
 Himself he dared not Battle brave,  
 Nor Worship win beneath the Wave,  
 Risk Life, and lordly Deed achieve.  
 To Honour thus and martial Fame  
 For aye he forfeited his Claim :—  
 Not so the other when bedight  
 To dare the Dangers of the Fight.

## CANTO XXII.

[2945.]

**T**HEN Ecgtheów's Son, the Geátic Thane,  
 Addressed : " Brave Kinsman of Healfdene,  
 Gold Prince of Men, of Counsel deep,  
 Bethink thee and thy Promise keep.  
 As I, to aid thee in thy Need,  
 Go forth to dare a venturous Deed ;  
 And, if in thy Defence I die,  
 Do thou a Father's Place supply,  
     Protect my Followers brave.  
 But send I pray thee safely back  
 Unto my Lord great Higelác  
     The Gifts thy Bounty gave.  
 That Hrethel's Son thereby may see  
 A liberal Chief I met in thee,  
 Lavish of Rings and Treasure good,  
 And used thy Bounty while I could.  
 And see to Hunferth's Hand restored  
 The Relic old his wavéd Sword  
     So hard of Edge withall ;<sup>1</sup>  
 And by the Blade of Hrunting I  
 Will Worship win and Honour high  
     Or else in Battle fall."  
 He said, nor would an Answer bide,  
 But fearless plung'd into the Tide,  
 And for a Day's-While<sup>2</sup> struggled he,

Before the Bottom he mote see.  
 The greedy Fiend beneath that dwelt  
 The Stirring of the Waters felt,  
 And knew that of the Sons of Man  
     Some daring Stranger sought to gain  
 The Spot, that for a Century's Span  
     Had own'd her grim and greedy Reign.  
 Quick towards the Chief the Monster draws,  
 And grasps him in her loathsome Claws,  
     Yet can she not prevail  
 The noble Warriour's Flesh to tear,  
 For round him in his Hawberk fair  
 In Iron lockt of charméd Ware,<sup>3</sup>  
     Nor can her loathsome Nail  
 Avail to gain an Entrance there  
     Or penetrate the Mail.  
 When to the lowest Depths they drew,  
 The She-wolf bare the Warriour true  
     Unto her drear Abode :  
 And, tho' full wrathfull was his Mood,  
 He might not wield his Weapon good  
     Upon his wat'ry Road :  
 For many a Monster him opprest  
 And, as he swam, full sore distrest,  
 The Ocean-fiends the Chief assail,  
 And with their War-tusks brake his Mail,  
 And press'd him sore ;—the Warriour good  
 Perceiv'd at length that safe he stood  
 I wot not in what Hall of Bale,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where Water might not him assail,  
 Nor, for the Covering of the Place,  
 Involve him in the Flood's embrace  
 With sudden Whelm : a Fire-light there  
 Cast round a blank and paly Glare ;  
 The mighty She-wolf<sup>5</sup> of the Place  
 He soon perceived, and rush'd apace,  
     His Weapon in his Hand,  
 With stalworth Arm his Sword he swang,

That round her Head the Mail-hood rang,  
 And loud its greedy War-lay sang<sup>6</sup>  
     Beneath the Chieftain's Brand.  
 'Tis vain;—his Weapon cannot bite  
 To slaughter the accursed Sprite,  
 The Sabre's Edge the Prince deceiv'd,  
     And fail'd him at his utmost Need,  
 Tho oft erewhile it had achieved  
     Full many a good and gallant Deed,  
 Oft shear'd the Helm and Hawberk grey  
 Of those who fell beneath its Sway,  
 And ne'er before did it betide  
 Its Virtue to be vainly tried.  
 The Prince's Rage now kindles high,  
     Yet slacks he not his Hand,  
 But, mindful of his Dignity,  
     Flung forth the twisted Brand,  
 On Earth to lie its steely Length,  
 And trusted to his Sinews' Strength.  
 Such Courage must a Man display,  
 Who seeks to win in Battle's Day  
 A lasting Name in dangerous Strife,  
 Nor cares about the Risk of Life.  
 Then, reckless of her savage Feud,  
     Fast by her Shoulder hent  
 The Geatic Chief the Monster rude,  
 And, sorely chaf'd in wrathful Mood,  
 With Wrench so stern the Strife renewed,  
     That on the Floor she bent.  
 But soon full roughly she repaid  
 The stout Attack that he had made,  
 So grimly grappling and so well,  
 That the strong Warriour reel'd and fell.  
 Then sorely she beset his Life,  
 And drew her broad and brown-edg'd<sup>7</sup> Knife  
     To avenge her hatefull Son,  
 But o'er Beowulf's Shoulders lay  
 The braided Net, the Hawberk grey,

'Gainst Point and Edge to close the Way,  
 And Life to guard in Battle's Day,  
     That Entrance found she none.  
 And now the Geatic Champion brave  
 Had perish'd 'neath the stormy Wave,  
 But that his iron Corselet good  
 His temper'd battle Net,<sup>8</sup> withstood;  
 And holy GOD, who rules on high,  
 Awards at will the Victory,  
     GOD infinitely wise.  
 The King of Heav'n beheld the Fight,  
 And gave Decision for the right;—  
 With easy Spring and Movement light  
     The Chief doth therefore rise.<sup>9</sup>

## CANTO XXIII.

[3113]

**T**HEN saw he 'midst the treasure Hoard  
 An old victorious Eóten Sword,  
 Doughty of Edge, the Warriour's Pride,  
 All other Weapons it outvied;  
 But weightier far than human Hand  
 Of other Mortal might command;  
 By giant Forge of old 'twas wrought  
 Good, and well fit for War's dread Sport.  
 The Scylding Hero in Despair  
 Seized by the Hilt that Weapon fair,  
     And brandish'd it around,  
 And therewithall so angry strake,  
 The Bones around her Neck it brake,  
 And thro' the Flesh its Way did make;—  
     She sank upon the Ground.  
 The Soldier joy'd his Work to see,  
 The bloody Sword gleam'd gallantly,  
     And round there shone a Light,  
 As when serene upon the Sky  
     Shines Heaven's Candle<sup>1</sup> bright.



Then round the House the Hero sought,  
 Along the wall in Fury pass'd,  
 His Weapon in his Hand he caught,  
 And by the Hilt ygrasped fast ;  
 Its Edge was true ;—O ! could his Hate  
 Foul Grendel meet, and compensate  
 The Ills that he in rude Onslaught  
 Against the Danish Youth had wrought,

In more than one Affray,  
 When he of Hróthgár's Vassals true  
 Fifteen in peaceful Slumber slew,  
 And in their Sleep devoured too,  
 And after him as Captives drew,  
 (A loathly Deed and foul to do),  
 As many more away.

For this the Chieftain, when he found  
 The Monster lifeless on the Ground,  
 At rest for ever laid,

His hatefull Carcase widely rent  
 As when, his weary Powers spent,  
 From Heorot disgrac'd he went,

A Vengeance full repaid ;—  
 For this he smote the lifeless Foe,  
 Swung round his Sword, and, with the Blow,  
 Sever'd the Monster's Head.

Eftsoons those aged Men and grave,  
 That watch'd with Hróthgár by the Wave,  
 Perceived the Tumult of the Flood  
 And the dark crimson Hue of Blood ;  
 Then spake the hoary Troop their Pain,  
 That they ne'er ween'd to see again  
 Their Chief return from out the Main

Elate with Victory.

For the sad Signs were all too plain  
 That the grim Sea-wolf him had slain  
 Beneath the stormy Sea.

At Noon-day from their clifty Stand  
 Retired the vallant Scylding Band,

And, sick at Heart, the King of Men  
 Departed to his Guests again  
     And left them by the Meer ;  
 With Eyes intent upon the Main  
 They wish'd but little hop'd again  
     To see their Chieftain dear.  
 Now, passing marvellous to say,  
 The gory Brand to wane away  
     In Battle-drops<sup>2</sup> began,  
 Like solving Ice, it melted, when  
 The Father looseth Winter's Chain,  
 The true Creator, who doth reign  
 O'er Times and Seasons, doth again  
 Unwind the Wave-ropes<sup>3</sup> that the Main  
     Confine within their Span.  
 The Chieftain of the Geáts, tho' there  
 Were many Treasures rich and fair,  
 From out the salvage Monster's Hoarde  
     Nought save the Helmet bare away  
 And Pommel of the mighty Sword  
     Bedecked with Gems and Treasures gay :  
 The Blade, of twisted Iron good,  
     Already had liquified ;  
 So hot the poisonous Demon's Blood<sup>4</sup>  
     That 'neath its Edge had died.  
 The Chief, the War-fall<sup>5</sup> of his Foes,  
 Now soon upon the Waters rose ;  
 All purified the blending Wave,  
     'Neath whose wide-cavern'd Space  
 Her Life the salvage Demon gave  
     That Creature foul and base.  
 Then swimming strong, his Prize in Hand,  
 The Seamen's Chieftain comes to Land,  
 Abundantly rejoicing o'er  
 The mighty Burthen that he bore.  
 Quick ran the Thanes the Youth to meet,  
 And joyously the Hero greet,  
 Thankful to GOD that they him found

From Strife returning safe and sound,  
And haste to give the weary Chief  
From Helm and pondrous Mail Relief;  
While soon beneath the Welkin's Sphere  
Subsides the murther-stainéd Meer.  
Then forth the kingly Heroes went,  
Full light of Cheer their Steps they bent  
    Along the well known Way,  
And from the Cliffs that guard the Shore  
With Pain the pondrous Mail-hood<sup>6</sup> bore  
    A Trophy of the Day,  
While raised upon a Halbert, four  
Fell Grendel's Head with Labour sore  
    Unto the Hall convey.  
Thus to the Hall the Chieftain hied,  
Fourteen brave Weders at his Side,  
And 'mongst them full of Joy and Pride  
He trod the Mead-plains' Way.  
The Beast of War, the Prince of Thanes,  
The Hero of renownéd Plains,  
Soon came within the Palace where,  
The Scylding Chief he greeted fair,  
While o'er the Mead-hall Floor they bare  
Where Men carouséd free from Care  
The Head of Grendel by the Hair,  
    A Sight of Fear and Dread  
To each bold Rev'ller there to view,  
And therewithall they also drew  
    The Mother-demon's Head;  
A Visage strange and monstrous too  
    Men there contemplated.

## CANTO XXIV.

**T**HEN spake the Son of Ecgtheów ; [3300]  
 “ Healfdene’s bold Son, the Scyldings’ King,  
 A Token of Rejoicing now  
     This Trophy of the Seas we bring.  
 I scarce with Life beneath the Sea  
 Achieved that Deed of Chivalry,  
 Yet did I dare the arduous Fight,  
 And made avail the Cause of Right,  
     For GOD my Shield has been,  
 Yet not with Edge of Hrunting bright  
 Prevail I in the Battle might,  
     Tho’ good that Weapon keen.  
 But Mankind’s Ruler granted me  
 Hanging upon the Wall to see  
     A vast and ancient Brand ;  
 (Full oft when desperate, hath He  
     Lent me a guiding Hand,)  
 And with that goodly Weapon I  
 Have gain’d a happy Victory,  
 And slain, as Time Occasion gave<sup>1</sup>  
 The Keepers of the deadly Cave.  
 Then quick the twisted Blade up brent,  
 So hot the Blood upon it sprent ;  
 But from my slaughter’d Foes I’ve rent  
     This Hilt and bring to you  
 Their Crimes have met their Punishment,  
 The Death-plague of the Danes is shent,  
     As was both just and due.  
 And now thou mayest, I promise thee,  
     Sleep scatheless in thy goodly Hall,  
 With all thy Heroes’ Company,  
     With young and old thy People all ;  
 Nor need’st thou fear, as hitherto,  
 O ! Chieftain of the Scyldings true,

That from that Quarter deadly Pest  
 Again will break thy Warriours' Rest."  
 Then in the hoary Warriour's Hand  
 Was plac'd that Hilt of antient Brand,  
 Erewhile by Giants fashionéd ;  
 The Fiends who held it being dead,  
 This Work by Wonder-smiths<sup>2</sup> y-cast  
 Unto the Danish Chieftain pass'd ;—  
 When the grim-hearted Murther-fiend  
 And his foul Dam their life resign'd,  
 It came at length to be possess'd  
 By him, of this World's Kings the best,  
 Who liberal of his Wealth did reign  
 In Sceden-ig twixt Oceans twain.  
 The aged Warriour bent his Eye  
 Upon that Work of Times gone by,  
 Whereon of old were storiéd  
 The Sources of that Contest dread,  
 When the deep Ocean's whelming Flood  
 Swept from the Earth the giant Brood.<sup>3</sup>  
 Boldly they warr'd—that salvage Horde  
 Of Aliens from th' eternal Lord,  
 Who e'en repaid the Vengeance due,  
 And in the whelming Waters slew.  
 'Twas also on the Surface<sup>4</sup> told,  
 Well chas'd upon the virgin Gold,  
     In Runic Letters taught,  
 For whom this goodly Sword, array'd  
 With wreathed Hilt and waving Blade,  
     Had thus at first been wrought.  
 Then thus the Son of Healfdene spake,  
 While none around the Silence brake,  
 " Now may the Chief of many Years,  
 Who Truth and Right administers,  
 And well remembers Days gone by,  
 His Country's Guardian, testify,  
 That this good Earl was born to be<sup>5</sup>  
 The Flower of Worth and Chivalry.

Thy Glory high, my noble Friend,  
 Doth now thro' every Land extend ;  
 In Wisdom grave and patient Might  
 Thou bearest all thy Fame aright,  
 And now shall well performed be  
 The Promise that I plighted thee,  
 And long propitious shalt thou reign,  
 The Solace of thy People's Pain,  
 Thy Warriours' Aid in Battles' Plain :  
 Full other to Ecgwela's Kin<sup>6</sup>  
     Fierce Heremód became,  
 Not as 'twas wish'd that he had been  
     An Honour to the Scyldings' Name :  
 But on the Danes he sorely press'd,  
 A slaughtering Plague, a Murther-pest,  
 The ruthless Chief in salvage Mood,  
 Shed e'en his Household Comrades' Blood,  
 Until from human Joys at last  
 Alone and friendless forth he pass'd,  
 Though him had GOD all good and great  
     With Power's Blessings grac'd,  
 And by Achieves of arduous Weight  
     On high 'mid Mortals plac'd,  
 Yet grew there still his Breast within  
 A savage Soul of Blood and Sin ;  
 Nor did he Rings unto the Dane  
     In royal Bounty give,  
 But, while grim Battle rag'd amain,  
 His People's weary Curse and Bane,  
     Unmov'd and joyless live.  
 From him do thou a Warning take ;—  
 This Song of thee in Age I make ;—<sup>7</sup>  
 'Tis passing wondrous to record,  
 How mighty GOD in Counsel broad<sup>8</sup>  
 Doth to the Sons of Men assign  
 Lordship, or Land, or Thought divine :  
 Awhile he letteth wander free  
     A high-born Man's ambitious Powers,

And grants him Earth's best Gaity,  
 And eke to hold Men's Refuge-towers,  
 And under his extensive Sway  
 Doth so the World's wide Regions bend,  
 That ne'er in listlessness he may  
 Bethink him of his latter End.  
 His Feasts he lengthens, nor his Joy  
 Doth Age or Sickness e'er alloy;  
 No Sorrow o'er his Spirit throws  
 Sudden its darkling Curse,  
 Nor Enmity its Malice shews,  
 The World e'en as he wills it goes,—  
 He knoweth not the worse,—

## CANTO XXV.

“ **T**ILL Pride within the Heart assumes [3477]  
 A Place, and waxeth there and blooms,  
 When Wisdom, who her ward should keep  
 Around the Soul, is drown'd in Sleep,  
 Sleep bound too fast in Labours drear,  
 When the Destroyer's Hand is near,  
 Whose fiery Bow, with bitter Dart,  
 Smites 'neath his Helm and wounds his Heart;  
 Nor can the wonder-working Charm  
 Of cursed Fiend avert the Harm.  
 But all too little deeming his  
 Already too long hoarded Store,  
 Grim-soul'd and greedy, practises  
 To gain for ever more and more;  
 Nor does his Pride distribute free  
 The Rings of solid Jewell'ry,  
 And, for that GOD, who Glory gives,  
 Hath mighty Worship granted him,  
 Forgetful and neglectful lives  
 Of Death, that salvage Fiend and grim.  
 Then oft at last the Body ails,

And wasted sinks, and dying fails,  
     Another then succeeds,  
 And all unmourning deals abroad  
 His Predecessor's ancient Hoard,  
     Nor Fear's Remonstrance heeds.  
 O! dear Beówulf keep from thee  
 That baleful Sin, Cupidity ;  
 Great Chief, thy Choice in Wisdom make,  
 And everlasting Counsel take :  
 Care not for Pride :—tho' now thy Might  
     Awhile in Glory blows,  
 Sickness or Sword in fell Despite,  
     Eftsoons thy Toils must close,  
 Devouring Flame, or Dagger's smart,  
 Or whelming Flood, or flying Dart,  
 Or Age of Aspect foul to see,  
 Or the false Glance of Treachery  
 Shall darken and beleaguer thee : }  
 Death in an unexpected Hour,  
 Great Warriour, shall thy Might o'er-power.  
 Thus had I rul'd 'neath Heav'n's broad Space  
 For many Years the Hring-Dane Race,  
 And, by my Wars with Sword and Spear,  
 Caus'd them no Tribe on Earth to fear,  
 That 'neath the Sun's broad Circuit I  
 Reck'd not of any Enemy :  
 So therefore on my Heritage  
 Reverses came and Fortune's Rage,  
 To Joy succeeded bitter Woe,  
 When Grendel came, the ancient Foe,  
     My Country to invade ;  
 And for this Visitation's Bane  
 Full sore Distress and harrowing Pain  
     Upon my Spirit prey'd.  
 Then Thanks to the Eternal Lord  
     That I have liv'd to see  
 The Head with Battle-drops begor'd  
     Of my old Enemy.



Now therefore to thy Seat depart,  
 And Feast thee with a joyful Heart,  
     High dignified in War,  
 And Wealth a Store full rich and vast  
 Shall to our common Hoard be cast

    When Morn shall o'er us draw."

In gladsome Mood the valiant Geát  
 Right soon resum'd his Banquet-seat,  
 E'en as the wise Chief bade, and then  
 Around was quickly heard again  
 Among the Palace-guests renown'd  
 The Voice of Friendship's gentle Sound.  
 The Night-helm o'er them dusky grows;—  
 The goodly Company arose,  
 The grey-hair'd Chief, with Labour tired,  
 To seek his Couch's Rest desired.  
 The Geát his Wish for him express'd  
 Of measurelessly happy Rest,<sup>1</sup>  
 And soon the Thane whose busy Care  
 Provided all things fit and fair,  
 That serve a gallant Sailor's Needs,  
 Forth from the Hall respectful leads  
 The far-come Angle Chief away  
 Tir'd with the Labours of the Day.  
 'Neath high-arch'd Roof adorn'd with Gold

    The noble Chief doth slumbering lie,  
 Until the palid Raven told  
 In boding Cry both blithe and bold  
     That Heaven's pride the Sun was high  
 The salvage Warriours haste amain,  
 The Chieftains seek their Bands again :  
 The Geátic Chief of daring<sup>2</sup> Mind  
 Would far away his Vessel bind.  
 Then Ecgláf's Son the Hero bade  
 Hrunting receive, his lovely<sup>3</sup> Blade ;  
 He thanked him for the Loan, quoth he,  
 His Warrior-friend he took to be  
 Well skill'd in War and valiant too :

And, as a generous Thane would do,  
 He spake not one complaining Word  
 Against the Temper of the Sword.  
 When ready arm'd for journeying  
 The Warriours were, the Ætheling  
 Unto the worthy Danes retreats,  
     Where royal Hróthgár sate,  
 And thus the noble War-beast<sup>4</sup> greets  
     The Danish Monarch great.

## CANTO XXVI.

[3630]

**B**EOWULF spake: “ At length would we,  
 The far-come Wanderers of the Sea,  
 Propose to make our Voyage back,  
 And seek our Lord, great Higelác.  
 Well hast thou Hostship's Laws observ'd,  
 E'en as we would have we been serv'd ;  
 And if while yet on Earth I may,  
 Great Lord of Men, in any way,  
 By Deeds of War thy sovereign Will,  
 More than as yet I have, fulfill,  
 And should I hear across the Sea  
 That Neighbours threat and harass thee,  
 As whilome have thy Haters dar'd,  
 Then quickly will I be prepar'd,  
 And bring of Thaners in Arms array'd  
 A thousand Heroes to thine Aid.  
 Well wot I, Higelác, whose Sway  
 The Geátic Clansmen all obey,  
 Tho' young his People's Shepherd be,  
 In Word and Deed will furnish me,  
 That well I may thine Honour fair  
 Maintain, and to thy Succour bear  
 My Lance the Sceptre of my Might,  
 When Men thou needest for the Fight.  
 And Hrétrinc, if his Steps he e'er

To Geátic Halls should bend,  
 The royal Youth may meet with there  
 Right many a trusty Friend.  
 He who of Valour is possess'd  
 May visit distant Strangers best."  
 Thus did the Scylding Prince reply ;  
 " The all-wise Lord appears  
 Thy Words to give, for ne'er did I  
 Hear Man advise more prudently  
 At thy yet early Years.  
 Strong is thy Arm, mature thy Mind,  
 Thy Words in Wisdom are design'd,  
 And should it ever be,  
 That the dread Lance, or bloody Fight,  
 Or Sickness, or the Faulchion bright  
 Should Hrethel's Son, that princely Wight,  
 His People's Shepherd reave of Light,  
 And Death have yet spar'd thee,  
 I deem the Sea-Geáts ne'er will have  
 A King to choose more good and brave,  
 Their Treasure's-Lord to be :  
 If thou would'st e'en consent to hold  
 The Kingdom of thy Kinsman bold.  
 For still the more I see of thee,  
 The more, dear Youth, thou pleasest me :  
 For thou hast caused twixt Geát and Dane  
 That War shall rest and Peace shall reign,  
 The Enmity that erst they bore  
 Shall now disturb their Rest no more,  
 While I my wide Command shall bear,  
 Our Treasures we in common share.  
 Our ring'd Ships oft shall bend their Path  
 For Greeting o'er the Ganet's Bath,<sup>1</sup>  
 From one to other Land o'er Sea  
 To carry Signs of Amity.  
 I know my People, that with Foe  
 Or Friend to break they never know ;  
 And in all other Things their Ways

Are spotless, as in ancient Days."  
 The Prince of Earls yet furthermore,  
     The Kinsmen of Healfdene,  
 Twelve Treasures on his Guest did pour,  
 Then bade them speed them on their Way,  
 In Peace their Friends a Visit pay  
     And quick return again.  
 The Scylding Chief, the Monarch high,  
 Good in his fair Nobility,  
     Then kiss'd the worthy Thane,  
 His Neck in Warmth he did embrace,  
 While on the grey-hair'd Hero's Face  
     The Tears of Grief are seen.  
 Aught was more likely than, (since he  
     Was now infirm and old,)  
 That they should more each other see,  
     And Conferences hold.  
 So well he lov'd the gentle Thane  
 That he in no wise might restrain  
     The tender Bosom-flood ;<sup>2</sup>  
 But long'd in secret for his Guest  
 Fast in his Spirits-bonds<sup>3</sup> possess'd  
     Who warr'd with Men of Blood.<sup>4</sup>  
 Beówulf thence with Gold full proud,  
     Glad with his Treasure-Hoard,  
 Along the grassy Meadows trod  
 To where his Sea-bound Ship abode,  
 And safely still at Anchor rode,  
     As waiting for her Lord.  
 And, as along their Course they fly,  
 Great Hróthgár's Liberality  
     With Praises oft go o'er ;  
 A King was he of blameless Reign,  
 Till lengthen'd Age had from him ta'en  
 The Joys of Power, to many a Thane  
     As it hath done before.

## CANTO XXVII.

THEN came there to the ocean Shore [3772]

Full many a valiant Bachelour,  
 And ev'ry Hero onward pac'd  
 In chain-lock'd iron Limb-sark<sup>1</sup> cas'd ;  
 The Earls' Return the Land-ward spied,  
 As oft he had before,

And from the Ness's Ridges wide  
 With no uncourteous Greeting plied,  
 But forth to meet the Guests did ride,  
 And bade them welcome o'er the Tide,  
 Unto the Geátic Shore.

Then on the Heroes bent their Way  
 To where the sea-arch'd<sup>2</sup> Vessel lay,  
 The ring'd Prow on the Strand,  
 With goodly Weeds-of-war on Board,  
 With Horses and a Treasure-hoard,  
 Her lofty Mast in Glory soar'd  
 O'er Hróthgár's Bounty grand,  
 Who to the Vessel's sturdy Lord  
 Had giv'n a rich-gold-bounden Sword,  
 That ever after then,

At the gay Mead-bench when he sat,  
 A noble Relic such as that

Might Worship for him gain.

Then homeward in his Vessel he  
 Urg'd the deep Billows of the Sea,

And left the Danish Land,

While the Sea-curtain,<sup>3</sup> round the Mast,  
 The Sail so gaily floated, fast

Upon its corded Band.

The thundering Sea-wood<sup>4</sup> onward goes,  
 Nor do the Winds its Course oppose ;

Onward the swift Sea-trv'ller goes

With foamy Neck and bounden Prow,

Until the Cliffs in view arose  
 The Nesses Geát-land that inclose  
     May well be recognizéd now,  
 Urg'd by the Wind the Vessel good  
 Sprang forward, and on Land it stood.  
 Then quickly to the Shore drew near  
 The Hythe-ward, his Companions dear  
 Who long had watch'd, and on the Strand  
 Awaited the returning Band.  
 Then firmly by the Cable true  
 The Vessel on the Sand he drew,  
 Lest Might of Wave, with raging Flood  
 Might chance to wreck the winsome Wood,<sup>5</sup>  
 Then bade of th' Æthelings up-bear  
 The solid Gold and Trappings fair.  
 Nor need their Way far distant wind,  
 Their Treasure-giving Prince to find,  
 For Hrethel's royal Progeny  
     Dwelt with his Hero court,  
 Full nigh the Cliffs that wall the Sea,  
 A princely noble King was he,  
     And goodly was the Fort.  
 The youthful Hygd in lofty Hall  
     Wise and high dignified  
 Remain'd, tho' Winters few in all,  
 Within her City's Battl'd Wall,  
     As yet had o'er her hied.  
 And she was Hæreth's haughty Child,  
 No gentle Dame of Bearing mild,  
 Nor one that Gifts too freely pour'd  
 From out the Treasure's ample Hoard,  
 Th' fierce Queen her salvage Soul within  
 Indulg'd her Rage in awful Sin;  
 Not one of all the Heroes there  
 That Monster to approach would dare,<sup>6</sup>  
 And e'en her Lord she scarce would brook  
 Once in the Day on her to look,  
 But wreathed Bonds of Death did she

Devise and to her Lord decree.  
 Scarce had she pledg'd to him her Hand,  
 Than with the Dagger's Edge she plann'd  
 Full short to cut his destin'd Day,  
 And Death's dread Message to convey;  
 Unqueenlike deek, unseemly too  
 For Dame however fair to do,  
 That she who 's wont to settle Strife  
     And Peace's Web to weave,  
 Should seek a gentle Thane of Life  
     In Fury to bereave.  
 For this great Hemming's Kinsman's Breast  
 Disgust in sooth full sore possess'd.  
 Yet many drinking Ale would say  
     Her Deeds were less by Malice driven,  
 Sith first she<sup>e</sup> was in Gold-array  
     Unto the youthful Warriour given.  
 But after, by her Father taught,  
     Across the fallow-Flood<sup>7</sup> she hied,  
 And Offa's Halls in Journey sought,  
     And there the Throne she occupied,  
 Where high in Glory unalloy'd,  
 She Life's-creations<sup>8</sup> well enjoy'd,  
 And with a Prince held Love's Embrace  
 Of all the Men of human Race,  
 Of Heroes, as I ascertain,<sup>9</sup>  
 The best betwixt the Oceans twain :  
 For far rever'd was Offa's Name  
 For War and Bounty high in Fame.  
 Serene in Wisdom did he hold  
     His goodly Heritage,  
 And from his Lineage was told  
 That sorrowing Help of Heroes bold  
     Mighty in Battle's Rage,  
 The royal Gármund's Nephew good,  
 Kinsman of Hemming's noble Blood.

## CANTO XXVIII.

[3921]

**F**ORTH march'd the Chieftain and his band,  
 The Sea-plain wide,<sup>1</sup> the Ocean's Sand  
 He trod, while Gem-like shone on high  
 The World's-lamp<sup>2</sup> in the southern Sky.  
 Onward they press'd their March amain,  
     Till they the youthful Warriour King,  
 The Chief who Ongentheów had slain,  
 The Earl's Protector, ascertain,  
 Within his fortified Domain  
     Was jewel'd Rings distributing.  
 Now soon to royal Higelác  
 Was known Beówulf's Journey back,  
     That o'er the Way he came  
 Unto his Court, the Warriours' Shield,  
 His dear Companion in the Field,  
     Safe from the Battle's Game.  
 In Hall then, as the Chieftain bade,  
 Room for the Guests was quickly made:  
 Upon the Seat his own that fac'd,  
     From Conflict's Terrours sav'd,  
 Kinsman in Front of Kinsman plac'd,  
     Sat he who War had brav'd.  
 And Hæreth's beauteous Daughter, when  
 With lofty Speech the King of Men  
 His faithful Thane had greeted fair,  
 With noble Words and brave to hear,  
 Beneath the Hall-roof's wide Extent,  
 Forth with the flowing Mead-skink went.  
 The People to her Heart were dear  
     That own'd her Lord's Command,  
 And she the brimming Cup would bear  
     To each proud Warriour's Hand.  
 Now e'er the Hall they can forsake  
     Young Higelác is led



Inquiry of his Friend to make,  
 (His Curiosity out-brake)  
     Of how the Geâts had sped.  
 “ I pray you, dear Beówulf, say  
 How it befell you by the Way,  
 When suddenly thou didst decide  
 To cross the Ocean’s foaming Tide,  
 And seek beyond the briny Main  
 The War that rag’d on Heorot’s Plain?  
 Didst thou to noble Hróthgár ’vail  
 To rid him of his well-known Bale?  
 My Soul, with bitter Anguish fraught,  
     In Sorrow seeth’d<sup>3</sup> for thee  
 Of my lov’d Thane’s Attempt, I thought,  
     Full little Good would be.  
 And pray’d thee not to dare in Fight  
 The Murther-demon’s<sup>4</sup> salvage Might,  
 But for himself to let the Dane  
 In War with Grendel Worship gain.  
 But Thanks to GOD, that now I see  
 Thee safe and sound return to me.”  
 Beówulf, Ecgtheów’s great Son,  
 Replies : “ My Liege, to many a one  
 ’Tis known what Sort of Eventide  
 Grendel and I together plied  
     Upon that fatal Plain,  
 Where to the valiant Scyldings he  
 Had often wrought sore Misery,  
     And to their Chieftain Pain.  
 That I aveng’d, nor shall be found  
     One of his cursed Host,  
 In all the World’s wide Regions round,  
 Unto the last that there is found  
 ’Mid dismal Fens his Den that bound  
     Of that Night’s Fray to boast.  
 Then forth unto the high Ring-hall  
 I went, the King to greet withal :  
 Heafdene’s great Son full soon did see

My Mind, and order'd straight for me

Beside his Son a Seat ;

The Troop was joyous, ne'er did I

Beneath the Vault of Heav'n on high

Throughout my Life more Revelry

Among Carousers meet.

Awhile the noble Queen would move,

The Gage of Nations' Peace and Love,

Around the spacious Hall, address

Her youthful Sons with Tenderness,

And e'er she sate her down, oft bring

To Warriour's Hand the gold-wreath'd Ring,

Awhile great Hróthgár's Daughter fair,

Whom Freáware the Guests did call,

The foaming Cup of Ale would bear

To the bold Earls throughout the Hall.

And often to the Heroes brave

The red Gold gleed-like Treasure gave.

And she, in Youth and Gold bedight,

To Fróda's happy Son is plight ;

Thus hath the Scylding Chief serene

Full well his People's Shepherd been,

For by that gentle Maid.

He hath, (for so the Tale is told),

Full many a murtherous Feud and old

At Peace for ever laid.

But well-a-day, 'tis sorely rare

Tho' noble be the Bride and fair,

The Death-lance, when a People fall,

Long rests<sup>5</sup> in Peace upon the Wall.

Well may the Heatho-beardan Chief

And ev'ry Thane feel Wrath and Grief,

When Hope of Heroes,<sup>6</sup> with his Bride,

The young Dane through their Hall shall stride,

And glorying in the Relic, bear

The temper'd ring-mail Weapon fair,

The Heathobearidan's Treasure good

While they their Arms might wield,

CANTO XXIX.<sup>1</sup>

UNTIL they lost in deadly Feud [4073]  
 Their Comrades dear and their own Blood  
 Upon the Shield-play-field.  
 Then while they sit the Banquet o'er  
 Some aged grim soul'd Warriour,  
 The Ring who sees and fully all  
 The Battle-pest to Mind can call,  
 Will 'gin with deep and deadly Art  
 In Words like these to ascertain  
 The youthful Champion's Mind and Heart,  
 And War's dread Bale to wake again.  
 ' Know'st thou, my Friend, that goodly Sear,  
 That in the Fight thy Father bare  
 In crested War-array,  
 When last he wielded th' Iron dear,<sup>2</sup>  
 And him the Danes did slay?  
 And since the Fall of Withergyld,  
 'Tis wielded by the Sons of Scyld.  
 And now behold the haughty Son  
 Of some one of his murderous Foes,  
 Exulting in the Booty won  
 Here through our Palace proudly goes.  
 He boasts the Deed and dares to wear  
 The Treasure thou of right should'st bear.<sup>3</sup>  
 With Words of Malice thus he still  
 Reminds the Youth and spurs to ill  
 Till the dark Hour arise,  
 When the Queen's Thane<sup>3</sup> in Sleep of Death,  
 Besmear'd with Blood, deprived of Breath,  
 Beneath the Bill's-Bite<sup>4</sup> lies.  
 The other Chief full soon is gone,  
 For well to him the Land is known,  
 The Oaths of Earls on either Side  
 Now broken are and nullified,

And Ingeld's Spirit bold  
 With Thoughts of Slaughteous-vengeance rife,  
 The Love that erst he bare his Wife  
 'Mid whelming Care's unhallowed Strife  
     Now waxeth chilly cold.  
 Thus Heathobeardan Amity  
     Full lowly I esteem  
 Nor will their kingly Quiet be  
 Firm Peace devoid of Treachery  
     Unto the Danes I deem.  
 But now must I return, and shew  
     The Deeds that I 'gainst Grendel wrought,  
 That thou, O! Treasure-lord, may'st know  
     The Fate of Heroes' dire Onslaught.  
 Heaven's Gem had glided to her Rest  
     Beneath the Ocean deep,  
 When the foul Demon wrath-possess'd  
 Sought us, the loathsome Even-pest,  
     As we our Watch did keep;  
 And his fell Gauntlet<sup>5</sup> sway'd its Swoop,  
 A Life-bale to the fated Troop.  
 The girded Hero next that lay  
 From Grendel's Teeth in that dread Fray  
     Met the sad Fate of War;  
 Soon the voracious Monster drew  
 The lovely Youth's whole Body through  
     His darksome hollow Maw.  
 Not still the Blood-tooth'd<sup>6</sup> Wretch withall  
 Would empty handed leave the Hall.  
 Proud of his Might he me essay'd  
 His ready Palm upon me laid,  
 While huge and strange upon his Hand  
 His Gauntlet hung from mystic Band,  
 With dark Devices overwrought  
 On Dragon's Hide, by Devils' Art,  
 And me therewith he would have slain  
 Guiltless and free from Evil's Stain,  
 The evil Beast on Evil bent,<sup>7</sup>

As many he before had shent  
 Yet this to do o'erpass'd his Might,  
 When in my Wrath I stood upright,

## CANTO XXX.

“**T**OO long it were the Tale to spell, [4181]  
 How I this Nation's-curse so fell  
 For all his Ills repay'd,  
 And how thy People's Name full well  
 I worshipful have made :  
 He fled from the unequal Strife,  
 And thus awhile preserv'd his Life :  
 But yet did his right Hand remain  
 On Heorot's insanguin'd Plain,  
 Whence downcast and dispirited  
 Beneath the Meer's dark Depths he fled,  
 The Scylding Chief my Labours bold  
 Rewarded well with solid Gold,  
 And Treasure, when 'neath Morning's Ray  
 We sat at Banquet Table gay.  
 And there was Mirth and Song and Glee :  
 And th' aged Scylding Monarch bold,  
 (A deeply-searching Man is he)  
 Related Tales of Days of old.  
 And whilome would the Warriour gay  
 Pour forth the Harp's enlivening Lay,  
 And greet the joyous Wood,<sup>1</sup>  
 Awhile select a mournful Muse,  
 Awhile a Tale of Wonder choose,  
 After the Banquet good.  
 At times the high-soul'd Monarch old,  
 Bound in the Chains of Age,  
 Harang'd the youthful Heroes bold,  
 The Strength of Battle-rage.  
 His Bosom's boiling Flood would rise,  
 As, with right many Winters wise,

He told the Deeds of Yore :  
 E'en thus the livelong Day was pass'd  
 In Mirthfulness, until at last  
     The second Night drew o'er,  
 And Grendel's Dam, soon ready, cast  
     To wreak a Vengeance sore :  
 For ill her sorrow brook'd, that Death  
 And Weder Hate her Son of Breath  
 Had e'en depriv'd :—she ruthless went,  
 And in her Rage a Hero shent,  
     For him in vengeful Hate,  
 And thus the aged Chief Æschere,  
 Renown'd for Wisdom far and near,  
     Departed to his Fate.  
 Nor could they bear, the Danish Band,  
     At the Return of Day,  
 The death-spent<sup>2</sup> Form to flaming Brand,  
 Nor on the Pyre with friendly Hand  
     Their lov'd Champion lay.  
 His Corse the fiendish Mother-hag  
 Beneath the Mountain-stream did drag.  
 This was to princely Hróthgár's Heart  
 Of all his Griefs the keenest Smart.  
 Then by thy Life he pray'd of me  
 Beneath the Tumult of the Sea  
     My Prowess to essay,  
 In Glory's Work to risk my Fall,  
 And promis'd high Reward withall,  
     If e'er I came away.  
 Then, as 'tis known, beneath the Wave,  
 The Keepers of the Ocean-cave  
 I found, right grim and dread in Might,  
 And hard awhile twixt us the Fight.  
 The Flood it boil'd with Poison's Strength,  
 But with the Sabre's Edge at length,  
 Down in the Ocean's lowest Stead,  
 I shear'd<sup>3</sup> the Monster of her Head,  
 And thence her salvage Spirit fled ;

Death was not yet my Fate :  
 But the good Earls' illustrious Lord,  
 Healfdene's great Kinsman, high Reward  
 Gave me and Treasure great.

## CANTO XXXI.

“ **T**HUS liv'd the Monarch, nor did I [4283]  
 Lose the fair Meed of Chivalry,  
 For Healfdene's Son did give to me  
 My Heart's Content of Treasures rare,  
 Which I, O! Warriours' King, to thee  
 To bring will willingly prepare ;  
 And Higelác, to thee is due  
 My Heart's Affection all,  
 For now, except thyself, but few  
 My Kinsmen can I call.”  
 Then in he bade the Menials bear  
 The lofty War-helm crested fair  
 With Boar-device, the Hawberk grey,  
 The ready Sword, and thus did say :  
 “ This Robe of War the Prince sedate,  
 Great Hróthgár gave to me,  
 And bade me first expatiate  
 Concerning it to thee.  
 Heorogár the Scyldings' Lord  
 The Relic long possess'd,  
 Yet ne'er to bold Heorowearð  
 His well-loved Son would he accord  
 That goodly Bosom-vest :—  
 Do thou enjoy these pretious Weeds.”  
 Forthwith four apple-fallow<sup>1</sup> Steeds,  
 Alike in beauty, as I'm told,  
 Followed his Step ;—both Steeds and Gold  
 An Offering to his Monarch due ;—  
 Thus nobly should a Kinsman do,  
 Nor for his Hand-work's-mate<sup>2</sup> prepare  
 With secret Craft the deadly Snare.

To Higelác in Vengeance bold  
 His Nephew's Heart did firmly hold,  
     Each was to other kind.  
 The rich-chased Wonder Treasure<sup>3</sup> too,  
 The Collar fair, that Waltheów,  
 Daughter of Princes, did bestow  
     He unto Hygd resign'd :  
 And therewithall three Steeds of slight  
 And graceful Form, with Saddle bright,  
 And Breast with Ring-work fair bedight,

This may be considered as the Conclusion of the first Portion of the Poem, as the Author, without even beginning a new Canto, or giving any other Notice to his Reader, passes immediately to the Events of his Hero's last Conflict and Death.

E'en thus did Ecgtheów's Offspring bold  
 Famous in Deeds of Worth grow old,  
 He ever rul'd with Judgment right,  
 Nor drunken would his Comrades smite,  
     His Heart joyed not in Blood :  
 Still held the noble Beast-of-fight<sup>4</sup>  
 Of all Mankind the greatest Might,  
     That Gift that GOD bestow'd.  
 And long a Pity it should seem  
 The Geáts did not his Worth esteem,  
 Nor, though so worthy of their Praise,  
 Would to the royal Mead-seat raise  
     As Chieftain of their Band ;  
 Full oft they said that he was slack,  
 A Prince who Spirit high did lack,  
 Until Reverses' dire Attack,  
 With Wrath of all kinds came to rack  
     The glory'd of their Land.<sup>5</sup>  
 'Twas then the War-ennobl'd King.<sup>6</sup>  
 The Earls' Protector call'd to bring  
     Great Hrethel's Relic fair,  
 For 'mongst the Geátic Treasure-hoard



No Relic than that goodly Sword  
 More glorious was there.  
 The Chieftain of the Geátic Race  
 This on Beówulf's Breast did place,  
 And gave into his Hand  
 A royal Castle, kingly Throne  
 And seven thousand Vills<sup>7</sup> to own  
 His Lordship and Command.  
 Both Chiefs indeed had natal Right  
 Unto the Suit of Man,  
 But in the Prince of lesser Might,  
 In what concern'd the landed Right,  
 The Line of Heirship ran.  
 In after Days, that pass'd away,  
 When Higelác all lifeless lay,  
 On Heared when the Battle Sword  
 Bale 'neath the Shield Defences pour'd,  
 And him the Warriour-Scylfings sought  
 With victor Troops, with Fury fraught,  
 And Hereric's bold Nephew fam'd  
 Of all his hostile Malice tam'd.<sup>8</sup>  
 Then the wide Kingdom's high Command  
 Devolv'd upon Beówulf's Hand,  
 And fifty Years the Monarch sage  
 Preserv'd full well his Heritage,  
 Till one began, a Dragon stark  
 To tyrannize in Midnight dark,  
 And Treasure watchfully to keep<sup>9</sup>  
 Disposed into a secret Heap  
 Beneath a frowning Mound of Stone,  
 Its nether Paths to Men unknown.  
 Some daring Wight, I wot not who,  
 Entered,<sup>10</sup> \* [and stealthily withdrew,]  
 But took from out the heathen Lair  
 [A golden Vase] in Colours fair,  
 But soon the sinful Monster [found  
 That, while in scaly Circles wound  
 He'd closed his] sleeping [Eyes,

His Treasure-hoard had rifled been ]  
 By thievish Craft, [and then 'twas seen  
     How dread] his Wrath did rise.

## CANTO XXXII.

'TWAS not in Violence and Pride [4438]  
 Nor by a way-ward Will impell'd  
 The wandering Exile had defied  
 The Might the Dragon's Hoard that held,  
 A valiant Thane oppress'd by Fate,  
 What Hero's Son I may not say,  
 Who fled the vengeful Blow of Hate,  
 But, urg'd by Need's resistless Sway,  
 An unoffending Man he went  
 Within th' Enclosure's dark Extent,<sup>1</sup>  
 [The Mound] the Stranger [dread possess'd.]  
 Terror arose [within his Breast.]  
 However the unhappy Man

    . . . . .<sup>2</sup>  
 Obtain'd [the golden] Vessel [gay,]  
 The Treasure Vase, [and fled away.]\*  
 Within the Cave were many more  
 Old Treasures, as, in Days of yore,  
 I know not who of human Kin  
 Hid the dear Wealth<sup>3</sup> the Mound within,  
 Expecting Thankfulness and Grace,  
 Vast Legacy of a noble Race,  
 All whom dark Death in Ages past  
 Had swept away, till he at last  
 The People's Chief was likewise ta'en  
 Who longest did on Earth remain.  
 For mourning and bereav'd the Chief  
     Sought not to reach a lengthen'd Age,  
 He could not long, 'twas his Belief,  
     Enjoy his precious Heritage.  
 The Mound was ready on the Plain

Beside the Billows of the Main,  
 Headlong above the Cliff it frown'd  
 Fast by the Art of Craftsmen bound;  
 The Lord of Rings then hither bore  
     And here deposited  
 His Wealth of many an Earl the Store,  
 And solid Gold Fire-harden'd o'er :  
     And thus he briefly said :  
 " Hold thou, O ! Earth, this princely Store,  
 Now Heroes may it hold no more ;  
 Lo ! it from thee good Men and true  
 Erewhile laboriously drew,  
 Whom now a cruel Death hath ta'en,  
 A Life-bale savagely<sup>4</sup> hath slain.  
     My People one and all,  
 Who from this Life for aye have past  
 And seen of festal Joys their last  
     Within the Banquet Hall.  
 Not one remains to swing the Sword,  
 Or Cup receive at festive Board,  
 The drinking Vessel rich and grand—  
 Death-sick are all my noble Band.<sup>5</sup>  
 The Warriour-helm with Gold array'd  
 Shall now beside the Cup be laid  
 For they now slumber all forlorn  
 Who should the Warriour-helm adorn ;  
 The Hawberk, that in Battle-fields,  
 Amid the thundering Crash of Shields,  
 Withstood in many a raging Fight  
 The pondrous Iron's loathly Bite,  
     To moulder shall be laid,  
 After the Warriour that it bore,  
 And the ring'd Byrnie shall no more  
     Go forth, the Hero's Aid.  
 No Harp's gay Voice is heard around,  
 Nor Glee-wood<sup>6</sup> echoing Music's Sound,  
 No good Hawk swingeth from his String,<sup>7</sup>  
 Nor tramping Horse swift traversing

The City's Barrier-pale :  
 For all my living-Race is shent,  
 The Host of kindred Souls forth sent  
     By the Death-dealing Bale."<sup>8</sup>  
 Thus sad of Mind the Chief of old  
     By Day and Night his Mourning kept,  
 Who, reft of all his Kinsmen bold,  
     Forlorn and solitary wept,  
 Till the Death-flood's relentless Strength  
 Reach'd his distracted Heart at length.  
 The joyous Hoard<sup>9</sup> was open found  
     By the old twilight Pest,<sup>10</sup>  
 Who burning seeks each Barrow's Mound,  
 Fell Dragon fire-encompass'd round,  
     His Night-flight as he press'd.  
 The dwellers of the Land of old  
     Him [fearfully observ'd]<sup>11</sup>  
 Where, wise with many Winters told  
 He the vast Hoard of Heathen Gold  
     Useless to him<sup>12</sup> preserved.  
 Three-hundred Years the mighty Pest  
 In the Earth's Bosom there possess'd,  
 Now great and mighty grown withall,  
 A certain<sup>13</sup> spacious Treasure-hall,  
     Till one his Anger nerv'd :  
 For to his own liege Lord he brought  
     The solid Cup of golden Ware,  
 And Covenant of Pardon sought ;  
     His Lord the wretched Exile's Prayer  
 Granted, when marv'ling he beheld  
 The wondrous Work of Men of Eld.  
 Soon as the Dragon was awake  
 His furious Wrath anew out-brake,  
 Around the Rock the Scent he plied,<sup>14</sup>  
 And soon the Stranger's Steps descried,  
 Who forth by secret Art had fled,  
 Passing beside the Monster's Head.  
 Thus then may one not doom'd to die

Scape Woe and Danger easily  
 If he GOD'S Grace obtain,  
 Around the Land the Hoard-ward swept  
 To find the Man who, while he slept,  
     Had wrought him grievous Bane.  
 With raging Mind and fierce Intent,  
 Around about his Heaps he went,  
 The outward Space examin'd round,  
 And no Man in the Desert found,  
 But, loving War and Hours of Fight,  
 Betook him to the Barrow's Height  
     His Wealth-cup to explore,  
 But found that some one of Mankind  
 His hidden Gold had chanc'd to find,  
     His lofty Treasure Store.<sup>15</sup>  
 Scarce would the Keeper of the Hoard  
     Await till Even came,  
 High the Mound-watcher's<sup>16</sup> Anger soar'd,  
 His precious Vessel's Loss he scor'd  
     To pay with raging Flame.  
 When Day, as he desired,<sup>17</sup> was gone,  
 Not long he stay'd the Mound upon,  
 But, furnish'd with a Breath of Fire,  
 He wended forth in flaming Ire.  
 Full dread at first the Onslaught bore  
     Upon the People brave,  
 Even as ere the War was o'er  
 Upon their Prince it ended sore  
     Who Treasure to them gave.

## CANTO XXXIII.

**T**HEN soon the Demon foul began [4618]  
 To spit forth raging Fire,  
 To burn the Dwellings bright of Man,  
 Forth stood the flaming Torch's Ban  
     Abomination dire.

The loathsome Flyer of the Air<sup>1</sup>  
 Would e'en no living Creature spare;  
 The Dragon's War was seen full clear,  
 His salvage Malice far and near,  
 How the War-scathe<sup>2</sup> the Geatic State  
 Oppress'd with War and furious Hate.  
 Back to his Hoard ere Dawn of Day  
 And secret Hall he bent his Way,  
 When he the People of the Land  
 In Flame had wrapt with Fire and Brand;  
     He trusted in his Mound,  
 His battled Walls, his Might of Hand,—  
     Full false his Hopes he found.

Anon to Beowulf was known  
 What Deeds of Terrour had been done,  
 His home, the Weders' high Gift-Throne  
 Of Palaces most fair array'd  
 'Midst Waves of Flame in Ashes laid:  
 And this the good Man's angry Breast  
 Of all War-Sorrows most oppress'd,  
 E'en the wise Monarch ween'd that he  
 His bitter Wrath indulg'd too free,  
 Beyond what antient Laws accord,  
 'Gainst Providence,<sup>3</sup> the Eternal Lord,  
 With dark and murmuring Thoughts within  
 His Bosom boil'd,—such Thoughts were sin.  
 The fiery Dragon had o'erthrown  
 And cast his People's Castle down,  
 The Country's Fort with flaming Brand  
 Had clean destroyed from out the Land.  
 For this the Weders' warlike King  
 Taught him what Woes Revenge can bring.  
 The Lord of Earls' the Warriours' Aid  
 Had then a Shield all Iron made  
     In Blazon beautified,  
 For well he knew that wooden Shield  
 No Help in such a Fight might yield,  
     Wood may not Flame abide.

The Ætheling aye good and great  
 Must now his coming End await  
     His Life's few Days'<sup>4</sup> career,  
 And such is eke the Dragon's Fate  
     Who held the Treasures dear.  
 Unworthy him the Ring-prince<sup>5</sup> ween'd  
 To seek the widely flying<sup>6</sup> Fiend  
 Girt with a gallant Host's Array;  
 He never fear'd the Battle's Day,  
 He held at nought the Dragon's Fight  
 Unwearied Diligence and Might;  
 For many a Deed of Daring dread  
 He had erewhile accomplished  
 In Fight, since Hróthgár's fair Domain  
 Triumphantly he freed from Stain,  
 And grappling slew in Wars' Embrace  
 Foul Grendel's Kin of loathly Race:  
 Nor was it his most light Campaign  
 When Higelác his King was slain,  
 When Hrethel's Son, on Friesland's Soil,  
 Lov'd Prince of Men, in War's Turmoil,  
 Amid the Flow of War's red Drink,<sup>7</sup>  
 Beaten to Earth with Bills did sink.  
 Then came Beówulf in his Might,  
     For swimming Power had he,<sup>8</sup>  
 And on his nervous Arm were dight  
 Full thirty<sup>9</sup> Instruments of Fight  
     When plunging in the Sea.  
 Nor needed then the hostile Host,  
 Though active in the War, to boast,  
 That they before him to the Field  
 Had gone, and borne the pondrous Shield;  
 Few from the angry Warriour fled  
 And their dear Homes revisited.  
 O'er the Seal's Passage<sup>10</sup> homeward now  
 Swam the bold Son of Ecgtheów,  
 In Loneliness Distress and Pain,  
 Unto his Countrymen again,

Where Hygd unto him did propone  
Rings, Treasures, Royalty, and Throne,  
She thought not 'gainst Outlanders bold  
Her Son his Father's Throne could hold.  
But now, though Higelác was gone,

The Remnant of his People could  
In no one Thing prevail upon

The Chieftain generous and good,  
Himself o'er Heardred Lord to make  
Or for his own the Kingdom take.  
But by his friendly Counsel he  
Maintain'd his Honour joyously,  
Till he maturer Age attain'd  
And o'er the Weder-Geáts he reign'd.  
For him o'er Sea the Sons of Wrath  
The Children of Ohtere went forth,  
They had the Scylfing Prince oppress'd,  
Of all the Ocean-kings the best,  
Who in the Swío-land his Gold  
Divided, as a Chieftain bold:—

This was a Sign of Fear :  
And Higelác's bold Son receiv'd  
A Wound that him of Life bereav'd,  
'Mid Swingings of the Sear.<sup>11</sup>  
Then home the Son of Ongentheów  
Return'd, now Heardred lay full low ;

The Throne and regal State  
He left Beówulf to maintain,  
And o'er the Geátic Realm to reign.

That was a Monarch great.

#### CANTO XXXIV.

**H**E of the People's Ruin fell  
The sad Results remember'd well,  
And afterwards did Friendship show  
To Eadgills in Distress and Woe.

[4777]



O'er the wide Sea with Cohort fair  
 With War and Armament,  
 Stept<sup>1</sup> forth the Offspring of Ohtere,  
 Forc'd him the Journey cold of Care,<sup>2</sup>  
 His royal Spirit spent,  
 The Son of Ecgtheów at last  
 Had every Evil safely past  
 Of slippery Battle's valiant Deeds,  
 Till 'gainst the Dragon he proceeds  
 One luckless Day. In Anger dread,  
 By twelve brave Youths accompanied  
 The monster Dragon's Rage to meet  
 Departed then the royal Geát.  
 For he had heard how rose the Feud,  
 The War-curse that his Heroes rued :  
 Had come unto his Bosom bland  
 The Treasure Vessel sheen,  
 Through that unhappy Traitor's Hand,  
 Who form'd the thirteenth of the Band,  
 And of the Turmoil in the Land  
 The Origin had been ;  
 Who, Woe-begone in captive Chain,  
 Must, downcast, lead them o'er the Plain.  
 Against his Will he went, till he  
 The lonely Hall-of-earth might see,  
 Subterranean Barrow near the Shore,  
 Which the wild Billows battle o'er,  
 And which within was richly stored  
 With wire-chas'd ornamental Hoard  
 The salvage Warder, fierce and old,  
 Held 'neath the Earth his treasur'd Gold,  
 And no Man at an easy Fate  
 That Treasure mote appropriate.  
 The War-hard<sup>3</sup> Prince, the Geátic Thane,  
 Did seated on the Ness remain,  
 And to his Hearth-companions<sup>4</sup> true  
 Full tenderly bade adieu,  
 His Mind in sad and wandering State

And ready Death to meet ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Now measurelessly near was Fate<sup>6</sup>  
 That must the old Man greet,  
 His Spirit-treasure<sup>7</sup> penetrate  
 And Life from Body separate :  
 The Prince not long his Life shall hold  
 Inclosed within the Flesh's Fold.<sup>8</sup>  
 Thus spake Beówulf, Ecgtheów's Son :  
 " I, in my Youth, full oft have known,  
 In troublous Times, the Battle's Swell :—  
 All this I can remember well.  
 For seven Winters old was I  
     When the dear Chieftain of the Land,  
 Lord of the Geátic Treasury,  
     Receiv'd me from my Father's Hand.  
 King Hrethel me maintain'd, and gave  
 Me Treasures rich and Banquets brave.  
 For he respected Kindred's Tye,  
 Nor less beloved of him was I,  
 (A Warriour in his Castles fair,)  
 Than even his own Children were,  
 Than Háethcyn, Herebald, or e'en  
 My own dear Higelác has been.  
 For th' eldest was the Murther-bed  
 By Kinsman's Deed unseemly spread,  
 Since Háethcyn his beloved Lord  
 With Arrow from the Bow-horn<sup>9</sup> gor'd,  
 Missing his Mark, one luckless Brother  
 With bloody Arrow shot the other.  
 A Feud thus criminally made  
 With Money could not be allay'd.  
 Right sad was Hrethel's weary Heart ;  
 Still must the Prince from Life depart  
 All unaveng'd,—so sad and dire  
 A Sight it is to aged Sire  
 To bear, his youthful Son to see  
 Riding upon the Gallows-tree :<sup>10</sup>  
 And he must sing his Sorrows' Lay

While hangs his noble Child,  
 A Prize unto the Bird of prey,  
 But aged and infirm he may  
     No Aid unto him yield :  
 And Memory aye with Morning's Breath  
 Reminds him of his Offspring's Death.  
 Nor careth he within his Towers  
     For other Heir to stay,  
 Sith one by Death's malignant Powers  
     Hath sadly past away,  
 His Son's Abode he looks about  
     In Care and Grief<sup>11</sup> to find  
 The Wine-hall desolate, without  
 Its once gay festive Wassail-rout  
     The resting Place of Wind.<sup>12</sup>  
 The Hero lies in Darkness'<sup>13</sup> Thrall,  
     The Knight he sleepeth sore,  
 No Harp resoundeth in the Hall  
 Nor Joy within the Castle-wall,  
     As ever heretofore.

## CANTO XXXV.

" **T**HEN forth departeth he in Lays, [4915]  
     And sings his Song of Pain,  
 One after other every Place  
 Seems to him but an empty Space  
     Be it Abode or Plain.  
 Thus boiling Sorrow of the Breast  
 The Geáts' Protector sore oppress'd  
 For Herebald, nor could he ere  
     Upon the Murtherer wreak the Feud,  
 He could not hate the Warriour fair  
     Though sore the loathsome Deed he rued.  
 For Grief at this sad Hap he then  
 Resign'd for aye the Joys of Men,  
 He chose<sup>1</sup> at length God's blessed Light,

And left, (like those who Fortune sway,)  
 His Sons his Town and Kingdom's Might,  
 When from his Life he pass'd away.  
 And then the Sweed's and Geáts between  
 Was Evil and Contention seen,  
 And common Woe on Water wide,  
 The Curse of War, when Hrethel died,  
 Till Ogentheów's Offspring<sup>2</sup> . . . bold,  
 In Battle fierce, no Peace would hold  
 Upon the Deep, but oft would pour  
 The Ambush dread round Hreosna-burh.  
 This may my Friend in sooth relate  
 Of Feud and Crime, as Rumours state:  
 For though the hostile Chieftain gain'd  
     His Life, a Bargain dear,  
 Hæthcyn, the Angle King, sustain'd  
 Mischief and Scathe severe.  
 With Bill, I heard at Break of Day  
 Kinsman did Kinsman cast to slay,  
 When Ongentheów met Eofer bold;  
     But Helm gave way 'neath Buffet rude,  
 Pale fell to Earth the Scylfing old,  
     But well enough the deadly Feud  
 Remember'd his ferocious Hand  
 Nor curb'd the Life-swing of the Brand.  
 And I to him in full restor'd  
     In Battle's Day what Treasures he  
 To me had giv'n, with my light Sword,  
     E'en as the Power was granted me ;  
 And I receiv'd at Hrethel's Hand  
 A joyous Heritage and Land.  
 Nor had the valiant Monarch need  
 Inferiour Warriours to gain,  
 Either Gár-dane of Gyfth or Sweed,  
     And at a higher Charge maintain.  
 Before him thus I ever would  
 In Fight with Edge of Weapon good  
     Alone maintain his Wars,

And thus till Death to do I cast,  
 As long as this good Sword shall last,  
 Which, time before and time since past,  
 Has often serv'd my Cause:

Since I, 'fore Nobles of the Land,  
 That foul Day-raven,<sup>3</sup> with my Hand,  
 The Hugan's Champion shent,  
 Nor could he to the Frisian King  
 At all the fair wrought Treasure bring.

The Bosom's Ornament.

But sank, his Banner's Guard, in Fight,  
 A Prince succumbing in his Might.  
 Nor was my Sword's keen Edge his Bane,  
 I grasp'd him on the battle Plain,  
 And crush'd and shatter'd in th' Embrace  
 His Heart's Waves' bony Dwelling-place:<sup>4</sup>  
 But now must Edge of Bill, and Hand  
 For Treasure war, and harden'd Brand."

The Geatic Prince continued yet,  
 These were his latest Words of Threat:  
 "I, who in Days of youthful Might  
 Full oft have dared the dangerous Fight,  
 Now seek, my People's Guardian old,  
 In Feud my Glory to uphold,  
 If this foul Sin-scathe<sup>5</sup> dares withall  
 To meet me from his earthy Hall."  
 Then did the helm-clad Warriour fleet  
 Each of his lov'd Companions greet  
 For the last Time:—"Nor Brand nor Sear  
 Against the Dragon would I bear,  
 If with the Monster I descried  
 How else to grapple in my Pride,  
 As I with Grendel did of old;  
 But of this Battle-flame I hold  
 'Tis hot, and fierce, and poisonéd,  
 I therefore Byrnie don and Shield,  
 Nor to the Barrow's Guardian dread  
 A single Footstep will I yield;

But it shall be unto us twain  
 As Fate, Man's Maker, shall ordain,  
 Beside these Walls. My Mind is set  
 Worship and high Renown to get  
 By this War-flying<sup>6</sup> Pest. Do ye,  
 As Men at Arms in Panoply,  
 Abide upon the Hill, to see  
 Which of us two the War-rush o'er  
 Shall of his Wound recover more.  
 No Quarrel here have ye and none  
 Have other Men, 'tis mine alone  
 Hard fight with this foul Wretch to share,  
 Earlship achieve and Honours fair.  
 I'll make this golden-treasure Hoarde  
     My stalworth Valour's prey,  
 Or War's Life-bale<sup>7</sup> your aged Lord  
     Shall fiercely sweep away."

Forthwith beside his Buckler fair  
 Uprose the lofty Chief, and bare  
 Beneath the towering Cliffs of Stone  
 His Helm and his Habergeon.  
 His single Strength he trusted to,  
 As Coward ne'er would dare to do.<sup>8</sup>  
 Then by the Wall perceived the Prince,—  
 (Who, good in his Munificence,  
 Had oft o'ercome in Battle's Crash,<sup>9</sup>  
 When hostile Troops together dash,)—  
 While standing on a freestone Bridge,—  
 A Stream break from the Mountain's Ridge ;  
 The wave with Battle-flame<sup>10</sup> was hot,  
 So that unburnt the Prince could not  
 Attain the Depths where lay the Hoard,  
 So high the Dragon's Fury soar'd.  
 The Geatic Monarch then in Wrath  
 Let from his Bosom Words go forth :  
 Now storm'd the Chief of Spirit stark,  
     His Voice in loud and hostile Tone,  
 That kindled Hatred deep and dark,

Enter'd beneath the hoary Stone.  
 Full soon the Keeper of the Hoards  
 Of human Tongue perceived the Words.  
 The Warriour now may rest no more,  
 His Season of Repose is o'er,  
 Forth from the gloomy Rock at first  
     The Monster's fiery Breath,  
 War's boiling Torrent,<sup>11</sup> reeking burst,—  
     Earth thunder'd underneath.  
 Fenc'd by his Shield-rim's Covering,  
 Forthwith the Geatic Hero-king  
 Swift glided onward o'er the Plain  
     The Stranger fell to meet ;  
 The ring-bow'd<sup>12</sup> Monster's Heart was fain  
     With Battle him to greet.  
 His pondrous Sword, that Relic old  
 Reckless of Edge<sup>13</sup> the War-king bold  
     Already brandished,  
 And either of the hostile twain,  
 With Thoughts of Hate and deadly Bane,  
     Look'd on his Foe with Dread.  
 Firm by his lofty Buckler stood  
 The Ruler of Companions good,  
 With Movement quick the Dragon wound  
 His Length in tortuous Circles round,  
 Together coil'd midst flaming Glead  
 He to the Conflict doth proceed.  
 Less Time unto the Warriour brave  
 His pondrous Shield Protection gave  
 For Life and Body in the Fray  
 Than his Design requir'd that Day,  
 When he, the Day's first Part, must wield  
 High Exultation in the Field  
     As Fate did not permit.  
 Uprais'd the Geatic Lord his Hand  
 And with his mighty Relic Brand  
     The colour'd Monster hit,  
 That brown upon the Bone its Might

Of Edge relax'd and 't would not bite  
 So sharply as the Theod-king  
 Had Need, oppress'd and labouring.  
 Then was the Mountain's-guardian wrath  
     After that Buffet dire,  
 And in a Mood full salvage forth  
     He cast the murtherous Fire,  
 And gleamed in Terror wide and far  
 The dreadful Meteour<sup>14</sup> of War.  
 The Gold-prince of the Geatic Host  
 The Joy of Victory could not boast,  
 For naked at the Strife, his Sword  
 Had treacherously fail'd its Lord,  
 As ne'er should Iron good of old :  
     For 't was no Deed of light Achieve,  
 When Ecgtheow's Son, the Chieftain bold,  
     Was doom'd the earthly Plain to leave,  
     And his Desire to raise,  
 For other Dwelling-place to cast,  
 As each Man must resign at last  
     His few poor earthly Days.  
 Ere long the Wretches met again,  
     The Hoarde's Guard fresh in Fury came,  
 His stormy Bosom boil'd amain  
     With a new Voice, his Breath of Flame.  
 Right sorely was he now bested,  
     Who erst did o'er the People reign,  
 With raging Flame encompassed :  
     Nor did his Hand-companions'<sup>15</sup> Train,  
 Of Heroes' Sons a gallant-Band  
 In Battle-splendour<sup>16</sup> round him stand,  
 But sped them to the Forest's lairs  
 To save those dastard Lives of theirs.  
 Yet boil'd one faithful Heart of them  
     With Grief's indignant Might,—  
 The Force of Kindred nought can stem  
     In him who thinks aright.



## CANTO XXXVI.

[5200]

**W**IGLAF that lovely<sup>1</sup> Youth was styl'd,  
 A Scylfing Prince, and Wihstán's Child,  
 And Kinsman of Ælfhere ;  
 He saw his Lord beneath his Crest  
 By fiery Heat full sore oppress'd,  
 And in Remembrance bare  
 How Honour high he had bestow'd  
 Upon him, and the rich Abode  
 Of the Wægmondings, and moreo'er,  
 The Rights his Father held before.  
 He could not then refrain his Hand,  
 But seiz'd his yellow linden Shield,  
 And forth out-drew his antient Brand,  
 The relic Ean-mund used to wield,  
 Oht-ere's bold Son, all friendless slain  
 By Wihstán's Sword on Battle Plain,  
 Who from his Kinsman bare away  
 Brown Helm and ringéd Hawberk grey,  
 His antient Eóten Scimeter,  
 To him that Onela resign'd,  
 His valiant Comrade's Weeds-of-war,  
 Harness for Battle's Fray design'd.<sup>2</sup>  
 About the Feud, tho' he the Child  
 Of his own Brother had exil'd,  
 He ne'er would speak, but Years laid by  
 The ornamented Panoply,  
 Both Bill and Byrnie, till his Son  
 Might Worship win and Honour high,  
 E'en as his Sire before had done.  
 But 'mongst the Geáts he handed o'er  
 Of Arms to him unnumber'd Store,  
 When old, infirm, and failing fast,  
 At length away from Life he pass'd.  
 This was the first Occasion for

The youthful Hero to assay,  
 With his free Lord the Rush of War,  
 Nor did his Courage melt<sup>3</sup> that day ;  
 Nor did his Kinsman's Relic true  
 In Battle's Turmoil weaker grow,  
 And this when they together drew  
 The Dragon soon had cause to know.  
 Wig-láf his Comrades then address'd  
 In righteous Words from grieving Breast.  
 " Well has my Memory preserv'd  
 What we, whene'er the Mead was serv'd,  
 Within the Banquet-hall,  
 Did promise to our Lord ;—that we,  
 In any such Necessity,  
 Would Service do and Fealty yield  
 For these rich Trappings of the Field,  
 For Helms and Swords withall ;  
 And in this Fray, when freely he  
 Chose us his Following to be,  
 He bade us Glory mind, and gave  
 Into my Hands these Treasures brave :  
 Good Warriours he suppos'd we were  
 And valiant Men the Helm to bear :  
 And though our Lord did e'en believe  
 Alone this Action to achieve,  
 For he of all Men 'neath the Sun  
 Most Deeds of Daring wild<sup>4</sup> hath done,  
 Yet now the Day is come at length  
 When our great Monarch needs the Strength  
 Of Warriours good.—Come let us speed  
 To aid our Chieftain at his Need,  
 God wot—to me 't were far more leif  
 That with my gold-bestowing Chief  
 My Flesh were bosom'd in the Glead,<sup>5</sup>—  
 For base to me it seems indeed  
 With Bucklers home to go,  
 Unless we first have in the Strife  
 Preserv'd the Weder-Chieftain's Life,

And fell'd to Earth the Foe.  
 For well I know 't will not agree  
 With antient Right at all,  
 Of all the Geatic Chiefs that he  
 Alone should Toil and Hardship dree  
 And in the Battle fall.  
 To us the Sword and Aventayle  
 Byrnie and pondrous Shroud-of-mail  
 Shall be in common all."  
 Then Helm on Brow he quickly sped  
 Unto the Slaughter-reek<sup>6</sup>  
 To aid his Lord so sore bested,  
 And thus did briefly speak.  
 " Belov'd Beówulf now do thou  
 Full well perform that all,  
 That thou in early Youth didst vow,—  
 That while thou lived'st thou 'ld'st ne'er allow  
 Justice and Earth to fall.  
 And now shalt thou, renown'd in Fight,  
 A single-minded Ætheling,  
 Defend thy Life with all thy Might  
 And I will aid unto thee bring."  
 He said : the Dragon raging came,  
 The odious crafty-Fiend again,<sup>7</sup>  
 Illumin'd in his boiling Flame,  
 Upon his Foes, the hated Men.  
 Soon the young Warriour's Shield of Wood  
 In Flames around the Bordure stood,  
 Nor did his pondrous Shirt of Mail  
 To aid him in the Fight avail,  
 And 'neath his Kinsman's Shield he came,  
 When his was pulverized<sup>8</sup> by Flame.  
 The War-king call'd to Mind at length  
 His Glory and his mighty Strength,  
 And with his War-bill smote so rude,  
 That driv'n into the Head it stood,  
 Nægling<sup>9</sup> old Sword and gray of Hue,  
 False in the Fray, in Splinters flew.

It was not given him in that Raid  
 That Edge of Steel should be his aid;  
 Too mighty, I have heard, that Hand,  
 Too great it's Swing for any Brand,  
 That when he bare to Battle Sword  
 Wound-harden'd<sup>10</sup> 't would no Aid afford.  
 Full fierce the fiery Pest again  
 Rush'd on the war-renown'd Thane,  
 And soon repaid his Wrath amain,  
     For round his Neck he coil'd,  
 All hot and grim, with Bane full sore,  
 That he was cover'd with his Gore,  
     In Waves his Heart's Blood boil'd.

## CANTO XXXVII.

**T**HEN, in his Monarch's dire Distress, [5384]  
     The youthful Thane, I wiss,  
 Display'd a Courage wearyless  
 And stalworth Might and Skilfulness:  
     (A Nature bold was his,<sup>1</sup>)  
 Heedless of Helm, his Hand did glow<sup>2</sup>  
     To give his Kinsman Aid,  
 Downward he smote the Demon Foe  
 Full stark in Stowre so sturdy Blow  
 That blood-discolour'd deep and low  
     Div'd<sup>3</sup> in the solid Blade,  
 And the dread Flame, less fierce and slow,  
     With failing Fury play'd.  
 Again the Monarch in that Hour  
 Resum'd his Conciuousness and Power,  
 And quick his Slaughter-dagger true,  
 His Byrnie's Belt that hung unto,  
 Bitter and sharp, the Geát Prince hent,  
 And therewith up the Middle rent<sup>4</sup>  
     The Monster-dragon's Hide;  
 Thus fell'd the kindred Thaness the Foe,

And both together laid him low  
 And quell'd his reckless Pride,  
 (Thus good at Need should be a Thane,)  
 So that the Prince did Vic'try gain  
 By his earthly Deeds<sup>5</sup> of Might and Main,  
 When he the Danger tried.  
 But now the Wound the Dragon fell  
 Had wrought him, gan to burn and swell,  
 And soon he found the baleful Pest  
 Of Poison boiling in his Breast.  
 Approach'd him then the Ætheling,  
 For by the Wall the wounded King  
 Sat musing on a Stone,  
 On Gyants' Work he wond'ring gaz'd ;  
 Stone Vaults on massy Columns rais'd  
 The everlasting Cave embrac'd  
 Within its Circuit lone.  
 The Thane immeasurably good<sup>6</sup>  
 His well-lov'd Lord bestain'd with Blood,  
 The famous Chief, of Battle tir'd,  
 Did wash, and of his Health inquired.  
 Beówulf spake, and of his Wound,  
 The deadly-slaughterous Wound,<sup>7</sup> he said,  
 His Days'-while's Ending he had found,  
 His earthly Pleasures now were fled,  
 The Number of his Days gone by,  
 And Death immeasurably nigh.<sup>8</sup>  
 " And now would I to Son of mine  
 These goodly Weeds of War resign,  
 If to succeed me any Heir  
 My Body's Offspring granted were.  
 'Tis now full fifty Winters long  
 This People have I rul'd among,  
 Nor has there any neighbour King  
 Dar'd me to greet in Fight,  
 Surrounded by his Following,  
 Or Terrour to excite.<sup>9</sup>  
 In Patience have I waited for

Whatever Time has brought,<sup>10</sup>  
 And well mine own have holden, nor  
 Deceit have ever sought,  
 Nor sworn unnumber'd Oaths have I  
 In Leasing and in Perjury.  
 For this I may expect to see,  
 Now sick with mortal Pain,  
 Eternal Joy, nor needs to me  
 Man's ruler Punishment decree,  
 When Life shall forth of Body flee,  
 For Kinsman's Murther-bane.  
 To see, dear Wig-láf quickly go  
 The hoarde the hoary Stone beneath,  
 Now reft of all his Wealth, the Foe  
 Lies wounded in the Sleep of Death.  
 Haste thou, that I the Treasure old  
 May know, and the Amount of Gold,  
 And that I speedyly may see  
 The star-bespangled Jewell'ry<sup>11</sup>  
 And Gems of cunning Art,  
 That with my Life and Nation bold,  
 That I so long have joy'd to hold,  
 More softly I may part."

## CANTO XXXVIII.

[5500]

**R**IGHT quickly at his Chieftain's Word,  
 As I have heard, did Wihstán's Son  
 Obey his wounded war-sick Lord,  
 And bare his ring'd Habergeon,  
 His richly-broider'd Battle-sark  
 Beneath the Cavern's Arches dark ;  
 And as the Kindred-hero bold,  
 Exulting in his Victory,  
 Went round the Rock, full plenteous Gold  
 And Gems he glittering there did see,  
 All heavy strewn upon the Ground,

A Marvel all the Wall around,  
The Den where did the Dragon rest,  
That antient twy-light-flying Pest,—  
Of antient Men the Goblets fair  
Well chac'd, with none to own them there,  
And many a rusty Helm and old,  
With Bracelets deftly wrought in Gold,  
    Within the Cave doth bide ;  
(Full easily may Man despise  
The Wealth, in Earth that buried lies,  
    Let him who will it hide).  
And high among the Treasures brave  
He saw a golden Banner wave,  
Most wondrous of the Things he found,  
By magic Charms together bound,  
    That Light around it threw,  
That he might scan the Cave around  
    The Den of Exile view.  
The Dragon there was nowhere seen,  
He with the Sword had slaughter'd been.  
Then, as I heard, that Barrow dread,  
    By gyants wrought in Days of old,  
Was by one Hero plunderéd  
    Of all its mighty Hoarde of Gold,  
So that he loaded on his Breast,  
Dishes, and Cups, what lik'd him best,  
The Standard too away he bore  
All other Banners bright before,—  
A brass Bill edg'd with Iron keen,  
    Erewhile that long'd to antient Lord,  
To whom it had a long Time been  
    Protector of his Treasure Hoarde,  
Before his Store who bore full stark  
    The raging Flame's terrific breath,  
Hot boiling in the Midnight dark,  
    Until at length he died the Death.  
The Messenger with anxious Haste  
His Steps full speedyly retrac'd,

To give his yearning Soul Relief,  
 And know if th' daring-hearted<sup>1</sup> Chief,  
     Now sick and wounded sore,  
 The Weder Prince upon the Plane  
 He yet alive should find again,  
     As he had left before.

Then quickly with his Treasure-store  
     His Lord he found hard by,  
 The mighty Chieftain, bleeding sore,  
     The End of Life full nigh,  
 And gan to sprinkle him about  
     With Water, as at first,  
 Till Words, his Bosom's Hoarde<sup>2</sup> from out  
     His failing Spirit burst.

Beówulf spake, as from his Seat<sup>3</sup>  
 Look'd on the Gold the aged Geát  
 "Most hearty Thanks in Words I bring  
 The Lord of all, the Glory King,  
 The eternal Lord for all the Gold  
 And Treasure that I here behold,  
 That for my well-lov'd People I  
 Such Wealth have gain'd before I die,  
 Now have I bought this Treasure Hoarde,  
     At my Life's Price right prudently,  
 At the State's Need 'twill Aid afford,  
     And longer here I may not be.

Command to raise the great in Fight  
 A Mound upon the Clifty Height,  
 Bright after the funereal Fire,  
 That high on Hronesnæss may aspire  
 And to the People of my Land  
 A lasting Monument may stand,  
 That the vast Ocean's Sailors brave  
     May call Beówulf's Mound,  
 When o'er the Darkness of the Wave  
     Afar the Brentings<sup>4</sup> bound."  
 Then from his Neck the warrior King  
 Forthwith unclasp'd the golden Ring



And to the youthful Thane,  
Resigned his Helm of golden Hue,  
His royal Ring and Byrnie too.

In Gladness to retain.

“Thou art the last remaining Stay  
Of our Wœgmunding Stem,  
My Sons hath Fate swept all away,  
Earls in their Might, to Death’s dark Sway ;—  
And I must after them.”

This ere the Pyre the old Man chose,<sup>5</sup>  
The Battle-wave that furious glows,  
His Bosom’s latest Word  
And from his Breast his Spirit goes,  
To seek the blessed Doom of those,  
Who ne’er from Truth have err’d.

## CANTO XXXIX.

**T**HEN, to the youthful Hero’s Grief, [5637]  
He saw his most beloved Chief,  
As on the Earth destroyed he lay,  
With Life departing fast away.  
There also lay upon the Plain  
The Dragon dread that him had slain ;  
Bereft of Life, and quell’d by Force,  
Th’ ill-coiling<sup>1</sup> Monster can maintain  
No longer now his treasure Stores :  
But hard-wrought Shields and Sword-edge bright,  
The Trophies of the Hammers Might,<sup>2</sup>  
Have swept him forth away,  
So that the widely-flying Pest  
Sank wounded to his deadly Rest  
Near where the Treasures lay.  
Nor can he in exulting Power  
Flit through the Lyft at midnight Hour,  
Nor, proud of his Possessions, range  
Exhibiting Appearance strange,

But he is fall'n to Earth in Death  
 The War-chief's Handy-work beneath.<sup>3</sup>  
 Scarce is the Man, as I am told,<sup>4</sup>  
 The Man of Might, in Action bold,  
 Has prospered when he rushing came  
 'Gainst Poison-pest with Breath of Flame,  
 If with rash Hand he sought to make  
     A Stir in that ring Hall, and found  
 The Guardian of the Stores awake,  
     Abiding on his treasure Mound.  
 Even the great Beówulf won  
     Only with Death that lordly Store ;  
 For either mighty Champion  
     This poor Life's End was hanging o'er.  
 Meanwhile that false<sup>5</sup> and traitour Crew  
 Of Laggard-warriours<sup>6</sup> onward drew ;  
 Forth from the Forest's gloomy Shade  
     The dastard ten career,  
 Who, when their Lord had Need of Aid  
     Dar'd not to wield the Spear.  
 Asham'd their Shields and War-weeds<sup>7</sup> where  
 The aged Chieftain lay they bare,  
 On Wigláf look'd in humbled State ;—  
 The active Champion weary sate  
 Beside the Shoulders of his Lord,  
 And gently o'er him Water pour'd.  
 Yet can he nought avail, (though all  
     He would have barter'd that to gain),  
 His warrior Monarch to recall  
     And Life on Earth to him detain ;  
 Nor would the Doom of GOD's high Will  
 Turn, but rule all, as it doth still.  
 Ready on the young Hero's Part  
 Was Answer grim to each whose Heart  
     Had fail'd him in the Fight ;  
 And thus then Wigláf, Wikstán's Son,  
 Disconsolate of Heart begun,  
     And Look unloving<sup>8</sup> dight.

“Lo! well may he, whose constant Care  
 It is to speak the Truth declare,  
 Of our good Lord, whose Bounty gave  
 Those Treasures and those Trappings brave

That on your Limbs ye bear,  
 When at the Ale-bench as he sate,  
 Byrnie and Helm the Monarch great

Unto his Thanes would share,  
 Whome'er he found or near or far  
 Most valiant in the Fray,  
 That he his goodly Weeds of War,  
 Cast hastily away.

For when War superven'd, our King  
 Could little boast his Following;  
 But GOD, of Victory the Lord,

Did grant him to achieve in Fight  
 High Vengeance with his single Sword  
 When he had Need of stalworth Might.

But small Defence could I supply,  
 To guard his Life, but still have I  
 Attempt, beyond my Measure,<sup>9</sup> made  
 My Kinsman at his Need to aid.

And when with my good Sword I strake  
 The Life-pest, I more weak became,  
 But he on Purpose more out-brake,

And boil'd the more with raging Flame.  
 Too few Defenders throng'd were found  
 At Time of Need their Prince around.

Now costly Service, gift of Sword,  
 Delights that Heirship doth afford,  
 And all support, must fail your Clan:—

Stript of his Land-right every Man  
 Of all your Family must go,  
 When far the Æthelings shall know  
 Of this your dastard Flight in War,

Deed with Dishonour rife:—  
 Death to an Earl were better far  
 Than ignominious Life.”<sup>10</sup>

## CANTO XL.

**T**HE noble Work forthwith he bade [5779]  
 Known to the warrior Band be made,  
 Where on the Sea-cliff's beetling Height  
 Distress'd in Mind, with Bucklers dight,  
     The livelong Day from Morning sate  
 The Company of Earls, and they  
 The Close of that eventful Day  
     And their lov'd Lord's Return await.  
 And he who rode along the Ness,  
 Would not the novel Tale suppress,  
 But detail'd all in Faithfulness.  
 "The Chieftain of the Geatic Host,  
 The Weder Nation's Joy and Boast,  
 Dwells, by the Dragon's Prowess cast,  
 In fatal Rest, on Death-bed fast.  
 And opposite to him doth lye,  
 With Sword-wounds sick<sup>1</sup> th' old Enemy.  
 His Sword of none Avail he found  
 The scaly Monster's Hide to wound;  
 And Wihstán's Son, brave Wig-láf, o'er  
 Beówulf sits in Grief full sore,  
 Earl over Earl that lifeless sleeps  
 Head-ward of Love and Loathing keeps.<sup>2</sup>  
 Now may the Land expect, I ween,  
 The Turmoil of the Battle-scene,  
 When 'mongst the Franks 'tis widely spread  
 And Frisians, that our King is dead.  
 Full sternly with the Hugan erst  
 The deadly Feud was form'd at first,  
 When Higelác to Friesland went  
 Girt with a naval Armament:  
 And him his Foes<sup>3</sup> in War o'erthrew,  
     For boldly to the Fight  
 In overwhelming Force they drew,

So that the Warriour bold and true  
 Must bow beneath their Might.  
 Thus fell he in the battle Feud,  
 And to his Heroes brave  
 No longer Time the Chieftain good  
 The beauteous Treasure gave.  
 Since then 'twixt Mere-Wioing Race  
 And us no Peace has taken place,  
 Nor from the Sweeds a Whit can I  
 Expect of Truth or Amity:  
 For wide 'tis known of Ongentheow  
 By Hæthcyn Hrethel's Son laid low,  
 At Hrefna-wood when in their Pride  
 The Scylfings first to Geát-land hyed.  
 To him the Father of Oht-here  
 Dread, wise, and aged gave  
 Full soon a Blow of Hand,<sup>4</sup> and tare  
 From out his Troop of Virgins fair  
 The Ocean-captain brave.  
 The antient Man the Mother old  
 Of Onela and Oht-here bold,  
 Robb'd of her Gold, with him did take,  
 And for the Murtherers did make  
 A hot Pursuit, untill that they,  
 Reft of their Lord in that Affray,  
 To Hrefnes-holt scarce made their Way.  
 Then whom the Sword had left as yet,  
 Weary with Wounds, he sore beset,  
 And all Night long full oft did he  
 Woe to the hapless Race decree;  
 He said that he at Break of Day  
 Some with the Dagger's Edge would slay,  
 And others, for his Sport,<sup>5</sup> that he  
 Would hang upon the Gallows-tree.  
 But Comfort rose with early Day  
 To the sore-hearted Troop, when they  
 Heard swell the Trumpets' Echo bright  
 And Horn of Higelác;

The good Chief, with his People's Might,  
Was coming on their Track.

## CANTO XLI.

[5887]

**T**HEN valiant Sweeds and Geáts between  
The bloody Sward was widely seen,  
The Rush of men to Slaughter rude,  
And how the Folk did whet the Feud.  
Earl Ongen-theów, the good Chief, then  
Turn'd with his Comrades back again,  
Aged and sorrowful, to reach  
A Fastness on the Ocean's Beach:  
He'd heard of all the Hrethling's Might  
And the proud Chieftain's Skill in Fight,  
Nor trusted that he could withstand  
His Foeman's warlike Sailor Band,  
And 'gainst their desperate Onslaught hold  
His Child, his Bride, and Hoarde of Gold:  
So the old Chief retreated thence  
Beneath his Earth-incampment's Fence.  
Then did the Sweeds unto our King  
Possessions tender, and to bring  
    A Banner's Tribute due,  
Forth went they o'er the peaceful Plain;—  
Then Hrethling Warriours thronged amain  
    Around the fated crew.  
The grey-hair'd Ongen-theów's Delay  
Was with the Sword aveng'd that day,  
So that the Theód-king must own  
The Sway of Eofer's will alone.  
And him did Wulf, great Wonred's Child,  
With Weapon reach in Anger wild,  
That for that Souse the Blood amain  
Sprang 'neath his Hair from out the Vein.  
Yet not a Whit of craven Fear  
    The Scylfing old betray'd,

But with a Buffet more severe  
     The Battle-thrust repaid.  
 For when the Theód-monarch round  
 Did thither turn, no single Wound  
 Could the swift Blade of Wonred's Son  
 Inflict the aged Man upon,  
 Who smote through th' Helm upon his Crown  
 So that blood-stained he bowed him down.  
 To Earth he fell, not yet in Death,  
 Though scath'd by Wound, he 'scap'd with Breath.  
 With broad Blade Higelác's bold Thane,  
 Where lay his Brother on the Plain,  
 Let the old Eóten Sword o'erwhelm  
 O'er the Shield-wall the Entish Helm.  
 To Earth the People's Shepherd bent,  
 The aged King—his Life was shent.  
 But many round his Kinsman wound<sup>1</sup>  
 And raised him quickly from the Ground,  
     Sith all the Slaughter-plain  
 Room to command was for them found,<sup>2</sup>  
     While Thane did plunder Thane.  
 From Ongentheów they took away  
     His hard Hilt-sword and iron Vest,  
 The Trappings of the Warriour grey  
     Were thence by Higelác possess'd,  
 Who promis'd for them Guerdon high,  
 And kept his Promise gallantly.  
 The War-rush did the Geátic Lord,  
 Great Hrethel's Offspring, from his Hoard,  
 When home return'd, right well reward  
     To Wulf and Eofer bold,  
 For he, beside the Treasures brave,  
 To each a hundred thousand gave,  
     Land and lock'd Rings of Gold.  
 And no Man on the wide Earth may  
 Reproach them with the Gifts, for they  
     Fought for their Honours high.<sup>3</sup>  
 To Eofer too he gave withall

His Daughter, Glory of his Hall,  
 Dear Gage of Amity.  
 This is the Enmity and Feud,  
 The Murtherous-hate<sup>4</sup> of Men of Blood,  
 The Reason which, I ween, will pour  
 The Sweón Race upon our Shore,  
 When they shall hear that our great Lord  
 Lies lifeless, who both Realm and Hoard  
 Of Scyldings brave 'gainst Foes did hold  
 After the Fall of Heroes bold,  
 The Rede his People had conceiv'd  
 Fulfilling gallantly,<sup>5</sup>  
 And even farther yet achiev'd  
 Exploits of Earlship high.  
 The sooner now the better far  
 To look upon our Theód-king,  
 And him who gave us Rings to bring  
 Aloft on the funereal Car.  
 And at the noble Monarch's Pyre  
 No Hero's Gold shall melt in Fire,  
 For here are Treasures all untold,  
 A grimly purchas'd Hoard of Gold  
 And now with his own Life at last  
 He bought the Rings, which shall be cast  
 To greedy Fire-brand to devour  
 And for the Flame to cover o'er.  
 No Earl shall for Memorial bear  
 This Treasure fair to see,  
 Nor Maiden on her Neck shall wear  
 The ringéd Jewell'ry.  
 But stript of Gold and sorrowing  
 Not once, but oft, shall all  
 Tread foreign Lands, since now our King,  
 Hath laid aside his Revelling,  
 His Wit, and Song withall.  
 The Lance at Morn shall cold be found,  
 Heav'd in the Hands, in Hands whirl'd round,  
 Nor shall the Harp with Morning's gale



The Warriour wake, but Raven pale<sup>6</sup>  
 Soaring all greedy o'er the Dead  
 Shall tell the Eagle how he sped  
 When with the Wolf upon the Plain  
 At even Meal he stript the Slain,"

Thus spake the active Wight,  
 A Speech full dreary to be heard,  
 But be it Weird or be it Word,

He was not far from right.

Rose the whole Troop dispirited,  
 Whom boiling Tears bedew,  
 And 'neath the Eagle's Nest they sped  
 The Wonder dread to view.

There, lifeless on the sandy Ground,  
 Stretch'd on the Bed of Death, they found  
 The Chief who gave them Rings before;—  
 The good Man's ending Day was o'er.  
 The warrior-King, the Weders' Pride  
 A Death full marvellous had died.<sup>7</sup>

And, yet more wondrous to behold,  
 They also saw the Dragon old,  
 As opposite upon the Plain  
 He lay, a loathly Object slain,  
 Bescorch'd with Glead, and grim to view,  
 And fifty Feet in Measure too

As there outstretch'd at length he lay.

He had maintain'd the Joys of Flight  
 Through the dark Atmosphere of Night,  
 And down had wended in his Might,

A Visit to his Den to pay.

But he was now in Death-bonds fast,  
 His Earth-cave's Joys for ever past.  
 And near him Cups and Vases, Hoardes  
 Of Dishes lay, and pretious Swords,  
 Rusty and eaten through, as they

Beneath the Bosom of the Earth

A thousand<sup>8</sup> Winters dwelling lay,  
 Sith that Heir-loom of mighty Worth,

Of antient Men the Treasure sheen,  
 By Spells incompass'd round had been,  
 So that no Man might e'er approach  
 That antient Hall of Rings to touch,  
 Had not great GOD himself on high,  
 The very King of Victory,  
     Giv'n it to whom He would,  
 (Since Man He looks with favour on,)  
 To ope the Hoarde, e'en such a one  
     As unto him seem'd good.

## CANTO XLII.

**T**HE Strife, it then was clearly seen, [6111]  
 To him had unpropitious been,  
 Who in Unrighteousness and Sin  
 Had hidden Ill his Mound within.  
 The Keeper of the Hill had slain  
 Some one among the Sons of Men,  
 Then Vengeance sore the Feud did bring:—  
 And where is Cause for Wondering?  
 The Earl, of high Renown in Strife,  
 Had fared unto the End of Life,  
 For with his Children no Man may  
 Long occupy the Mead-bench gay.  
 So it befell Beówulf, when  
 He sought the Mountain-warder's Den,  
 The crafty Demon, nor wherethrough  
 Should be his World's-off-cutting<sup>1</sup> knew.  
 Till Doomsday thus the Rulers' dread  
 What's done have deeply treasured,  
 So that the Man with Sin bestain'd  
 May fast in Hell-bonds be detain'd,  
 Punish'd for aye with Sights of Dread  
     Who wasted Earths' fair Plain,  
 Better he ne'er had compassed  
     His sateless Greed of Gain.

Wigláf, the Son of Wihstán, spake :

“ Oft many an Earl, I ween,  
Shall suffer for one Hero's sake,  
As unto us hath been.

The People's Shepherd, our lov'd King,  
We ne'er could to our Counsel bring,  
That he should not to Fight defy  
The Treasure-guard, but let him lye

Where he had lain before,  
Inhabiting his Dwelling steep,  
Holding his high imbattl'd Keep  
Till the World's Days are o'er.

The grim-gain'd Hoarde is giv'n to view,  
Too strong the Grant him thither drew :<sup>2</sup>

I therein made me Room to see  
The House's Treasures all,  
Hard Journey was permitted me  
Under the earthy Wall.

A vast main Burthen quick I caught  
In Hand, and to my Monarch brought.  
As yet he lived, and not a few

On me his last Commands he laid,  
Aged, and wise, and keen,—and you

Kindly to greet for him he bade :  
And o'er the Spot, whereon shall blaze  
His funeral Pile, he bids you raise,  
Lofty and vast the Mound of Fame,

According to his Deeds of Worth,  
E'en as most worshipful his Name  
Of Warriours widely o'er the Earth,

What Time he could enjoy in Health  
His City's Opulence and Wealth.

Now let us haste and seek once more  
To see the insidious Treasure Store,

The Wonder 'neath the Wall,  
For scarce enough as I declare  
Can ye admire those Treasures fair  
Rings and broad Gold withall.

Now let them haste, the Bier prepare,  
     'Gainst we come back again,  
 And we will then our Monarch bear,  
 The most belov'd of Men, to where  
 In GOD's bless'd Covenant<sup>3</sup> and Care  
     Long time he shall remain"  
 The War-beast,<sup>4</sup> Wihstán's Son, then bade  
 Both wide and far Command be made  
 To Chiefs o'er Houses bearing Sway,  
     That Wood to build the funeral Pyre  
 They should from far Estates convey,  
     To meet the good Prince at the Fire.  
 " Now shall the wan Flame wax amain,  
     Now shall the Glead devour  
 The Heroes' King, who did sustain  
     Full oft the Iron Shower,  
 When Storms of Darts propell'd with Might  
 Over the Shield-wall took their Flight,  
     Withstood the Arrow's Cast  
 With Feathers wing'd, and onward right  
     With Arrows cover'd pass'd."  
 Now Wiglaf's Care from out the Crew  
 Of royal Thanes the noblest drew,  
 And 'neath the treacherous Roof went he,  
 Eight Heroes for his Company,  
 While one bold Youth, a Torch in Hand  
 Proceeded foremost<sup>5</sup> of the Band.  
 And no one then was present there  
 'Mongst them by lot that Hoarde to share,  
 For keeperless some Part they view'd  
 Uncar'd for in the Hall lye strew'd,  
 And little any one did care  
 Quick the dear Treasures<sup>6</sup> forth to bear.  
 Then cast they from the Ness's Brow  
 The Dragon to the Waves below,  
 And let the Floods imbosom deep  
 The Wretch who did the Treasure keep.  
 Then was the Hoarde of twisted Gold,

Of every Kind a Store untold,  
 Laden upon a Wain,  
 And thus the valiant Ætheling  
 The hoary-headed warrior King,  
 Was unto Hrones-ness ta'en.

## CANTO XLIII.

**T**HE People of the Geáts then made [6268]  
 A mighty<sup>1</sup> Pile and broad  
 With Helms bedeck'd and Shields array'd  
 And Byrnies bright, as he them bade,  
 And in the Midst the Heroes layd,  
 Weeping, their Prince of lofty Grade,  
 Their well belovéd Lord.  
 Then gan the Warriours on the Mound  
 The mightiest of funereal Fires  
 To wake, black Wood-smoke circling round  
 From Matter's-enemy<sup>2</sup> aspires.  
 Its Roar with Weeping mingled pass'd,  
 And Wind urg'd blending, till at last,  
 Hot on the Breast, it open rent  
 The Bosom's bony Tenement.<sup>3</sup>  
 With grieving Mind the Chiefs deplor'd  
 The Death of their belovéd Lord,  
 And such a Song of Mourning loud  
 [They<sup>4</sup> sang, the while] the winding Crowd  
 [Of] Virgin[s all in weeping sore  
 Grievous] enough their Sorrows pour,  
 [That they their Prince, their Cities'] Head,  
 [The Troop's Defence,] the Battle's Dread,  
 [Saw the] wan [Flame infold,]  
 The Warriour-helm upon his Head,  
 While Smoke through Heaven [roll'd.]  
 Then rais'd the Geátic People o'er  
 The Billows of the Ocean's Shore  
 A mighty Mound, both broad and high,

That far the Sailors might espy.  
 Ten Days they laboured at the Mound,  
 The Beacon of the War-renown'd,  
     Of Funeral Pyres the best,  
 And with a Wall they fenced it round,  
 As antient Men in Art profound  
     Most worthy did suggest.  
 Then on the Pile the golden Rings,  
     And Jewels bright, and Gems they pour'd,  
 Whate'er the valiant Æthelings  
     Had taken from the Dragon's Hoarde.  
 The Prince's mighty Treasure then  
 To Earth was left to hold again,  
     Upon the Sand a golden Store,  
 Where still it lyeth, unto Men  
     As useless as it was before.  
 The Troop of Princes rode around,  
 The Beasts-of-war<sup>5</sup> about the Mound,  
 In Number twelve, and they would sing,  
 And call to Mind their valiant King,  
 Themselves would speak, pour forth their Lays,  
 His Earlship laud, his Valour praise,  
 With Praise they judg'd him, as 'tis good  
 A Man his well-lov'd Sovereign should  
 Extol in Words and love in Heart,  
 When from the Body he must part,  
     A useless Thing henceforth to be.  
 Their Sorrow for their well-lov'd Lord  
 The Geatic People thus out-poured,  
     His Comrades dear, and said that he,  
     Of Kings throughout the Earth,  
 Was e'en the gentlest to Mankind,  
 The Man of most benignant Mind  
 The Prince most to his People kind,  
     Most earnest after Worth.<sup>6</sup>



## NOTES.

### INTRODUCTORY CANTO.

<sup>1</sup> **G**AR-DANES. The Anglo-Saxons often compounded even the Names of Nations with Words relative to War or some Attribute of the People, as e. g. Gár-Danes, from *gár* a *dart*, as indicative of warlike Greatness, Hring-Danes, i. e. rich, having many Rings, Heatho-Scylfings *War-Scylfings*.

<sup>2</sup> *Feá-ŕceapt funden*. It was Scéf and not Scyld who was so founden according to the Chroniclers. See Introduction p. xvi.

<sup>3</sup> *Oŕen hron-ráde*.

<sup>4</sup> *Beáza brýttan*. The Distributer of Rings. I imagine that Rings were the circulating Medium of the Time referred to, and used as Coin. Abundance of this Sort of Coin, and Scales for weighing it, as well as many Bracelets and other antient Ornaments may be seen in the Copenhagen Museum, which the extensive Learning and attentive Diligence of Professor Thomsen have rendered the most perfect and best arranged Collection of Northern Antiquities in the World. Still undoubtedly Rings and Bracelets of great Value and elaborate Workmanship were worn by both Sexes, and were frequently presented to Victors and Heroes as the Guerdons of their Achievements.

<sup>5</sup> This Method of disposing of the Dead, though not usual, was not unknown in the North. In the Edda of Sæmund, vol. ii. p. 120, when Sigmundr's Son, Sinfiötli is murdered by his Mother Borghildr, then "Sigmúndr bar hann lán-gar leidir í fangi ser. ok kom at firpi einom mióvom ok löngom. ok var þar skip eitt litþ ok maðr einn á. Han bauþ Sigmundi far of fiörþinn. En er Sigmúndr bar líkit út á ski-

pit. þá var báttrinn hlaðinn. Karl mælti at Sigmundr skyldi fara fur inn á fiörðinn. Karl hratt út skipino ok hvarf þegar." *Sigmundr bare him a long Way in his Bosom and came to a narrow and long Ford, and there was a little Vessel and one man in it. He promised Sigmundr to go over the Ford. Sigmundr put the Body into the Vessel, and then was the Boat laden. The Churl told Sigmundr that he would go first into the Ford. He thrust off the Ship and vanished.*

## CANTO I.

<sup>1</sup> Forð-ge-nímed  
On þoruld þócon.

<sup>2</sup> Þýrðe ic.

<sup>3</sup> Ongentheów. The Words here supplied from Mr. Kemble's Conjecture, are "o'er the Tide who passed, ofær ræ rohte.

<sup>4</sup> Buton folc-rcare  
And feornum gumena.

<sup>5</sup> Ðá ic ríðe ge-ferægñ.

<sup>6</sup> On fýrte ge-lomp.

<sup>7</sup> Heorot is probably Roskilde, said to have been built by Roe, the Hróthgár of our Poem. Old H. D. Hruod-gér, Ruëdeger, Rudeger; Engl. Roger.

<sup>8</sup> Wæcnan rcolðe. Was destined to grow weak. The meaning of this and the preceding Lines, 164-170, is rather obscure. In the Original they stand thus,

þeapó pylma bád                   It awaited the hostile Whelm  
Láðan lízer.                         Of loathly Flame.

Ne þær hit lenge þá zen       Nor was it long moreover be-  
fore

Ðæt re recg hete                   That the hero bade [his Fol-  
lowers]

Æðum rferian.                   Swear with Oaths [of Fealty].  
Æfter þæl-níðe                   Afterwards through deadly  
Malice

Wæcnan rcolðe.                   He should [i. e. was fated to]  
become weak

This seems a difficult and unconnected Construction; and whether Hróthgár's Palace ever were destroyed by Fire I know not. Perhaps we may suppose an Attempt on the Part of the Enemy to burn it during the Progress of the Work: then, by reading the last line þræcan rýlðe, the construction becomes simpler, and translates "Nor was it long r



over after the [Act of] deadly Malice that the Hero bade [his Followers] swear with Oaths to avenge the Guilt." This was too bold an Alteration to admit into the Text, but if the Reader prefer it he may instead of the two Lines "But afterwards . . . . . abate" substitute the following :

The Hero bade his Followers swear  
For insult on his Palace fair  
The Wrong to compensate.

<sup>9</sup> Wlīte-beophhtne pang

Spá pæteþ be-búgeð.

<sup>10</sup> Fífel-cynner eapn.

<sup>11</sup> The Notion of evil Monsters being bred from the Race of Cain seems to have arisen from Gen. vi. 4. The latter verse states :

הַנְּפִלִים הָיוּ בָאָרֶץ בְּיָמֵי הָהֵם וְגַם אֲחֵרֵי-כֵן  
אֲשֶׁר יִבְאוּ בְּנֵי הָאֱלֹהִים אֶל-בָּנוֹת הָאָדָם וַיִּלְדוּ  
לָהֶם הַקְּמָה הַנְּפִרִים אֲשֶׁר קָעוּלָם אֲנָשֵׁי הַשָּׁמַיִם :

*There were Abortive (or Monstrous) Births (Vulg. Gigantes) in the Earth in those days, and also after that the sons of Elohim went in unto the daughters of Men and generated of them : There were the Heroes of old, men of name : and it was no doubt from the Traditions relative to the meaning of this obscure Verse, that Abulfarag (Edit. Kirsch and Le Brun. pp. 4, 5) took his account, which runs thus :*

כִּנְחִישׁ בְּמִיָּה . כִּן אֶלְחִסִּים חֲנוּטִים לְסִתָּא  
לְעִתָּא בְּכַחֲבִימִיָּה . שְׁלֵמֵה לְהֵזֶן בְּמִיָּה עֲדָה .  
סִמְיָה כִּנְחִישׁ בְּחִתָּא סִמְיָה כִּן נְסִימִיָּה כִּן  
וְסִיָּה . סִדְלָה סִדְלָה אֶלְחִסִּים חֲתָּא סִמְיָה לְסִתָּא  
..... חֲמִלָּה בְּלִכְחָה בְּלִכְחָה נִמְלָה חִיב  
לְסִתָּא כִּן לְעִתָּא בְּמִיָּה עֲדָה . אִמְרַ עֲלִימֵה נְקֻמָּה .

עֲלֵהֶם וְכַסְּמֵם שָׂדֵי חַדְוָה בְּלִבָּם וְיִמְשָׁלוּ.  
 חֲבוּ אֶלְנֵי נַפְשֵׁם לַיַּעֲבָדִים יִמְתָּן. מֵאֵלֶּה אִנְשֵׁי אֲמִתּוֹת  
 חֲתִיב עֵיטִים אֶלְנֵהֶם. אֲמִמְרָם בְּלִבָּתָּם זָלָה מִמֶּלֶךְ.  
 אֲמֵרָם בְּיַד־לֵבָי לַשֵּׁרָפִים חֲתָלְסוֹתָם. סָזָלָה שֶׁבָּן אֶלְנֵהֶם  
 לֵבָי חֲתִיב שָׂאִי. סִנְמָרָם נִבְּלָן. אֲוִלְנֵי־סֵיבִיבִי  
 בְּמַעֲלֹתָם בְּאֶרֶץ מַלְאָכֵי־חַיִּים סִבְּוִן־אִמָּן.  
 אֲוִלְנֵי־לֵבָי לַשֵּׁרָפִים מִלְּבָבִי סִבְּוִן־אִמָּן בְּמַעֲלֹתָם  
 חֲתָלְסוֹתָם

*In the Time of Shith (Seth) when his Sons remembered the good Lives that (they led) in Paradeise, they went up to the Mount of Chermon (Hermon), and lived in pure and holy Conversations, abstaining from Matrimony, and from this they were called Angels and Sons of Elohim. . . . . In the thousandth Year of tne World, the Sons of Elohim descended from the Mountain of Chermon, about two hundred Souls, because they had cast away the Hope of a Return to Paradeise; and when they asked Women in Marriage, their Brethren the Sons of Shith and Enosh despised them, and, as Transgressors against their Covenant, agreed to withhold from them their Daughters. On this they departed to the Sons of Cain, and took Wives, and begat Gyants of name, chiefly celebrated for Murther and Plunder. They set up for themselves the first King, a Man whose Name was Samiazus. The Arabic Chronicle published by Poccocke p. 8, agrees almost Word for Word.*

Without doubt the <sup>ו</sup>עֲבָדִים of the Jacobite Primate

are the גִּבְרִיִּים of Moses: whether Gyants or Heroes, but certainly generally considered as Gyants, and this most likely gives the old Eastern Legend on the Subject, whence the Rest has grown. This Theory of the Origin of Orks,

Elves, Gyants, &c. appears to have been unknown to Cædman, who gives the Progeny of Cain as it appears in Moses. See also Canto XXIV. note 3.\*

## CANTO II.

<sup>1</sup> Grim and ghrædig.

<sup>2</sup> Gumum un-dýrne.

<sup>3</sup> Wær þ ge-pin tó rtranꝰ  
Láð 7 long-rum.

<sup>4</sup> Wær tó færτ on ðam.

<sup>5</sup> This and the following lines are to me very obscure, in the Original they stand thus,

Ðá pær eáð-fýnde	Then was easily found [by any one]
Ðe him eller-hfær	Who would himself elsewhere
Ge-rúmlícop þærτε	More comfortably Rest,
Bed æfteþ búrum	A Bed in the Bowers (Chambers) [than there]
Þá him ge-beácnoð þær.	Where he was called [to keep guard]

i. e. in the Hall. The substance of which is, that it was easy to find a safer Place to sleep than the Castle-hall. Mr. Kemble translates the Passage thus: "Since there was easily to be found, (that which elsewhere rested too much at large for him) beds throughout the bowers, there, whither he was beckoned:" which I do not understand. Dr. Ettmuller renders it:

"Leicht war auffindbar dem, der anderswo  
Geräumlicher rastete, der Recken jedem  
Bett in dem Bauten, wenn ihm geboten ward."

and adds as a note, "Die Dänen nahmen nur ungern ihr

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\* For farther Information on the subject of the Gyants and Semyaza, see the ጽሑፍ:ሪኅ ስ:፲፱, or Book of Enoch the Prophet, capp. vii. viii. ix. and x. i. e. pp. 5—11, of the Ethiopic Text edited by Abp. Lawrence, and prefixed to the Abp.'s English Version of this Work, which he published the same year (1838), there is an Introduction, in which the learned Editor and Translator expresses his Opinion that the Traditions of the Book of Enoch originated in the Jewish Zohar and other Cabbalistic Works. The Passages are however too long to extract.

Nachtlager in Heorot, wenn sie die Burg zu bewachen dahin enboten wurden, da sie an jedem anderen Orte mit grosserer Bequemlichkeit (geräumlicher) ruhten." Dr. Grundtvig appears not to notice the passage.

<sup>6</sup> Feorh-bealo.

<sup>7</sup> Men ne cunnon

þryðeþ hel-rúnan

þryrftum reþíþað.

<sup>8</sup> Gárr-bona. i. e. Odin.

<sup>9</sup> Fæðeþ-þæþum. Surely the latter Portion of this Canto bears the stamp of Christian Authorship, too palpably to be mistaken.

### CANTO III.

<sup>1</sup> Σεάδ. Similar is the Expression in the Lines quoted by Cicero at the Opening of the De Senectute.

O Tite, si quid ego adiuero curamve levasso,

Quæ nunc te coquit et versat in pectore fixa.

<sup>2</sup> Beðwulf the Hero of the Poem.

<sup>3</sup> On þæm dæge

þýrreþ lífeþ.

<sup>4</sup> Yþ-lidan, i. e. the Ship. The same is the meaning of Sunð-puðu, Wudu-bundenne and many other expressions that we shall meet with. Span-ráðe. Swans-path, i. e. Sea.

<sup>5</sup> Στηθάμαρ pundon

Sunð þíþ rande.

<sup>6</sup> Weders are the same as Geáts.

<sup>7</sup> Gúð-ge-þædo.

<sup>8</sup> Þine fýr-þýt þræc. His Curiosity brake him down, i. e. overcame every other Feeling.

<sup>9</sup> Lagu-rráte.

<sup>10</sup> Neþne him hīr plíte leoze

Æn-líc an-rýn.

<sup>11</sup> Ofort īr feleþe.

### CANTO IV.

<sup>1</sup> Worð-horð on-leac.

<sup>2</sup> Éapeð þurh eþran.

<sup>3</sup> Þurh rúmnne reþan.

<sup>4</sup> Bīrīgu.

<sup>5</sup> Se þe þe pel ðenceð.

<sup>6</sup> Wudu punden halp.

<sup>7</sup> The Boar or Boar's-head was the Crest of the Helmet. This Animal was sacred to the Goddess Freya, and it's Image was considered as an Amulet in War and Defence to the Wearer's Life. See Kemble's Glossary in v. Eðfeþ.

<sup>8</sup> Þilde-ðeór.

## CANTO V.

<sup>1</sup> Þearð, hond-locen.

<sup>2</sup> Song.

<sup>3</sup> In hýna zrnýne-geatpum.

<sup>4</sup> Býrnan hringdon. Mr. Kemble renders this: *They placed in a ring their mail-coats*: making a Word hringian, *In circulo disponere*. I think we may render it: *Their byrnies rang*: from the Verb hringan.

<sup>5</sup> Inen-ðneát.

<sup>6</sup> Ðá þær plonc hæleð

Then there a proud Warriour

Orer-mecgar

The Sons-of-battle

Æfterhæleþum frægþ.

Concerning the Heroes ask-

ed i. e. asked them concerning themselves.

<sup>7</sup> Þearð under helme.

<sup>8</sup> Word æfter rrræc.

<sup>9</sup> Ðrá ðú béna earþ and again presently þý béna rýnt.

<sup>10</sup> Ofen geofener be-ganþ, the *ύγρα κέλευθα* of Homer.

## CANTO VI.

<sup>1</sup> Ðæt he þrittiger

Manna mæzen-cræft

Of hif mund-znipe

þeabo-þór hæbbe.

<sup>2</sup> Two Lines something to this Effect seem here to be omitted, the second whereof might perhaps be Wulþ-zár maðe-lode.

<sup>3</sup> Ðæ-pýlmar. The Sea-boilings, Heats.

<sup>4</sup> Þearð-hicgende.

<sup>5</sup> Neano-þearþe ðneáh.

<sup>6</sup> Ac ic mid zrnápe rceal

ƒón rið feonde.

And ýmb feorh racan

Láð rið láðum.

<sup>7</sup> Mearcað pen-hópu.

<sup>8</sup> A warrior's Heriot, i. e. his Horse and Arms, were on his Death the Property of his Lord.

<sup>9</sup> The Account of the celebrated Weland, or Völundr, may be found in the Völundar Quida of the Edda Sæmundar, and in the Wilkina Saga c. xxi. et seq. Weland and his two Brethren lived in Sweeden. One day beside a Lake they met three Ladies whom they took home and married. The Ladies, being Wælcyrrian, flew away one Morning. The two Brethren set out in search of their Wives, but Weland staid at home and practised his Art. Nidung a King in Sweeden had him seized, the Sinews of his Legs cut (so as to render him unable to take active Revenge), and confined him on an Island there to labour for his Oppressor. He however murdered the King's Sons, and seduced his Daughter Bödvilr. There was at that Time a celebrated Smith, Amilias, who challenged Weland to a Trial of Skill. Amilias forged a Suit of Mail, and Weland fabricated the Sword Miming, wherewith he cut a thread of Wool lying on the Water; but not satisfied with it, he reforged it, and it then cut through the whole Ball of floating Wool. Being still dissatisfied, he again committed it to the Flames, and at the End of seven Weeks produced so excellent a Weapon, that it cut through a whole Bundle of Wool floating in Water. Amilias, trusting to his Armour, sat down on a Stool, and bade Weland strike him. Weland did so, and there being no apparent Effect, asked Amilias what the Sensation was. Amilias said it was as though cold Water had passed through his Bowels, on which Weland bade him shake himself. On doing so the Effect of the blow was apparent; he fell dead in two pieces. The Fame of Weland is not yet extinct, he yet lives in the Superstitions relative to Wayland Smith. See also Grimm. Heldensage, p. 14, 20. and Teut. Mythol. 221.

## CANTO VII.

<sup>1</sup> Dá hine zána cýn  
For hepe-brózan  
ðabban ne mihte.

<sup>2</sup> Þorð-burh hæleþa.

<sup>3</sup> Ορεν πατερεν ηνύεζ. This is exactly analogous to the Homeric Expression 'Επ' εὔρεα νῶτα θαλασσηζ.

<sup>4</sup> Done dol-rcapan dáda ze-tráfan, i. e. take his Life.

<sup>5</sup> Ορετ-μεεζαρ beore ðrunone. The Anglo Saxon

Word *druncen* does not seem always to have the opprobrious Meaning of the English Word *Drunken*, but merely implies the Notion of social Gaiety at Table. A parallel case is the Hebrew word *שָׂכַר*. Thus when in Gen. xliii. 33. it

is said concerning Joseph's brethren : *וַיִּשְׂתְּרוּ וַיִּשְׂכְּרוּ עִמּוֹ*;

it can hardly mean that "they drank and were drunken with him," but simply drank and made merry with him.

<sup>6</sup> *ῥεορο-δρεόρε.*

## CANTO VIII.

<sup>1</sup> *On-bánd beádo-pune.*

<sup>2</sup> *Μάστον μερε-στράτα.*

<sup>3</sup> The Words *ῥρόν-φιx* the *Whalefish*, *Μερε-φιx* *Sea-fish*, or *Μερε-δεόν* *Sea-beast*, &c. are often used. "These Creatures in *Beowulf* are more like the Seals of our popular Superstitions. They are the Enemies of Man, and looked upon as possessing Intellect and Manners which bear a Resemblance to our own." Kemble Glos. in v. *φιx*.

<sup>4</sup> *ῥεανδ hond-locen.*

## CANTO IX.

<sup>1</sup> *Deónan ῥεορδε.*

<sup>2</sup> *ῤεορδum á-ῥρεφεδε be ýῑ-láφε.* *On the wave-leaving*, i. e. on the Shore where the Wave leaves what it casts up, as Seaweed, Sheels, &c.

<sup>3</sup> In the *Edda Sæm.* (*Brynbildar-quida*, l. xv. In Grimm's Edit. 16.) the Sun is called the Shield that stendr fur skín-anda goði, that stands before the shining God.

<sup>4</sup> *Windige peallar.*

<sup>5</sup> The Intervention of a personal Fate, *Wýrd*, was still evidently Matter of Belief. In a Note upon Saxo (p. 15) in Stephanius. *Notæ uberiores* p. 52, Bishop Brynholm says: "*Fatum universus Septentrio et Stoicam de necessitate opinionem, magno affirmavit consensu; contra quam nec res, nec consilium, nec humana virtus ulla, quicquam posset. Hinc adeo omnium heroum in extremis vitæ periculis, unanimis vox erat, quæ presentem statum solaretur. Ei ma feigum forda, nie ófeigun í hel koma; i. e. nec qui morti*

destinatus est fugere, nec non destinatus morti adduci potest." See many Expressions of a like Tendency in Olaf Tryggveson's Saga and other Places, and again Canto xxx. p. 83, and xxxii. p. 88, and other Passages of this Poem.

<sup>6</sup> Billa þrónan.

<sup>7</sup> Déah ðín þiz duge.

<sup>8</sup> Sprefeð, ond-geudeð.

<sup>9</sup> These Lines, Mr. Kemble thinks, go to confirm the View we have taken of the Poem, as not of Saxon but Angle or Geatic Origin, as Ethelwulf was the first West Saxon King, (and the other Saxon Tribes he thinks would in all Probability have the same Custom) who allowed his Queen Judith, daughter of Charles the Bald, to sit beside him on the Throne, and that was in the ninth Century. Asser tells the Tale thus. "Sed ille . . . . . Juditham Karoli regis filiam, quam a patre suo acceperat, juxta se in regali solio suo, sine aliqua suorum nobilium controversia et odio, usque ad obitum vitæ suæ, contra perversam illius gentis consuetudinem, sedere imperavit." Asser. p. 9. 10. 11. But when we consider the Origin of the Custom alluded to, and that it dated no farther back than the Reign of Beohtric Ethelwulf's Grandfather, who died A. D. 800, it will not seem probable that it was the Custom of all the Saxon Tribes. The Custom originated in the Hatred of the West Saxons to the wicked Queen Eadburh, wife of Beorhtric, as Asser states on the Authority of Ælfred himself. The Crime which caused her to be driven out of England, was the Murther of her Husband. She had prepared Poison for a young Nobleman, to whom the King was much attached, (and who in the Saxon Chronicle is called Worr) and against whom she could get no Grounds for an Accusation. The King, as well as the Youth, drinking of the poisoned Fluid, both fell Victims; the indignant People drove Eadbuhr from the Country, and determined that no one thenceforth should either bear the Name of Queen, or occupy a Royal Throne by the Side of their King. See Asser as cited above. Spelman's Ælfred, p. 7. Turner's Anglo Saxons, ii. 241, 497. Add to this that Asser expressly says the Custom was contrary to that of the other Teutonic Nations, *ultra morem omnium, id est, gentium Theotiscarum*. Still, though Mr. K's View does not receive any Confirmation from this, yet I think, as I said in the introduction, there can be little doubt of its Accuracy.

<sup>10</sup> Síge-þolca rþéz.

<sup>11</sup> Scadu-helma ge-geafu, the form of Shadow coverings.



*Form* seems here to be used in its scholastic Sense, of, "that which constitutes anything what it is."

<sup>12</sup> Ne bið þe pīlna zād. *There shall be to thee no Goud of Desires, i. e. no Desire unsatisfied to give you Uneasiness.*

## CANTO X.

<sup>1</sup> Μετοδερ hýlδο. *The Creator's Grace, or Gift of Grace, rather the Greek χάρισμα than χάρις.*

<sup>2</sup> Irena cýrt.

<sup>3</sup> Γύβ-ζε-πεονca.

<sup>4</sup> Nát he pána zóða. The Text appears here, as Mr. Kemble observes, very corrupt and unintelligible. I have therefore ventured to read þone Γόδ. Ettmüller renders it, "Nicht kennt er der Guten Brauch," the Custom of the Good ones, i. e. of Heroes. But there is no Word for "Custom" in the Text, and moreover, if there were, this would require the definite form of the Adjective pána zóðena. Dr. Grundtvig omits the Clause entirely.

<sup>5</sup> Wíg-ppéða ze-piópu. A singular Expression, and analogous to the Classical Notion of the Thread of Fate. It looks much as if the Wælcyrían were in the Writer's Mind. See Grimm. Teut. Mythol. p. 229 et seq.

<sup>6</sup> Scadu-zenzá.

## CANTO XI.

<sup>1</sup> Undeπ mirt bleódum. *Under Cover of Mist.*

<sup>2</sup> Receder múþan.

<sup>3</sup> Un-þæzer.

<sup>4</sup> Bán-locan. Compare the Manner of disposing of Human Prey employed by the Witch in St. Olaf's Saga, Chapter 137.

<sup>5</sup> Sýn-γnædum.

<sup>6</sup> Sécan deópla ze-dnæz.

<sup>7</sup> Þeapó-deónum. Deón is a *wild Beast*, whence the Eng. *Deer*. Þeapó-deón, þilðe-deón, and similar Expressions are constantly found in Anglo Saxon Poetry for "a Warriour." Similarly in Hebrew is used the Word פֶּלֶא "a Lyon."

<sup>8</sup> The Iron-bands may perhaps have been to secure the Vaulting, for the Building was hoπn-zeáp, Vaulted and

Pinnacled, whence we may see that the Poem is not anterior to the Introduction into this Country of the Knowledge of constructing the Arch and loading the Points of Thrust with Pinnacles. And again in Canto xxv. p. 69, it would seem the System of vaulting Chambers, and gilding the Bosses of the Ribs was in Vogue.

<sup>9</sup> Nýmþe lizer fæðm  
Spulge on rrapule.

<sup>10</sup> Spéð úp á-rtág  
Nipe ze-neáhhhe.

<sup>11</sup> Galan ríge-leárne rang.

<sup>12</sup> Grýne-leóð

<sup>13</sup> On þæm dæge  
Ðirrer lífer.

<sup>14</sup> Þelle-hæft on-heóld. Mr. Kemble considers that in a Poem of the Age of this one hel may be rendered *Death*, as the Icelandic "hel, helia." He also proposes to read helle-hæftum which undoubtedly construes more naturally, but perhaps the double Accusation "held him a Death-hold" is admissible.

## CANTO XII.

<sup>1</sup> Ne hif lif-dagar  
Leóða ámgum  
Nýtte tealde.

<sup>2</sup> Ðær hie meáhton rpa.

<sup>3</sup> The Gyants of Romance are often invulnerable by and seldom use the Sword. Grimm says (Teut. Mythol. 306.) Steine und Felsen sind des Riesengeschlechts Waffen; es gebraucht nur Steinkeulen, Steinschilde, keine Schwerter. Hrúngnis Waffe heisst *Hein*; als sie geworfen in der Luft mit Thórs Hammer zusammenfuhr, brach sie und *ein Theil fiel zu Boden*: davon kommen alle "Heinberg" (Schleifsteinfelsen) her. Sn. 108, 109. Spätere Sagen legen den Riesen Stahlstangen, von 24 Ellen, zu. Roth. 687, 1662, hürn. Sifr. 62, 2. 68, 2. Sigenót (Lassb.) 14. (Hag.) 69, 75. Iwein 5022 (Ruote 5058. Kolbe 6682, 6726.) Trist. 15980, 16146: Isenstange Nib. 460, i. dem Pandurus und Bitias (Aen. 9, 672) verleiht Veldek Riesennatur und iserni Kolven (En. 7089); Kolben Stähelîn fuhr das riesige Heer König Gorhands. Wh. 35, 21, 395, 24, 396, 13: eine Staalstang Riese Langben (danske viser 1, 29.) Wahrscheinlich aber wird unter dem "eald sweord eotensic." Beow. 5953 ein steinernes verstanden; auch der "entisc helm" Beow.

5955 mag ein solcher sein. Vielleicht hängt damit zusammen, dasz kein Eisenschwert auf die Riesen einschneidet: bloss *mit dem Schwertknopf* mögen sie erschlagen werden. (Ecke 178). The Gyant Slaves of Palmund however in Book ii. of the Heldenbuch had Swords as well as iron Poles: and Wolfdietrich generally employs his Sword against Gyants as well as other Opponents. Weapons were made of Stone in the very earliest Ages previous to the Discovery of working in Metal. A large Collection of Stone Weapons and Tools may be seen in the Museum at Christianborg Slot in Copenhagen.

<sup>4</sup> On þæm dæge  
 Ðifres lífer.

<sup>5</sup> Although in the Original Text the Alliteration is perfect, so that the Prosody betrays no Lacuna, yet the Sense being incomplete indicates the Loss of two or more Lines. I have merely filled up the Lacuna as the Tale seemed to warrant, without Regard to any critical Conjecture as to what may be the lost Words, which there is nothing to guide us in determining.

## CANTO XIII.

<sup>1</sup> Míne ze-þráge.

<sup>2</sup> Líf-ze-dál.

<sup>3</sup> Feorh-larcar.

<sup>4</sup> þeoro-dreóre peól.

<sup>5</sup> þel. Here again as at Note 14, Canto xi. *Hell* would seem to mean *Death or the Condition of the Dead*. Parallel are the Hebrew  $\text{הַיְיִשׁ}$  and the Greek  $\text{Ἅιδῆς}$ .

<sup>6</sup> I have used this Orthography, which is consonant with the Icelandic, in preference to the Anglo-Saxon Form Sigemund, in order that People may not mispronounce the Name, as if it sounded Sigh-jeé-mund. For the Legends relative to Sigmund see the Introduction.

<sup>7</sup> It is possible that "Eotens" here may mean Frisians, but I think the ordinary meaning of the Word, as those fearful fabulous Beings, in which sense we have it so frequently in this Poem, is more probable. "The dark and shadowy beings," says Mr. Kemble, "of the under-world, (Niflúngar, contrasted so ably by Lachmann, in his remarks upon the Nibelungen Lied, with the Völsúngar or race of Splendour), would be very well represented by the Name Eotenas.

<sup>8</sup> Under hárne rǫán. So the Nibelungen Lied, 842, 2.  
Dó er den lintdrachen an den berge sluoc.

<sup>9</sup> On ƿealle. As this makes no sense, I have ventured to read ƿeale.

<sup>10</sup> Driht-lic ínen.

<sup>11</sup> According to the Edda and Vols. Sag. he carried away the Treasure on his Horse Grani.

<sup>12</sup> I have no Idea to what Events Reference is here made by the Poet. According to every Account that I know of, Siegfried was murdered in the very fullest Bloom of Glory and Fortune. But possibly in the Poet's Mind Sigmund may have been identified with the unfortunate Sigmund King of Burgundy whose Death is related by S. Greg. Tur. iii. 6.

<sup>13</sup> This is a very obscure Passage, I cannot explain it.

<sup>14</sup> W. Grimm. (Heldensage, p. 16) considers the Crimes here referred to are those of Sigmundr and Sinfiötli in their Character as Werewolves, noticed in the Introduction. Beowulf's Achievements being as great as those of Sigmund, and his Character as a true and gentle Knight quite unsullied, his Fame was of a higher grade than even Sigmund's.

<sup>15</sup> Of bryð-búne. It may perhaps be necessary to remind some Readers, that *Bower*, in the Poetry and Romance of the Middle Ages, means a *Chamber*, so that a "Ladies Bower," is what we should call a "Boudoir."

## CANTO XIV.

<sup>1</sup> Ðurh Drihtnes miht.

<sup>2</sup> Ne bið ðe ániġna gáð  
Worulde ƿilna. See Canto ix. n. 12.

<sup>3</sup> This is a very singular Metaphor.

Ac hýne rár hafað

In mid-griƿe

ġearƿe be-ƿonġen

Bealƿ on bendum.

<sup>4</sup> Style ġe-licorƿ

þáþenes hono-ġroſu.

## CANTO XV.

<sup>1</sup> Ac ġe-ġécean rceal  
ðápl-beƿendna (ſum).

Nýde ġe-nyðeð

Niþða [I read níþa] beaſna.

Grúnd-buendra,  
 Gearpe rópe,  
 Dær hir líc-homa.  
 Lezer-beoðe fægret,  
 Spepeð æfter gymle.

“ But each of the soul-bearers (i. e. each man) of the sons of Wickedness, inhabiting the Earth, shall, forced by necessity, seek the ready Place (i. e. Hell), where his Body, on Death-bed fast, sleepeth after Banquet.” This is so incoherent and unintelligible, that I believe the Passage to be very corrupt. Mr. Kemble considers it an Interpolation. Dr. Grundtvig renders it thus :

Mærke hver, at skjönt i Slag  
 Times let Ulæmpe,  
 Det dog er en tvungen Sag,  
 For hver ærlig Kæmpe.  
 Naar han gaaer fra Mjød og Vün,  
 Krogen, trods al Fare,  
 Hvor han hviler Kroppen sin  
 Mandig at forsvare ! p. 93.

But can this by any possibility be extracted from the Anglo-Saxon Words? And, if it could, is it much more intelligible? Etmüller's Version gives a close Translation of the Original, with all its Obscurity. He however states in his note that the Passage is evidently interpolated. Prof. Leo does not mention it in his Uebersicht. Schaldemose is not more intelligible.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Thorkelin supposes Hróthwulf to be Beówulf. But this is quite inadmissible. In all Probability he is Rólf Kraki, Nephew to Hróthgar, and Son of Halga til (Halga or Helgi the good) mentioned in Canto I. (v. 122. K.) It is true Halga and Hróthwulf do not seem to correspond very well with Helgi and Hrólfr except in the Names: but the Legends in Langbek are irreconcilably contradictory.

<sup>3</sup> Fela-láf rcúr-hearð.

<sup>4</sup> See Canto IV. note 7.

<sup>5</sup> Wíð-cúþer píç.

<sup>6</sup> Wicga and pæpna.

## CANTO XVI.

<sup>1</sup> Paid the pepe or sum at which the Hero's Life was reckoned. Among the old Teutonic Nations, (and still in some of the German States,) every man was valued at a

certain Sum, according to his Rank, called in Anglo Saxon his *Were* (*weþe*), and whoever took his Life was punished by having to pay this *Were*. Hróthgar orders the *Were* of the Hero who had been slain in his Service to be paid to his Companions.

<sup>2</sup> *Ἠριζὺ Γόδ πύηδ*. The wise God, Fate.

<sup>3</sup> The *Eótens* here must I think mean the Frisians.

<sup>4</sup> The Saxon Word *þolīnga* some Critics have manufactured into a Lady, and joined to *Hnæf* by the Sacrament of Marriage; but it means *in vain*. Kem. p. 256.

<sup>6</sup> See Canto IV. n. 7.

<sup>7</sup> Every Commentator seems to consider this as the Sacrifice of a living Son of Hildeburh: but I cannot but think the youth was dead already, as Hildeburh's Brethren and Children fell in the Battle, and that it was only his dead Body that was burned on *Hnæf's* funeral Pyre. Whether the *Æthelings*, mentioned a few lines before, had been, "awarded by wounds to Fate" in the Battle, or were so treated in honour of the Dead, is more than I can say, but the latter supposition seems best borne out by the Fact of their falling on the Corse.

<sup>8</sup> Mounted, i. e. was carried, unless the Warriour mentioned be the Person who bare the Youth's Corse on his Shoulder.

<sup>9</sup> *Ben-geato, láð-bíte líceþ*.

<sup>10</sup> *Γάρτα ζιφφορτ*.

## CANTO XVII.

<sup>1</sup> *þilde-leóman*.

<sup>2</sup> *Gold-pine gumena*.

<sup>3</sup> *Umbor-þeþendum áþr*. I am unable to inform the Reader to what Events the Poet alludes.

## CANTO XVIII.

<sup>1</sup> The *Brósings' Collar*. This is the *Brísinga-men* of the Edda (*Thryms-quida* xiii, xv.) the famous Necklace of Freya, which was stolen by Loki and thrown into the Sea, but recovered by Heimdallr. Professor Finn Magnusen in the *Lexicon Mythologicum*, gives an Account of it whence I extract the following Particulars. See also *Kröningfsvärd's Sago-Bibliothek*, Vol. i. p. 67. No second Volume was

published. The Æsir lived in the Asiatic Cities of Asgard, with Odin for their King. Freya the Daughter of Niordr followed Odin and was his Concubine. Four Dwarfs, who were very cunning Artificers in Metals resided not far from the Palace, and the Dwarfs then mixed much more with the human Race (to which Race the Author of the Saga Olafs Tryggv., whence this is taken, considered Odin and the Æsir as belonging) than latterly. Freya one Day entering their Cave saw them making a most splendid Necklace, and wished to purchase it. But at no other Price would they part with it than her Company to each of them for one Night. On these Terms she had it. The names of the four Dwarfs were Alfríkr (the Elberich of the Heldenbach and Nibelungen Lied), Grér, Berlíngr, and Dvalinn. See the Explanation of the Fable in Lex. Mythol. See also Grimm. Teut. Mythol. p. 194-5. How it came into Hermanaric's Hands I do not know. The Háma of the Passage, is the Heime of the Middle Age German Poems, always associated with Wittich. (Wudga or Vidga and Háma). The story of Hermanaric's Death is given by Jornandes, who says, "Ermanaricus rex Gothorum, licet multarum gentium extiterit triumphator, Roxolanorum gens infida, quæ tunc inter alias illi famulatum exhibebat, tali eum nanciscitur occasione decipere. Dum enim quandum mulierem Sanielh nomine ex gente memorata, pro mariti fraudulentio discessu, rex furore commotus equis ferocibus illigatam, incitatisque cursibus, per diversa divelli præcepisset, fratres ejus Sarus et Ammius, germanæ obitum vindicantes, Ermanarici latus ferro petierunt, &c. c. 24. (Muratori vol. i.) Gibbon, who in c. xxvi. gives the Tale from Ammianus, says the Gothic King languished a considerable Time after his Wound, while the Wilkina Saga c. cccclxxiv. represents him as dying from an unskilful Operation for what seems to have been a kind of Rupture.

<sup>2</sup> Ofen ýþa ful.

<sup>3</sup> Windige eard-peállar.

<sup>4</sup> Dpuncæ. Vid. Canto vii. note 5.

<sup>5</sup> Fate again personified.

## CANTO XIX.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. reads camp, but Mr. Kemble's Conjecture *Gain* is doubtless right.

<sup>2</sup> þeoro-pearh.

<sup>3</sup> Gifne and galga-mód.

## CANTO XX.

<sup>1</sup> Wæl-gǣrτ pǣrre. I have not scrupled in several Instances to accent gǣrτ *Guest stranger* where Mr. Kemble has left it unaccented, and so to make it gǣrτ (= gǣrτ) *Ghost or Spirit*, (this Orthography being used in the Codex Exon. and other Places,) as I think it renders a stronger and better sense than the unaccented Word.

<sup>2</sup> In the Change of Gender here I have followed the Original.

<sup>3</sup> The popular Superstitions relative to the Lake on Monte Pilato near Luzern will probably occur to the Reader's Mind. Vid. Beattie's Switzerland Illust. Another is described in Leibnitz Script. Br. i. 982. It is on a Mountain in Catalonia, in cujus summitate lacus est, aquam continens subnigram, et in fundo imperscrutabilem: Illic mansio fertur esse dæmonum, ad modum palatii dilatata, et janua clausa: facies tamen ipsius mansionis, sicut ipsorum dæmonum, vulgaribus est incognita et invisibilis. In lacum si quis aliquam lapideam, aut aliam solidam projecerit materiem, statim, tanquam offensis dæmonibus, tempestas, erumpit. Cited by Kemble.

<sup>4</sup> Oð ðæt lýrτ ɔrýrmað.

## CANTO XXI.

<sup>1</sup> Bán-cófan.

<sup>2</sup> Bítan. Vid. Canto iv. n. 7.

## CANTO XXII.

<sup>1</sup> Ealde láre Wnæt-líc pǣg-rpeonð . . . . þeand ecg. At what Period the waved or flaming-bladed Swords first came into use I am unable to say, but perhaps the Decision of that Question might somewhat help us in assigning a Date to this Poem. The earliest Weapon of the Sort that I have seen is in the Museum at Copenhagen, but its date is not earlier than the Age of Canute the Great.

<sup>2</sup> þpíl-ðægere.

<sup>3</sup> Leóð-rýncan. A Hawberk forged to magical Chaunts.

<sup>4</sup> Þæt he níð-rele



- Nát hþilcum pær.  
<sup>5</sup> Grúnd-pýrgenne.  
<sup>6</sup> Þring-mál á-gól  
 Grædið gúð-leóð.  
<sup>7</sup> Brád þrúu-ecg.  
<sup>8</sup> Þere-net hearde.  
<sup>9</sup> Yðe-líce ðýððan he eft á-rtóð.

## CANTO XXIII.

- <sup>1</sup> Rodonær candel.  
<sup>2</sup> Þilde zicelum.  
<sup>3</sup> On-rínðeð zæg-rápar.  
<sup>4</sup> Wær þæt blóð to ðær hát  
 Ættræn ellen-zágt.  
<sup>5</sup> Wíg hrýne rþáþna.  
<sup>6</sup> With, it seems, the Female-Dæmon's Head in it.

## CANTO XXIV.

- <sup>1</sup> Ðá me rál á-geald.  
<sup>2</sup> Wundon-rmiða ze-þeorc.

<sup>3</sup> Here the Poet seems in all probability to have confounded some Heathen Myth about the Wars of the Gods and the Gyants with the Notice of the **גִּבְרִים** in the Holy

Scriptures. The passage no doubt in his Mind is that in the Book of Wisdom, xiv. 6. *Καὶ ἀρχῆς γὰρ, ἀπολλυμένων ὑπερηφάνων γιγάντων, ἢ ἐλπίς τοῦ κόσμου ἐπὶ σχεδίας καταφυγούσα, ἀπέλιπεν αἰῶνι σπέρμα γενέσεως τῆ σῆ κυβερνηθεῖσα χειρί.* Probably the Bible was known to him only in the Vulgate, which, like the Greek, wherethrough alone unfortunately this Book is known to us, has "Gigantes," (though the Original probably was **גִּבְרִים**) and thus he

came to consider the Heathen Myth as an historical Illustration of the inspired Text.

- <sup>4</sup> On þæm rcenne.  
<sup>5</sup> Ðæt ðer eorl þære  
 Le-boren be terna.

<sup>6</sup> "Dieser Heremód, Ecgwela's Sohn (Ich lese eapora statt eaporan, weil sonst die Skildinge Ecgwela's Nachkommen genannt wären) herrschte grausam über einen Theil der Dänen." Etmüller. In spite of this however I have

ventured to preserve the old Reading: for I think without Doubt the Descendants of Ecgwela are the Scyldings, and that Ecgwela is but the Hwala of the Genealogy given in the Introduction p. xxi, and is thus not Heremód's Father, but Great-Grandfather.

- <sup>7</sup> Ic þiŕ zið be ðe  
 T'-ŕræc ƕintŕum ƕrób.  
<sup>8</sup> Ðurh říðne řeřan.

## CANTO XXV.

- <sup>1</sup> Ğeát un-ge-meteŕ ƕel  
 Róŕne nanð-řígan  
 Reřtan lýŕte.  
<sup>2</sup> Collen-řeŕhð.  
<sup>3</sup> Leóŕ-lic ínen.

## CANTO XXVI.

- <sup>1</sup> Oŕeŕ ganoteŕ bæþ, i. e. the Sea.  
<sup>2</sup> Bŕeóŕt-ƕým.  
<sup>3</sup> Þýge-benðum ƕæŕt.  
<sup>4</sup> Beóŕn ƕið blóðe.

## CANTO XXVII.

- <sup>1</sup> Leóðo-ŕŕŕcan.  
<sup>2</sup> Sá-geáp.  
<sup>3</sup> Meŕe- bŕæglá řum.  
<sup>4</sup> Súnd-řúðu and řé-geŕga, next line but one, both mean  
*Ship*.  
<sup>5</sup> Wúðu-ŕinřuman.  
<sup>6</sup> Nánię ðæt ðoŕŕte  
 Deóŕ ge-neřan.  
<sup>7</sup> Oŕeŕ řealone řlób.  
<sup>8</sup> Líř ge-řceafŕa.  
<sup>9</sup> Míne ge-řŕáge.

## CANTO XXVIII.

<sup>1</sup> Sá-pong.

<sup>2</sup> Wopulð-candel.

<sup>3</sup> Soph-pýlmum ꝛeáp.

<sup>4</sup> Wæl-gáꝛt.

<sup>5</sup> Bon-gáꝛn búgeð.

<sup>6</sup> Duguða bi-péneðe. ? Read bi-þeneðe, and render :  
“ Girt with Heroes.”

## CANTO XXIX.

<sup>1</sup> Cantos XXVIII, XXIX and XXX, are not separated in the MS. the Separation here is as in Mr. Kemble's Edition.

<sup>2</sup> Dýne ínen.

<sup>3</sup> Fæmnan þezn, The Regent for the Time being with the Queen, as it seems, a Son of Hróthgár. Ettmüller in loco. I imagine however it is merely *the Lady's Husband*, a Youth no doubt of Hróthgár's Family, probably a Son.

<sup>4</sup> Æꝛt biller bite.

<sup>5</sup> Þonð-ꝛció. Thorpe and Grundtvig look upon Hondsció as the Name of a Hero slain by Grendel: and Thorpe therefore reads on-ꝛæꝝð *sacrificed*. I quite agree with Mr. Kemble in the Opinion that it is Grendel's Gauntlet and not any Person that is spoken of. Dr. Grundtvig renders the Passage thus :

Handske her den lede Troid  
Nærmest laae for Haanden ;  
I hans Klöer den Kæmpe bold  
Faldt og opgav Aanden. P. 185-6.

Ettmüller renders the Word rightly “ die Gaufe.”

<sup>6</sup> Blóðig-ꝛóð.

<sup>7</sup> Deón dæð-ꝛnuma.

## CANTO XXX.

<sup>1</sup> Gómen-pudu ꝛnéꝛte.

<sup>2</sup> Deáp-þérigne.

<sup>3</sup> And ic heafðe be-ceapꝛ. And I abridged, shortened or cropped of her Head.

## CANTO XXXI.

<sup>1</sup> Æppel-ƿealuƿe, apple-grey. Motherw. Minstrely, 237, Dapple-grey.

<sup>2</sup> Þond-ge-ƿtellan.

<sup>3</sup> Wundun-maþm.

<sup>4</sup> Þilde-deórn.

<sup>5</sup> Týn-eádigum men  
Tonna ge-hƿýlcer.

<sup>6</sup> Þeaðo-þof cýning.

<sup>7</sup> Seoƿon þurendo. Seven Thousands. Among the Anglo-Saxons ten túnar (Vills) made on teóðing (Tything), ten teóðingre one hundreð (Hundred) and a certain Number of hundreðu a ſcýne (Shire). Probably the Thousands þurendo here spoken of mean each ten such Hundreds hundreðu; and I have therefore added the Word "*Vills*" to make it intelligible to the ordinary Reader.

<sup>8</sup> Níða ge-hnægdon.

<sup>9</sup> The old Teutonic Dragons were generally Treasure-keepers.

<sup>10</sup> The two-dozen Lines from here to the other mark (\*) cannot be called Translation. The Manuscript is there so ruined that only a few Words here and there can be deciphered. Putting together these few Words, and connecting them by means of Allusions occurring in the subsequent Part of the Poem, I have woven together the Fragments, so as to conceal, so far as the Thread of the Story is concerned, the Appearance of a Lacuna, though to attempt by critical Conjecture to supply what is lost of the Anglo-Saxon Text would of course be mere childish Vanity. But for the Convenience of those who wish to know, without consulting the Original, what is really legible in the Manuscript, and what is merely put in by me as "*Ripieno*," I have distinguished the latter by inclosing it in Brackets thus [ ].

## CANTO XXXII.

<sup>1</sup> And ðær-inne ƿeal . . . . . Perhaps And þær inne ƿealle.

<sup>2</sup> A Lacuna of three Verses, without a Letter to guide one.

<sup>3</sup> Deóne maþmar.

<sup>4</sup> Feorh-bealo ƿneone.

- <sup>5</sup> Dúgúð bið ellor-geóc.  
<sup>6</sup> Gomen gleó-beámer. Harp.  
<sup>7</sup> Sál. I have ventured to read Sál.  
<sup>8</sup> Bealo-cpealm haraþ  
 Fela feorh-cýnna  
 Feorð on-geðeð.  
<sup>9</sup> Þorð-pýnne.  
<sup>10</sup> Eald uht-geaða.  
<sup>11</sup> A Lacuna of two-and-a-half Verses.  
<sup>12</sup> Ne bið him rihte þe rel.  
<sup>13</sup> Sum.  
<sup>14</sup> Stonc ðá æfter rane.  
<sup>15</sup> Þeáh-ge-geona.  
<sup>16</sup> Beorger hýrde.  
<sup>17</sup> Wýrme on pillan.

## CANTO XXXIII.

<sup>1</sup> *Lýft-þloga.* At the Beginning of the 2nd Book of Saxo, (fol. 11. b. Edit. Paris 1514) is the following Description of a Dragon, and Recipe for tackling him.

Insula non longe est præmollibus edita clivis,  
 Collibus æra tegens, et opimæ conscia prædæ,  
 Hic tenet eximium montis possessor acervum,  
 Implicitus gyris serpens, crebrisque reflexus  
 Orbibus, et caudæ sinuosa volumina ducens,  
 Multiplicesque agitans spiras, virusque profundens.  
 Quem superare volens, clypeo, quo convenit uti,  
 Taurinas intende cutes, corpusque bovinis  
 Tergoribus tegito, nec amaro nuda veneno  
 Membra patere sinas; sanies, quod conspuit, urit.  
 Lingua trisulca micans patulo licet ore resultet,  
 Tristiaque horrifico minitetur vulnera rictu,  
 Intrepidum mentis habitum retinere memento,  
 Nec te permoveat spinosi dentis acumen,  
 Nec rigor aut rapida jactatum fauce venenum.  
 Tela licet temnat vis squamea, ventre sub imo  
 Esse locum scito, quo ferrum mergere fas est;  
 Hunc mucrone petens medium rimaberis anguem,  
 Hinc montem securus adi, pressoque ligone,  
 Perfossos scrutare cavos, mox aere crumenas  
 Imbue, completamque reduc ad littora puppim.

By following this Recipe Frotho kills the Dragon, as also in Book vi. (fol. 54. b.) Fridlev does another Dragon by the

same Process per fossa inguinis parte. The Dragon Schadesan, slain by Wolfdietrich (Heldenbuch Book ii. pt. 2. Adv. viii. See Weber Illust. North. Antiq. p. 121), had a Head of a horny Consistence, his Shoulders were two Ells in Width, and he had also four-and-twenty Legs.

<sup>2</sup> Γύβ-γρεαβα.

<sup>3</sup> Wealdende.

<sup>4</sup> Léan-daga. Mr. Kemble's Reading.

<sup>5</sup> Þringa-fengel.

<sup>6</sup> Wíd-flogan.

<sup>7</sup> Þioþo-þrincum fpealt.

<sup>8</sup> Súnd-nýtte ðreáh.

<sup>9</sup> There is a small Lacuna, and the Text is probably corrupt.

<sup>10</sup> Síóleða bi-gong, i. e. the Sea.

<sup>11</sup> Spreoþer fpenfum.

## CANTO XXXIV.

<sup>1</sup> στερε.

<sup>2</sup> Ceáldum ceár-fíþum, i. e. Death. "Him" refers to Eadgils.

<sup>3</sup> Níð-hearþ.

<sup>4</sup> þeornð-ge-neátum.

<sup>5</sup> Wæl-fúr.

<sup>6</sup> Wýrþ un-ge-mete neáh.

<sup>7</sup> Sáple-horþ.

<sup>8</sup> Flærce be-púnden.

<sup>9</sup> Þorn-bogan.

<sup>10</sup> Ðæt hir býne níde

Γιόνγ on galgau.

The Death of a Relation, even if accidental, must be avenged or atoned for by a Compensation. Hence the Ang. Sax. legal Phrase; *Let him buy or bear the Spear*, i. e. Let him indure or buy off the Feud. This was the Case throughout the Teutonic Nations even in the Time of Tacitus, and the old Teutonic Law rests on it as a Principle. Hrethel as the *Mundbora* or legal Guardian of his Son was bounden to exact Satisfaction. Why a Satisfaction in Money could not be accepted I do not understand, since all that we know of the old Teutonic Law seems to indicate the Reverse. A bloody Satisfaction however Hrethel's fatherly Love for his Son would not allow him to take.

<sup>11</sup> Soph-ceárng.

<sup>12</sup> Wind-ge-nerfe.

<sup>13</sup> In hoðman. Hades the Region of the Dead. Darkness. See the Address to Our Lord in the Codex. Exon. p. 3. l. 32.

## CANTO XXXV.

<sup>1</sup> The Anglo-Saxons used the verb *ceóran* in a singular Manner in Phrases denoting Death, thus *ceóran écne ráð* to choose the everlasting Counsel, *ceóran bál* to choose the Pyre &c. signify to die.

<sup>2</sup> There seems to be here a Lacuna of some Extent, but as there is no Indication of it in the MS. nor does the Metre betray it, I have only marked it by a few dots.

<sup>3</sup> Dæg-hræfne.

<sup>4</sup> Ac him hilde gráp  
þeortan pylmar,  
Bán-húr ge-bræc.

<sup>5</sup> Mán-ŕceaða.

<sup>6</sup> Gúþ-ŕlogan.

<sup>7</sup> Feorh-bealu.

<sup>8</sup> Strengo ge-ŕnúpode  
Aner mannes,  
Ne bið ŕpýlc earger ríð.

<sup>9</sup> I read þilde-hlemman.

<sup>10</sup> Þeaðo-ŕýnum.

<sup>11</sup> Þát hilde-ŕpát.

<sup>12</sup> Þring-bogan.

<sup>13</sup> Ecgum un-gleáp.

<sup>14</sup> Þilde-leóma.

<sup>15</sup> Þand-ge-ŕtellan.

<sup>16</sup> Þilde-cýrtum.

## CANTO XXXVI.

<sup>1</sup> Leóŕ-líc.

<sup>2</sup> Gúð-ge-páðu  
Fýnd-ŕearo fúr-líc.

<sup>3</sup> Ge-mealt.

<sup>4</sup> Dáða dol-lícna.

<sup>5</sup> Ðæt mínne líc-háman  
Míð mínne gold-ŕýŕan  
Gléd ŕæþmie.

<sup>6</sup> Wæl-ŕæc.

<sup>7</sup> Άτολ in-pít-ζάετζ.

<sup>8</sup> Fop-ζρνυnden.

<sup>9</sup> Nægling. I cannot help thinking that an r has dropped out of this Word, and that Nægling is really no other than Naglhringr the celebrated Sword which the Dwarf Alpris obtained for Dietrich of Bern, as related in the Wilkina Saga. c. xvi.

<sup>10</sup> Wúnðum heapð.

### CANTO XXXVII.

<sup>1</sup> Spá him ze-cýnde pær.

<sup>2</sup> Γε-βαρν.

<sup>3</sup> Γε-δεαρ.

<sup>4</sup> Fop-ρνάτ on mίδδαν.

<sup>5</sup> Wopulde ze-peopceτζ.

<sup>6</sup> Dezn un-ze-mete till.

<sup>7</sup> Wúnde pæl-bleáte.

<sup>8</sup> Deáð un-ze-mete neáh.

<sup>9</sup> Ezezan ðeón MS. which is certainly corrupt. I have ventured to read ezezan ðón.

<sup>10</sup> Mæl-ze-ρceapτα.

<sup>11</sup> Spεgle. Firmament of Jewellery.

### CANTO XXXVIII.

<sup>1</sup> Collen-ρερhð.

<sup>2</sup> Bpeóρτ-hopð.

<sup>3</sup> On ζιόγοβε, MS. On ze-liðo, Kemb. I have read On ζιhπε.

<sup>4</sup> Brentings, Mr. Kemble suggests, may probably be a term for Ships in general. But there certainly was a People of that Name, as in Paulus Diaconus 2, 3, we read; "Habuit Narses certamen adversus Sindvald, *Brentorum* regem, qui adhuc de Herulorum stirpe remanserat; quem secum, in Italiam veniens, simul Odoacer adduxerat." Cited by Ettmüller p. 35. However, in the Text of Paulus Diaconus printed in the "Gothicarum et Langobardicarum rerum Scriptores aliquot veteres," Lug. Bat. 1617, the Word is not *Brentorum*, but *Brebtorum*.

<sup>5</sup> See Canto XXXV. note 1.

### CANTO XXXIX.

<sup>1</sup> Wóh-bogen.

<sup>2</sup> Þomepa-láfe.



<sup>3</sup> For ðær hild-fnuman

þond-ge-peorpe.

<sup>4</sup> Míne ge-fnæge.

<sup>5</sup> Tneóp-logan.

<sup>6</sup> Þild-latan.

<sup>7</sup> Gúð-ge-pædu.

<sup>8</sup> Seah on un-leófe.

<sup>9</sup> Oþer mín ge-met.

<sup>10</sup> I extract Mr. Kemble's Note on the ten latter Lines of this Canto. "It is not improbable that the whole of this denunciation of Wigláf is a judicial formulary: such, we know, early existed, and in a regular rhythmical measure: the classical reader need not be reminded of Aristotle's *νόμοι*. Chlodowich seems to make use of a similar formulary to his Kinsman Ragnachari, who had suffered himself to be taken and bound. Here is the passage from the *Gesta Regum Francorum*. (*Script. Rer. Gall. and Francic. vol. ii. 555.*) *Cui dixit Chlodovens, cur humiliasti gentem nostram, ut te vinciri permetteres? Nonne melius tibi fuerit mori? Et elevata bipenni in caput ejus defixit, et mortuus est. Conversusque ad fratrem ejus, ait. Si tu solatium fratri tuo præbuissem, illi ligatus non fuisset.* Similiter et ipsum in capite percussum interfecit, et mortuus est. Thus certainly by adhering to an old Teutonic custom, and acting upon an old Teutonic principle, Chlodowich got rid of two very dangerous rivals. *Gens nostra* is the *mæg-burh* of our text and *deáp biþ sélla* is precisely *melius tibi fuerit mori*. The gentile bond was, as Tacitus assures us, the foundation of the military organization: the cowardice of one man disgraced his *gens, family*, or *mæg-burh*. Tacitus says (*Germ. vi.*) *nec sacris adesse aut concilium inire ignominioso fas, (ignominiosus war der feige, der in kampf sein schild waggeworfen hatte. Grimm. Deut. Rechtsalterthümer, 731:)* *multi superstites bellorum infamiam laqueo finierunt.* The following apocryphal legend respecting Frothi confirms Tacitus; *præterea si quis in acie primus fugam capesceret, a communi jure alienus existeret.* *Saxo. lib. 5. p. 85.* Grimm reads line 5767 "in the passage before us" "*leofen álicgan*: he remarks, *Ich übersetze: jam opum largitio, ensium dona omnisque patriæ lætitia, et victus generi vestro cessabunt; quilibet vestræ cognationis alienus erit a jure communi, postquam homines compererint fugam vestram, ignominiosam secessionem a domino vestro; (secessio for dáld, which Thorkelin had given as the reading of the MS. The MS. however has dáeld, the l being expuncted.) Mors enim vero generoso præstantior est, quam vita probrosa. Lufen nehme*

ich für leofen *victus*, und dann entspricht *wyn and lufen* ganz unserer rechts formel *wonne und weide* D. Rechtsalt, 46, 521. But we know from Tacitus, Germ. xii. in addition to what we have above cited, that death was sometimes inflicted upon cowards, and that, by burying alive in a marsh with symbolical ceremonies; *ignavos et imbelles et corpore infames cæno ac palude, injecta insuper crate, mergunt*. This punishment appears to have been chosen because it was inflicted upon female slaves; *vid. Atla-mál*. Upon it Grimm remarks, D. Rechts Alt. 695, that the tradition remained in the poems of the middle ages, and cites Bonac. 32, 27. and Fischart, Flohhatz. 36, a. he quotes also the following interesting passage; *novo genere lethi, dejectus ad caput aquæ Ferentinæ, crate superne injecta, saxisque congestis, mergetur*. Tit. Livius i. 51. But it is my belief that the old tradition got into the poems from the proverbs: in those of many nations it still survives, a matter deserving of remark because many proverbs owe their origin to the customary law, as on the other hand, many spring from religious observances and the superstitions of a people. The Proverbs to which I allude will be found, Grüter Flor. p. 136. Ray. p. 21. Gärt. Dict. Prov. 68, b. Howel, p. 5, &c."

## CANTO XL.

<sup>1</sup> Seax-bennum *ρεός*.

<sup>2</sup> þealdeð . . . . .

þeárod-peande

Leófer and láþer.

<sup>3</sup> þet-pape. Leo and Ettmüller take this Word as a proper-name. The People called Het-ware or Chattuarii lay between the Franks and Frisians. I have preferred, with Mr. Kemble, to consider the Word simply as an ordinary Substantive, for it was the Franks who slew Higelác.

<sup>4</sup> Þond-ryht.

<sup>5</sup> Tó gamene. The savage Warriours of the North very generally put their Prisoners to Death, frequently sacrificing them to Odin. (Procop. Bel. Van. 1, 2. Bel. Got. ii. 14, 15.) Indeed this was done by almost all Nations before the Influence of the Christian Church had succeeded to some Extent in softening the cruel Spirit of Man. Thus the Jews are often represented in Holy Scripture as executing their Prisoners. It were needless to quote Instances from Oriental History. The Greeks more usually butchered only the

Chiefs, reducing the Rest to the terrible Condition of Slavery, while the bloody Scenes of a Roman Triumph are well known. In the Edda. Sæm. Sigurdar-quida Fafn. 2. xxv. we find Sigurdr Fafnisbani putting his Prisoner Lýngui the Son of Hunding to the cruel Death called örn rísta (to cut the Eagle)

Nú er blóþugr örn	Now is the bloody Eagle
Bítrom hiörvi	With the biting Sword
Bana Sigmundar	On the slayer of Sigmundr's
A baki ristinn.	Back cut.

Edd. Sæm. Vol. ii. p. 165.

and the same cruelty was perpetrated upon Ælla of Northumberland by the Sons of Ragnar. Even the Influence of Holy Church has been unable to restrain the Ferocity of many. Charlemagne butchered his Saxon Prisoners by Thousands, but he took care to call them *Rebels* or *Traitors* first. Dagobert murdered all his Prisoners who were taller than his Sword. Mezeray, Abregé Chron. tom. iii. p. 222, but Mezeray does not believe the Tale, though why not he does not tell us, except that it sounds romantic. The Portuguese and English after the Battle of Aljubarota (Froissart B. iii. c. 13, Vol. ii. p. 122, Edit. London, 1844), and the English after the Battle of Agincourt, (Monstrelet. B. 1. c. cxlvi, Vol. 1, p. 342, Edit. London, 1846-7) massacred their Prisoners: and even lately the French at Algiers suffocated eight Hundred Arab Prisoners with Smoke.

## CANTO XLI.

<sup>1</sup> Wriðon.

<sup>2</sup> Dæt hie pæl-rtópe  
Wealdan mórtan.

<sup>3</sup> Syððan hie ðá mænða ge-rlógon.

<sup>4</sup> Wæl-níð.

<sup>5</sup> Folc-ráð fræmede. Query. Does folc-ráð, *the People's Counsel*, mean the Decision of any deliberative Body of the People?

<sup>6</sup> Wonna.

<sup>7</sup> Wundor-deáðe rpeált.

<sup>8</sup> A Thousand simply means *many*.

## CANTO XLII.

<sup>1</sup> Wopulde ge-dál, *Separation from the World*, i. e. Death.

<sup>2</sup> Wær þ̅ zifēþe zó rriþ̅  
De ðone ðýden on-zýhte.

<sup>3</sup> On þær Wældendes pære. Menol. Ang. Sax. Fox.  
432.

<sup>4</sup> Þilde-deorn.

<sup>5</sup> On orðe.

<sup>6</sup> Dýne máþmar.

## CANTO XLIII.

<sup>1</sup> Un-pác-lícne.

<sup>2</sup> Spíc-þól. *The Destroyer of Wood or Matter*, i. e. Fire. Exactly synonymous is the Icelandic "Lindar-vafi." (Sigurdar-quida Fafn. II. B. xliiii) and "Muspill." The Word is compounded of Spíc, *Destructive*, and Þól *Wood or the Thole of a Rowlock*. In these Compounds one must suppose the Ang. Sax. Word Þól and the Icelandic Words "Lindi" and "Mud or Mu" to mean like the Greek ὕλη *Matter* rather than exclusively *Wood*. Confer. Kemb. in loco. Grimm. Deut. Mythol. 467, 540, and the Glossary to Bergmann's Poëmes de l'Edda.

<sup>3</sup> Oð ðæt he þa bán-húr  
Ge-brocen hæfde.

<sup>4</sup> The eight Lines between the two Marks (\*) cannot be called Translation, the MS. in that Part being too much injured to be read. I have treated the few legible Words exactly as I did those in Cantos XXXI and XXXII, and so filled up so as not to inconvenience the Reader.

<sup>5</sup> Crædon þæt he pære,  
Wýnold-cýninga,  
Manna mildur,  
And mon-þræpur,  
Leóðum líðor,  
And lóf-geórnor.

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## ERRATA.

- Page xviii, line 7, *for kin, read hin.*
- Page xxvii, line 1, *for Hæreth, read Hæreth.*
- Page xxxi, line 6, *for Bergmann, vol. iii. read Bergmann,—Vol. iii.*
- Page xl, line 18, *for the Hindarfiall, read to Hindarfiall.*
- Page 5, line 20, *for Marshes, } read Marches.*
- Page 52, line 30, *for Marshes, }*
- Page 69, line 23, *for Angle, read Geátic.*
- Page 82, line 19, *for Champion, read Companion.*
- Page 87, line 14, *Efface the Full-stop.*
- Page 93, line 2 from foot, *for tenderly bade, read tenderly he bade.*
- Page 96, line 16, *for Angle, read Geátic.*
- Page 103, line 18, *for and, read to.*
- Page 110, line 3 from foot, *for Wikstán read Wihstán.*
- Page 134, line 19, *for Accusation, read Accusative.*



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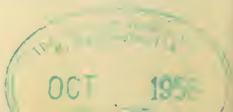


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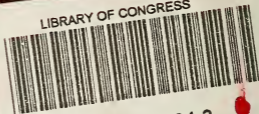
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